





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Boston Library Consortium Member Libraries







Wimble



J. G. Hunt & Co. fecit

The Wimbledon Hoax! or Waterloo Review !!! !!! June 18th 1816 -

Pub'd by J. Johnson, Cheap-Druggist, No. 7, St. Paul's Church-Yard, London.



Pub'd by J. Johnson in Cheap side July 12-1816

Am. Review
Revolutions

THE

1865

SCOURGE AND SATIRIST

JULY 1, 1816.

TO THE PUBLIC.

IN all periodical undertakings unity of purpose and consistency of effort are indispensably requisite to their successful execution. An Editor vested with powers of unlimited control; contributors allied to each other by temper, by education, and by political principles; and correspondents, who differ from the editor with courtesy, and support his efforts with enthusiasm; these are the essential and necessary requisites in the conduct of every journal which is designed to obtain a decided eminence in the public estimation. Such a combination of fortunate circumstances is however rarely to be found, and we are afraid that the later numbers of the first series of the SCOURGE, did not tend to confute that opinion. It would be equally impertinent to our readers and painful to ourselves to detail the causes which occasioned the political inconsistencies, and literary imperfections that vitiated the tenor of the work, or of all the causes, which have induced the present proprietors

to commence a new series. But they were chiefly influenced to adopt that resolution by the facilities it pointed out of restoring the work to its former consistency of principle, and of promoting by regular and inviolable arrangements its literary, theatrical, and political excellence. To several of the gentlemen who have now associated in its management, it was at first indebted for its celebrity in the world of letters and for its extensive circulation: the kindness of their readers they remember with gratitude, and with a determination to testify its sincerity. The lateness of the period at which the present editor assumed the management of the work, has precluded the full completion of many changes and improvements, but he hopes that the subsequent numbers will do no discredit to his talents, his principles, or his assiduity. To present his readers with a moral, literary, dramatic, and political picture of the age; to discuss the controversies on subjects the most important to mankind; and to advocate the cause of justice and of freedom, are the objects of his ambition, and if he fail in the arduous attempt, it shall not be from the absence of industry and enterprize.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
For the worst avarice is that of sense,
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust;
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise:
These best can bear reproof who merit praise.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

WE sat down to descant on our caricature of the Waterloo hoax with the risible feelings that our designer and engraver are so able to excite. But the recollections that arose from the recurrence of that awful name, at once effaced every sentiment of levity, and repressed our efforts to amuse. The history of mankind records no conflict in which the generals were so equal, the conflict so obstinate, and the issue, till the moment of decisive victory so uncertain. It involved the fate of the most extraordinary man of ancient or modern times, and the destiny of Europe. If in any earthly and temporal event, the hand of Providence is visible, the battle of Waterloo bears every indication of the interference of an almighty power. With whatever admiration (and too enthusiastic it cannot be) we contemplate the exploits of the Duke of Wellington and his brave troops, the arrival of Blucher at the critical moment of the conflict, and the mistake of Grouchy, would have been attributed in more religious times to the intervention of the Deity. England was apparently destined to terminate the contest and decide the struggle with an enemy whom she alone had resolutely fought amidst all the vicissitudes of fortune, in the cause of liberty and virtue, in defiance of the obstacles opposed by the corruption of her court, by oppressive taxation and by commercial distress, and with a perseverance unexampled in the history of the world. And had the energy, the political wisdom, and self-denial corresponded with the vigor of our military plans, England might, at this moment, have been relieved from the pressure which she has so long and so nobly sustained. But for the last fifteen years an utter contempt for economy has been the opprobrium of the British cabinet, and profusion within a portion of that period the attribute of the Prince Regent. In return for our efforts in favor of Ferdinand, we have demanded

nothing; after subsidizing to an absurd and pernicious extent, in consequence of their plea of necessity, the confederate powers, we have generously granted them the principal shares in the contributions on France, though these form the only remuneration they could have gained, while they have recovered and secured to themselves extensive tracts of alienated and conquered territory. It does not even appear that we enforce in our own favor the fulfilment of any pecuniary engagement contracted by the Bourbons: and we have entailed upon ourselves, without necessity, and in defiance of the obvious principles of policy, at once the exclusive responsibility and expence of Buonaparte's exile in St. Helena. To the confinement of Napoleon in that island we have no abstract objection; we equally despise the sophistry of White, and the imbecility of Capel Lofft. In England Buonaparte could not be permitted to reside with comfort to himself, or security to Europe: nor could he have been suffered to emigrate to any distant neutral country, where intercourse with his adherents might be frequent and unrestrained. It was therefore determined to select some isolated and solitary spot far removed from the boundaries of political intrigue and from whence escape might be impossible. In his present situation many unpleasant restraints on his personal liberty, many precautions inconsistent with his personal enjoyment, are remitted without danger to the peace of Europe. It was evident that in the seclusion of St. Helena, he would experience more real happiness than he could have enjoyed in England, where he must have been subjected to a tenfold degree of espionage and suspicion. But the *principle* of his exile did not affect the conditions on which we accepted the custody of his person; the benefits to us and the allies was mutual, the expense and responsibility should have been equal. Trivial payments and improvident engagements make no impression upon the minds of the ministers at home, but it is by the accumulation of paltry debts, small but repeated subsidies; twenty thousand

pounds in one direction and thirty in another, that with the aid of pensions, sinecures, and secret service money we have been plunged into the gulph from which we are vainly struggling to arise. Prodigality at home adds to the pressure of extravagance abroad, and combined with the exhaustion of our resources by our noble exertions (noble even, notwithstanding the miseries they have entailed) have produced a scene of privation and distress almost unparalleled in the history of Britain. The natural association of so unexpected a result with the recollection of the victory which we gained on the field of Waterloo, with the visions entertained of the glorious days of peace and luxury that were inevitably to succeed the exile of Napoleon, occasioned a despondency which the chief magistrate and his counsellors can alone remove by the inculcation, the example, and the practice of economy. The taylor's bills of the ————— must no longer amount to the revenue of ten universities, or the pay of all the admirals, captains, and lieutenants of his fleet; no future Grenville must be permitted to receive a princely fortune from the public purse as the salary of an office of which he does not perform the functions; and the ———, the Vallencies, and the Rennies, should be reduced to stipends adequate to their services and their delinquencies punished with exemplary rigor.

To calculate the chances of a new war would require a more prolix investigation than our present limits will admit. Yet if it still remain a principle of our policy to interfere in the internal state of France we have much to dread. With respect to the present sentiments of that unhappy nation, the past experience of the rapid changes she has undergone, the known restlessness and impetuosity of the national character, and the present superintendence exercised by foreign armies, render wholly vague all conjectures, and throw much uncertainty on the actual state of things. The press is no medium of information, since the French journals are under a strict supervision; and so little confidence can be placed in the representations of travellers that even the intrepid and revolutionary

Mr. Hobhouse has cancelled, as will be seen on inspection of the pages, nearly one third of his printed work. In the proceedings of the Chambers we have seen an intemperate and almost uncontrollable ardor for reading speeches, and much violence of language and manner; an apparent enthusiasm of loyalty, expressing itself in mobbish shouts of *Vive le Roi*, and a preponderance of what is termed *Ultra-royalism*, which opposes the moderation of the court and ministers respecting political criminals, and inclines to carry retrospective punishments to the greatest possible severity. This spirit has involved the government of France in difficulties, from which if they ultimately arise, it must be by the acquisition of a wisdom and forbearance of which at present there is not the least indication. But whatever be the ultimate consequences of the battle of Waterloo the remembrance of that glorious and awful conflict will live for ever in the remembrance of the English people, and in the page of history. A lesson more instructive and sublime than the downfall of Napoleon has never been impressed by the moralist, or imagined by the poet. The records of humanity contain no other example of vicissitude so awful, of punishment so just, yet merciful, of despotism so rapidly accomplishing its own destruction by the enormity of its offences against the liberties of mankind. But let not us, who assume the merit of essentially promoting this desirable consummation, exult much in the purity of our motives, and the integrity of our views. Our impolicy has in many instances been great; our errors have been numerous: and we are less a debtor to our own wisdom, virtue and perseverance, than to the misfortunes and indiscretion of our enemies. It becomes our duty, to reflect upon the scene that has passed before us, with a disposition to improve by the incidents it has displayed and the examples it has presented, and to consult the page of recent history with a conviction that the VIRTUE OF SOVEREIGNS, THE INTEGRITY OF STATESMEN, AND THE FREEDOM OF EMPIRES, ARE THE ONLY PLEDGES OF THEIR GLORY, THEIR HAPPINESS AND THEIR STABILITY.

THE WRONGS OF LADY BYRON, MRS. MARDYN'S LETTER, AND LORD BYRON'S FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

THE omnipotent influence of genius on the feelings and opinions of civilized society, has never been more forcibly exemplified than in the recent triumph of Lord Byron over the most amiable and virtuous sympathies of the British people. A female respectable by her rank and wealth, lovely in her person, beloved by her relatives, and adored by her dependents for the gentleness of her disposition and the condescension of her deportment, becomes after two refusals the elected bride of a nobleman whose literary fame could alone have effaced the remembrance of his early follies. With the usual impatience and eccentricity of his youthful years he has scarcely tasted the pleasures of connubial love, and exulted in the name of parent, when he forgets the ties of nature and of duty, violates the laws of decency and humanity, exasperates the meek and amiable object of his transient passion to fly from her legitimate protector to the mansion of her father; perpetrates an act of atrocious insult, which cannot be forgotten, and after committing this unpardonable enormity, accuses the unfortunate victim, of relentless and unforgiving obduracy. Yet while he mourns in affected accents his separation from her whom he professes to have loved so ardently, he wantonly but deliberately lacerates her feelings, insults her family, and disgraces his own character, by a deliberate libel on the instructress of her youth, and the confidential friend and companion of her maturer years. Had the same insensibility of heart and perverseness of conduct been displayed by a less eminent individual, his errors would have been visited with the unanimous and heartfelt reprobation of mankind; but such is the magic of talent, that a large proportion of the community has witnessed his conduct with tacit approbation, or has regarded the pathos and energy

of "the Farewell" and its companion, as a sufficient atonement for their folly, their indecency, and their malignity.

We do not wish to obtrude on the privacy of rank or genius. The domestic circle of the nobleman and the man of letters are sacred to us, so long as they confine themselves within the sphere of their own habits and connections. But when they have the presumption to claim a peculiar privilege; when they demand the right of challenging the notice of the public on subjects connected with their private feelings and affairs, yet refuse to others the benefit of the same appeal; when they circulate the most atrocious calumnies and the most indecent inuendoes in every direction within their influence, yet deny to those whom they publicly yet clandestinely injure, the privilege of retort, our forbearance is changed into indignation, and we feel that the interference of the literary public is the only security for the innocent and the injured. If any individual, presuming on the superiority of his talents, may come forward to traduce the objects of morbid hatred, or misplaced resentment; may circulate his poison through the medium of his bookseller or his private friends; and may diffuse the most atrocious slanders, in cards or circulars; if he may do all this, yet claim the privilege of privacy, and deny the right of the public to investigate his conduct, there is an end to the liberty of the press, to the security of private character, and to the protection of innocence.

Nothing can be imagined more ludicrous and contemptible than the affectation with which such men as Lord Byron disclaim all interference on the part of the public with their private characters, while they themselves indulge in the most wanton attacks on the errors and foibles of others. To compare great men with little, the editor of the Examiner, for instance, will stab you to the heart in the true spirit of cold-blooded philosophy, and in the next page will supply your friends with a column of maukish sensibility, with remarks on the sanctity of private character, and professions of com-

passion for the poor worldly beings that do not love Lord Byron, of whatever atrocities he may be convicted.

Lord Byron of all men has least deserved the forbearance of the public in its estimation of his personal character. Invective has been familiar to his muse since he lisp'd in numbers. Unfortunately for his own reputation and for the world, his precious gifts have been wasted in a manner unworthy of his talents and injurious to his fame. Since the commencement of his literary career he has displayed a degree of vacillation, bad taste, and disrespect to the public, indicative of a capricious temper, and of a self-confidence for which the most unblemished purity of principle, even when united with unquestioned pre-eminence of talent, would scarcely atone. He played with the public till his toying became tiresome. In his second work, "the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," he vented his misanthropy on individuals, whom he now regards as the warmest of his friends, or has complimented in his recent poems; and the idol of his present admiration is stigmatized in the following lines as an idiot and a dunce.

“ Health to great Jeffery ! Heaven preserve his life,
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
And guard it sacred in his future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars.
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little’s leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laughing by ?
Oh ! day disastrous ! on her firm set rock,
Dunedin’s castle felt a sacred shock ;
Dark roll’d the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groan’d the startled whirlwinds of the North ;
Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
The other half pursued its calm career ;
Arthur’s steep summit nodded to its base,
The Tolbooth scarcely kept her place ;

The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
 On such occasions, feel as much as man—
 The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
 If Jeffrey died, except within her arms :
 Nay, last, not least, on that portentous morn,
 The sixteenth story, where himself was born,
 His patrimonial garrett fell to ground,
 And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound ;
 Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white reams,
 Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams ;
 This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
 That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue ;
 And all with justice deem'd the two combin'd,
 The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.
 But Caledonia's Goddess hover'd o'er
 The field, and sav'd him from the wrath of Moore ;
 From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
 And straight restor'd it to her favourite's head.
 That head, with greater than magnetic power,
 Caught it, as Danae caught the golden shower,
 And though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
 Augments his ore, and is itself a mine."

Scarcely had the second edition of the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* been issued from the bookseller's, before he became an enthusiastic admirer of the whole tribe of northern critics, and was warmly complimented in return. He, therefore, bought up the poem, and avowed his solemn recantation. In a subsequent work his lordship inserted an address to the Princess Charlotte, with his accustomed precipitation, and immediately cancelled the same production with his usual inconsistency. He has more than once declared in his prefaces and advertisements that he had relinquished all poetical pursuits, yet since the appearance of these pledges, we have been favoured with an Ode to Napoleon, a Selection of Hebrew Melodies, the Siege of Corinth, Parisina, the Farewell, the Sketch from Private Life, many minor pieces, and the poems which we are about to notice.

The personal career of Lord Byron has been of a nature little calculated to deserve the favour of the virtuous part of the community. The ursine orgies of Trinity College, Cambridge, were of a character not to be described. His eccentricities alienated the attachment of his friends, and provoked the animadversion of his superiors. His visits to Bury-street, and his Bacchanalian indiscretions, might be ascribed to the extravagance and thoughtless impetuosity of youth; but no similar excuse can be accepted for his misanthropy, his propensity to slander, and the indulgence of the gloomy and pernicious passions in the society of his friends. His poetry is strikingly indicative of the subjects familiar to his mind. His forte is the wicked, the misanthropic, and the terrible: his favourite portraits are the assassin, the renegado, the despiser of human laws, the perpetrator of secret and mysterious guilt, and the reviler of religion. In the description of human iniquity, of the agonies of an unprincipled, but wounded spirit, of cruelty baffled in its purpose, and malignity rejoicing in its triumph, he is unrivalled, except by Shakspeare. From the age of Eschylus to the present, it would be impossible to select a delineation so complete in all its parts, so horribly descriptive of contending passions, so finely and awfully romantic in defiance of absurdity as the Corsair: a portrait which, had he possessed no hereditary claim to the elevation of a peerage, would at once have entitled him to the appellation of a *noble* poet. But the highest endowments of the mind are sometimes accompanied by temporary lapses of reason, in which the unfortunate individual becomes the slave of uncontrollable passions: and so long as the victim of this infirmity is sensible of his weakness, he is the object of pity, rather than of blame. But when an individual of talent, confessedly in the wrong, comes forward to take the accusing side, and sanctions the abuse of an injured party in the public journals by personal intercourse and literary communication, he becomes the just subject of private condemnation, and

public reprehension. We feel ourselves fully justified, therefore, in stating distinctly that the conduct of Lord Byron, in the late unfortunate misunderstanding, has been of a nature defying forgiveness; and that if he possesses a single spark of human and honourable feeling, he would have despised his lady for ever, had she condescended to receive his protestations of repentance. How grossly indeed the public have been deluded by the friends of Lord Byron with respect to the nature and extent of his *faux pas* is testified by the subjoined letter of Mrs. Mardyn, which at once redeems her calumniated character, and does honour to her sensibility. The seduction of an actress, in the present state of public morals, is not a crime that would justify the desertion of a husband by his wife. The provocations committed by Lord Byron were, in all probability, of a very different nature from a *faux pas* (as it would be called) of this kind. But we have too much respect for the afflicted family, whose virtues we have had personal opportunities of observing, to re-probe the wound, which the lapse of time, the affection of friends, and the influence of religion are gradually healing.

To the Editor.

“SIR,

Arundel-street, Strand.

“Accept, I beseech you, every fervent acknowledgment which the heart can dictate, or an unpractised pen express, for the protection which your pages have volunteered to a defenceless and calumniated woman.

“For several months past, my feelings have been harassed, and my spirits depressed almost into despair, by a persecution the most unprovoked and unaccountable that the records of slander can supply.

“Without one accidental error, nay, without one equivocal circumstance in my conduct, my name has been associated, under every cruel variety of inventive malice, with the recent domestic disagreements of a noble family. I cannot expatiate on so delicate a subject. Respect for

the feelings of my superiors would willingly impose upon me absolute silence; but there is a regard which even the humblest individual owes to its own moral character, and to the opinion of society, paramount to all other considerations. It is this imperious sentiment which now compels me to protest, in the most sacred as well as public manner, that the nobleman alluded to never met me but within the walls of Drury-lane Theatre; that about twenty sentences would comprise the total conversation with which I was honored by him, and that these sentences were delivered, most probably within hearing, and most certainly within view, of the whole assembled Green-room!

“This plain statement, which even the hardest malevolence cannot contradict, will, I trust, be considered as a sufficient explanation from me on so embarrassing a subject. I feel, most painfully feel, the cruel indelicacy of the situation into which my persecutors have driven me. To obtrude myself in a private capacity upon the public attention, is an apparent presumption, which I would have embraced almost any misery to have avoided. This course has, however, become at last inevitable to me. My farther silence under injurious report would have been construed into an admission of its truth. How, whence, or wherefore, slander, so utterly unprovoked, has thus preyed upon my name, I wish not even to guess, but will merely add, that my situation in society, while it exposes me to every insult, denies me the power of resenting one; and that I am a friendless, unprotected female, entirely dependent on the public estimation for my support. This acknowledgment of my helplessness will, I am convinced, be my future strength with all generous and feeling minds.

“I have the honour to subscribe myself, Sir,

Your deeply obliged and ever grateful servant,

“CHARLOTTE MARDYN.”

Notwithstanding the impressions that we have described respecting the personal character of Lord Byron, we are always ready to acknowledge the merit of his poeti-

cal efforts, when they were not debased by the deformities to which we have alluded. We were therefore agreeably surprized and interested by the annunciation of a "Farewell to England, with three other Poems," which from the resemblance of style, the conformity of sentiment, and its various beauties of language and imagery, will probably be received by the admirers of Lord Byron as the genuine productions of his muse. Our own opinion on this subject is undecided, for Lord Byron of all men is the most open to imitation; but in whatever light we consider these productions, whether as genuine or fictitious, they will be read with delight and enthusiasm, as forcibly expressing the sensations of an ardent and romantic mind, agitated by conflicting passions. There are a few passages, indeed, which have awakened our suspicion that the first of these effusions has been composed in England since the departure of his lordship, but they bear no comparison to the collective merit of the poems. Of this description are the following:

"Can distance or time heal the heart
That bleeds from its innermost pore,
Or intemperance lessen its smart,
Or a *cerate* apply to its sore!"

"Say was there no impulse that strove
To *back* the appeal of the child?"

"What *nostrums* can soundness restore!"

"The gangrenes wherever it goes,
Disdains a fictitious relief."

The general characteristics of the Farewell to England, are delicacy of feeling and tenderness of expression. The following stanzas are eminently beautiful:

"And thinkest thou, dear object! for still
To my bosom thou only, art life;
And spite of my pride and my will,
I bless thee—I woo thee—my wife.

“ Oh thinkest thou that absence shall bring
The balm which will give thee relief;
Or time on its life wasting wing
An antidote yield for thy grief?

“ Thy hopes will be frail as the dream,
Which cheats the long moments of night,
But melts in the glare of the beam,
Which breaks from the portal of light.

“ For when on thy babe’s smiling face,
Thy features and mine, intertwin’d,
The finger of fancy shall trace,
The spell shall resistlessly bind.

“ The dimple that dwells on her cheek ;
The glances that beam from her eye ;
The lisp as she struggles to speak,
Shall dash every smile with a sigh.

“ Then I, though whole oceans between
Their billowy barriers may rear,
Shall triumph though far and unseen,
Unconscious—uncalled, shall be there.

* * * * *

“ I seek what no tribes can bestow,
I ask what no clime can impart,
A charm which can neutralize woe,
And dry up the tears of the heart.

“ Farewell to thee! land of the brave,
Farewell to thee! land of my birth ;
When tempests around thee shall rage,
Still—still may they homage thy worth!

“ Wife, infant, and country, and friend,
Ye wizard my fancy no more,
I fly from your solace and wend,
To weep on some kindlier shore.

“The grim visaged fiend of the storm,
 That roves in this agonized breast,
 Still raises his pestilent form,
 Till death calm the tumult to rest.”

The political sentiments of Lord Byron are not less inconstant and uncertain than his feelings and opinions in the intercourse of domestic life and of society. We all remember the Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte, in which he upbraided that extraordinary personage with every opprobrious epithet, because he had not committed the guilt of suicide. For our own parts we should conclude that the agonies of Lord Byron, if he possesses the sensibility ascribed to him by his friends, must at this moment be inconceivably more acute than those of the Emperor at the period of his downfall; and so far from drawing the same conclusion with himself, we admire the courageous fortitude with which his lordship endures existence. No really brave man, (for Hannibal is no exception) ever committed the act of self-destruction, except in a fit of temporary frenzy: and notwithstanding all his errors, the life of Lord Byron is too valuable to society, and we hope too dear to himself, to be sacrificed to the indulgence of temporary bursts of passion and resentment. But for the resolution and good sense of his wife, he might have indulged in all the caprices of an ungovernable temper, till self-controul would have been impossible. He has received an awful lesson, at a period of life when it may be useful: let him profit by his good fortune, and he may hereafter command the virtuous reverence of mankind, as much as he has obtained their admiration by his talents.

THE ACCUSATIONS OF MR. TWEDDELL'S
 RELATIVES AGAINST LORD ELGIN.

THE influence of government in perverting the uses of the press, and violating through the medium of dependent journalists the most obvious principles of literary

justice, are strikingly elucidated in the recent controversy respecting the fate of Mr. Tweddell's papers and drawings; a subject on which every description of sophistry has been employed that might tend to the exculpation of the accused individual, merely because he enjoys the favour and supports the principles of the ministry. The pages of the Quarterly Review are devoted, in conformity with their usual practice, to an elaborate and systematic misrepresentation of Mr. Tweddell's book, because he has the presumption to dispute the honor and the *memory* of a *lord* and *ci-devant* ambassador. Their discretion, however, and their ability bear no proportion to their zeal: in the enthusiasm of their subservience they have exposed themselves to the commission of fallacies easily detected; have indulged in assertions that are only examined to be refuted, and have presented to Mr. Tweddell the opportunity of a triumphant and we hope a final reply.

It appears that Mr. John Tweddell died possessed of extensive literary and other effects; among which were journals of Switzerland and the Crimea in a state of finished preparation for the press; sundry MSS. having reference to ancient and modern Greece; an ample collection of highly finished drawings illustrative of Grecian antiquities, of the customs of Russia, and of the Turkish empire, as well as of various objects of curiosity in some of the most interesting parts of Europe. It further appears that the whole of the above property came into the possession of the Earl of Elgin, who in the character of ambassador extraordinary, officially and individually assumed the custody thereof. The history of this extensive property offers itself under two distinct heads.

1. That which was left by Mr. J. Tweddell in the care of his friend Mr. Thornton at Pera on proceeding for Greece in 1798, which was the considerable accumulation of three or four years travels in Switzerland, Germany, Poland, Russia, Sweden, the Crimea, &c.

2. That which was found at Athens on his decease;

and which after being carefully examined by the consul Macri, an inventory taken of it, and being packed in four trunks, a small box, an escrutoire, a portfolio, and a port-manteau, was the whole of it committed to the immediate care of Mr. Logotheti, who acted as pro-consul after the demise of M. Macri, and by him was forwarded to Constantinople.

These were the two respective divisions of Mr. Tweddell's property, which for distinction's sake we shall call the Athenian effects, and the Thornton effects. It is allowed on all hands that the Athenian effects were shipped at Athens by pro-consul Logotheti, under the responsible care of Papa Simeon, and were wrecked on the island of Coutali in the sea of Marmora. The packages, as far as can be ascertained, were all saved and forwarded with a certificate from the magistrates of the island, under custody of the same messenger to Constantinople, where they arrived in a damaged state. Lord Elgin has intimated, without any authority, that Mr. Tweddell's effects had been plundered at Athens, by the latter's Greek servant, and that through him and another they were accessible to travellers. It appears, however, from the opposing evidence, that no part was lost except a bunch of keys; that though damaged, a considerable part was in a recoverable state; that the drawings were in a condition to be copied by the artists; that sketches were actually made of them at the time, and are now in the hands of a gentleman of this country; that the manuscripts were many of them legible, that they were copied by Dr. Hunt, of Bedford, as he publicly admits, and that they were accessible to the hands of certain individuals. A copy or original of one of these MSS. was seen and handled at Athens in 1802, by Lord Elgin's private secretary, by Mr. Hamilton, now one of the under secretaries of state, and by others.

The Athenian effects were immediately on their arrival, in a summary and arbitrary way taken possession of by Lord Elgin; his seal was instantly affixed to them,

and the interposition and care of Mr. Spencer Smith, his lordship's predecessor at Constantinople, thus precluded. It is proved, that they were placed under the seal of chancery on the 2d of December, 1799; that they remained unopened so late as the 28th of that month; that they were afterwards moved to his lordship's own residence without the concurrence or knowledge of the chancellor; and that they were opened or examined on or about the 24th of January following, a space of nearly eight weeks, during which they lay wet and neglected.

The Thornton effects were contained in two trunks or boxes. They comprised the whole mass of Mr. Tweddell's collections in manuscript and in painting from 1795 to 1798. This deposit was, at the instance of Lord Elgin, and by his orders or his expressed wishes, transferred into his possession. It suffered not the smallest injury, as Lord Elgin has asserted, from the fire of Pera, and the manuscripts and the drawings were added to the Athenian effects. The whole thus united in his lordship's custody was examined in a room of the palace in the presence of Dr. Hunt, of Bedford, Mr. Thornton, and the ambassador; but the Thornton effects (the precious reliques which have been lost) *were afterwards put aside by Lord Elgin, and never seen again by those gentlemen, or any other person.* The Athenian documents, however, were copied, consulted, and injured by the dependents of Lord Elgin, with his knowledge and permission, at the very moment that his lordship declared to Dr. Clarke, that he regretted the latter could not see Mr. Tweddell's journals! The individuals thus employed in garbling, exchanging, and of course depreciating the value of Tweddell's inestimable drawings, appear to have committed the meanness of so singular an act with an ignorance and want of system, which entails upon them the disgrace of imbecility with the infamy of bad intention. Had the drawings and the manuscripts been copied beneath their patronage by men of learning and ability, some degree of forgiveness might have been granted to

their unhallowed curiosity. But to witness the pert, desultory, and unprofitable mode in which their violation of honourable delicacy was performed, will cause the scholar and the enthusiastic artist, to tremble at the posthumous friendship of diplomatic connoisseurs.

Mr. Robert Tweddell details with perspicuity the circumstances which prevented him from appealing to Lord Elgin, and to the public, till after the lapse of so many years. But the period of retribution at length arrived, and it became an imperious duty to ascertain the real fate of his brother's drawings and manuscripts. They had been indisputably traced to the possession and guardianship of Lord Elgin, and a concurrence of suspicious circumstances rendered a prompt and distinct explanation, on the part of the noble lord, equally due to his own character and to the memory of Mr. Tweddell. Instead, however, of replying to the representations of the brother of that lamented scholar, with the promptitude and decision that might have been expected from an ostentatious patron of the arts, who had minutely examined the boxes which he was too careless to freight, and of which he was most careful when care was least necessary, he replies in a series of opposite and contradictory conjectures. He first declares that they might be entrusted to Mr. Carlyle, or shipped in the Duncan; but it is proved that Professor Carlyle was unacquainted with the Tweddell family, and undertook no commission of the kind. His lordship afterwards, upon reconsidering the subject, declares that he has no recollection of any box belonging to Mr. Tweddell delivered by Mr. Thornton to the embassy, nor of the fate of the Duncan, though he confesses that in this very ship he had sent several boxes of presents to Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville. We are afraid that the safe arrival of these presents was ascertained with more precision, and is more deeply fixed in the recollection of Lord Elgin, than the literary treasures of the lamented scholar.

Finding, however, that the selection of the Duncan ?

the vehicle of conveyance did not tend to relieve him from the imputations which attached to his lapse of memory, Lord Elgin changed his theory, and leaving the Duncan in possession of his late chaplain, Dr. Hunt, has passed to the *New Adventure* transport, which he is finally persuaded must have been the ship which received the effects on board, for no better reason than that she was an armed transport, and that the elder Mr. Tweddell directs the property to be sent by a ship of war. His lordship has at length taxed his memory to the uttermost, and of this severe process he thus states the result. "I have *now* a strong conviction and belief that the packages for Mr. Tweddell were put on board the *New Adventure*, an armed transport, which was sent home in 1800 by General Kœhler, in which I also shipped some valuable effects of my own. The transport I understand was wrecked, and my effects, and I believe every thing else on board, were lost."

Let us examine the circumstances of this narrative, nearly in the words of Mr. Tweddell's brother. When Dr. Clarke arrived at Constantinople, in November 1800, the ambassador kindly regretted that he had come *too late to see Tweddell's papers*. The ship therefore that contained these papers must have sailed in October at latest, and might have easily reached Malaga within that year. But what is the fact? That vessel was wrecked on the 24th of January, 1802, so that she must have been fourteen or fifteen months in performing a six or seven weeks' voyage. Perhaps when his lordship has obtained a return to the enquiries which he is making "abroad" on this subject, he will be enabled to tell us what the *New Adventure* was doing in the Mediterranean during the whole of the year 1801. After his lordship's good and useful example, Mr. Tweddell too set about making enquiries, which have led to a view of the papers which describe and certify the circumstances of this event. Hence it appears that when the *New Adventure* was driven on shore in Malaga Mole, on the 24th of January 1802, Mr.

Laird, as agent for the underwriters at Lloyd's, caused a particular survey to be made of the ship and cargo previously to the sale; and in reporting this measure to Mr. Dudman, the owner, he makes no mention of any part of the lading being lost; but by stating on the other hand that the whole of it suffered from the sea water, he virtually intimated that it remained entire, and adds that all due care should be taken to dispose of it to the best advantage. Accordingly in a later dispatch he records the sale, and gives a catalogue of the cargo sold, which descends even to the most minute specifications, but which contains not a single article which can be construed to form part of the property of Lord Elgin or Mr. Tweddell. This, then, is negative proof at least, that no such property could have been shipped in this vessel; and the discovery, while it saves his lordship the trouble of pursuing his enquiries abroad, will perhaps suggest to him the expedience of again "tasking his memory to the uttermost," or of referring to the under secretary of state for another vessel which may better solve the conditions of the problem.

To complete the evidence it is proved, not only, as was known before, that Professor Carlyle never knew Mr. Tweddell, and had no knowledge of the family, but that he was not present at the opening, examining or drying of the papers; never was shewn any thing of value, except what Lord Elgin submitted to his view already packed up; did not assist or superintend any transmission; had nothing confided to his care; brought home nothing but a list of clothes; knew nothing but by hearsay; and to the day of his death disclaimed any concern directly or indirectly in any part of the business from first to last. Yet the Quarterly Reviewers boldly aver that Mr. Professor Carlyle and Mr. Hamilton Nisbet, father of the then Lady Elgin, who had been on a visit to Constantinople, being about to return to England in 1801, had entrusted to THEM, by Lord Elgin, a portfolio of Mr. Tweddell's drawings, to be delivered, as Lord Elgin asserts, to Mr.

Tweddell's family. Unfortunately for Lord Elgin, and for the reputation of the Quarterly Reviewers, Mr. Nisbet comes forward as an auxiliary to the evidence that the packet of costumes was never entrusted to Mr. Carlyle, and declares that he (Mr. Nisbet), had never understood them to be put into his hands for the purpose of being conveyed to Mr. Tweddell's representatives; but they were returned to his lordship with that intent. The latter positively asserted, that while the more valuable papers and drawings were sent home in the *New Adventure*, some of the costumes were separated from the rest, (*in what manner?*) with the view of being taken home by Mr. Carlyle, and copied for the use of Mr. Nisbet, before being delivered to Mr. Tweddell. In these assertions there are three egregious errors. Mr. Carlyle disclaimed the reputed trust, Mr. Nesbit professes to have received the portion of costumes in question from his excellency himself, asserts that they were copied by his own direction for his own use, and were never delivered to Mr. Tweddell, but duly and in course were deposited among his lordship's effects—apparently to be seen no more!

The noble lord was now reduced to a state of extreme perplexity. The Thornton packages as a whole might *possibly* have been lost at sea, or found, as was kindly suggested by Dr. Hunt, in some nook or corner of the English coast. But the originals of the *costumes* were positively returned to his lordship's custody, after defying the dangers of the winds and waves. Their disappearance could neither be explained by the negligence of the Duncan's crew, nor by the shipwreck of the *New Adventure*! To account for their disappearance became absolutely necessary, if Lord Elgin wished to retain the respect of his friends or his station in society. Having once more, therefore, "taxed his memory to the uttermost," he suddenly made those discoveries which he might have made five years before, and found that there was actually in his possession a collection of original drawings of which he had till this critical moment quite for-

gotten the existence. "He immediately determined (says Mr. Thornton) upon collecting and sending to me in London, all the drawings of Turkish costume then in his possession at Broom-hall, which might possibly come under the description of those supposed to have been recovered from the wreck of your brother's property. I have accordingly received a box, said to contain these drawings, and I do not propose to open it except in your presence, &c." The answer of Mr. Robert Tweddell was a brief acknowledgment, simply stating that not being able to attend in person, he should communicate with some confidential friend in London, with a view to that object, and make known the arrangement when completed. He accordingly requested and obtained the assistance of Mr. A. Moore and Mr. Heys, two particular friends of his late brother, and the examination of the box would ere this have taken place had not some legal precautions been thought necessary on the part of Lord Elgin's law agent, in whose hands the whole business is now placed. These preparatory measures, together with the absence of Mr. Moore on the circuit, have already occasioned much delay. In the mean time it seems obvious that this measure presents but little prospect of practical advantage. Neither the surviving relatives of Mr. Tweddell, nor the friends of his family, having ever seen the original costumes, it is plain that none of them can be identified beyond what the Nesbit copies, sixty-nine in number, may assist in ascertaining. Thus (as the Quarterly Reviewer unwarily admits) this circumstance, which promised to unravel the mystery, will serve only to increase it; for while it tends to prove Lord Elgin's possession of part of the effects, it throws a greater perplexity over the fate of the rest. The reviewer, however, supposes that by confiding these drawings to Mr. Nisbet, Lord Elgin proved his wish that they should reach Mr. Tweddell's family, an observation directly contradicted by the statement of that gentleman, who expressly asserts that he received them on condition

(not of transmitting them to the family) but of restoring them to Lord Elgin.

We have not time or inclination to investigate the futile attempts of his lordship to prove, in direct contradiction to the testimony of Tweddell himself, and of the clearest collateral evidence: that his remains were few, unimportant, and in the worst condition. Nor shall we studiously bring forward to the notice of our readers the ludicrous mistakes and contradictions of Dr. Hunt, an individual who apparently cultivates the arts of good living and the forms of courtesy in preference to those more austere and arduous pursuits which promote the investigation of truth and the interests of learning. He appears in the light of a good tempered, easy, polished man, but moderately gifted with intelligence, and only ambitious to display his talents and acquirements when spurred to exertion by the importunities of his patron and his friends. He is too much in earnest to be ridiculous, and yet too forgetful to be believed. The memories, indeed, of all the advocates ranged on the side of Lord Elgin have caught the infection of forgetfulness from his lordship, and the organ of recollection seems only to be affected by the stimulus of convenience. After the testimony, indeed, of Dr. Clarke, dated Constantinople, March 11th, 1802, it would be vain to expect from the individuals connected with the embassy, enthusiasm in the cause of injured merit or consistency of narrative. "Once (he observes) you said that Tweddell's father approved the measures I had taken relative to his son's affairs. I wish you would without loss of time write to him: it is of great importance, as we can do nothing here from the *chicanery, the power and the jealousy of the diplomatic party, who are interested in the affair!*" We regret that our present limits will not permit us to amplify this remark to the extent of which it is susceptible; but the answer of Lord Elgin, which we anticipate with impatience and curiosity, will probably enable us to resume the subject at an early period.

A FAVOURITE.

NEAR the town of Cork in Ireland lived an humble but honest cottager, the happy parent of six small children, supported by the industrious affection of his spouse and himself, on buttermilk and *paratoes*. The most sprightly and vigorous of these urchins was the second son, Larry o'Flannaghan, who at the age of fourteen years could wrestle with the most celebrated champions of the rustic gymnasia, could dance a planxty with an agility that inflamed the envy of his rivals, and above all could guide the merry dance by the music of his flageolet. Having obtained a tolerable proficiency in that instrument, he soon became impatient of his paternal hut and his native bog, and determined to indulge his itinerant propensities, confiding for support on the casual groups who might assemble around him in his wanderings. Kilkenny soon re-echoed his song, the banks of the Shannon reverberated with his magic tones, and the peasantry flocked around him loading him with presents and caresses. His fame at length extended to Drogheda, the head-quarters of the —th regiment, where in a moment of intoxication he was enlisted as a fifer and flageolet player. Here he remained for seven long years, till the moment at length arrived when this humble offspring of an Irish bog, was destined to become the favourite and the companion of princes, to receive from the hands of a gracious master an eminent rank in the English army, to hold a distinguished office in the household, and even to share the smiles of majesty. The regiment having been ordered to return to England, was accompanied by our hero, whose melodious treble soon attracted the ear of an exalted personage, as he played beneath the windows of the palace. An introduction through the medium of a celebrated and confidential colonel to the private concerts, and ultimately to the select parties of his august patron was the consequence. He was first promoted to be mas-

ter of the band, and successively elevated to the rank of Quarter Master, Captain, Colonel, and Major General. He has since been appointed to a dignified and important office near the person of his master, and is the second, if not the principal organ of communication between that exalted personage and the dependants of the palace. He receives from the public purse an income equivalent to all the pensions of Greenwich and Blenheim; he shares the honours of the cross with the heroes of Waterloo; and rules with more undisputed authority in the closet than the legal and ostensible advisers of the crown. Nor let it be imagined that he is destitute of expertness in minor but not less necessary duties. He can decide on the contour of a wig, on the fringe of a waistcoat, on the curl of a whisker, or the polish of a boot, with most *miraculous observance*. In a game at piquet he is a formidable rival of Colonel O'Kelly, and is therefore a "prodigious" favourite in certain circles of the Brunswick family. His other peculiarities are described with almost prophetic precision in the following character of a *court beggar*, extracted from a manuscript of the 17th century, and supposed to proceed from the pen of Butler. "He waits at court as a dog does under a table, to catch what falls, or force it from his fellows if he can. When a man is in a fair way to be hanged, that is richly worth it, or has hanged himself, he puts in to be his heir and succeed him, and pretends as much merit as another. He thinks it vain to deserve well of his prince as long as he can do this business more easily by begging: for the same idle laziness possesses him that does the *rest of his fraternity*, who had *rather take alms* than work for their livings. And therefore he accounts merit a more tedious and uncertain way of rising and sometimes dangerous. He values himself and his place, not upon its honour or allowances, but the convenient opportunity of begging. The more ignorant, foolish, and undeserving he is, provided he be but impudent enough, which all such seldom fail to be, the better he thrives in his calling, as others in the

same way, gain more by their sores and broken limbs, than those that are sound and in health. He always under-values what he gains, because he comes easily by it; and how rich soever he proves, is resolved never to be satisfied, being like a *friar minor* bound by his order to be always a beggar. He is like king Agrippa almost a Christian, for though he never begs any thing of God, yet he does very much of his vicegerent the king, that is next him. He finds it his best way to be always craving, because if he finds many things that are disposed of or not *beggable*, one lucky hit pays for twenty that miscarry." In one respect, however, the character of Sir Larry bears no resemblance to that delineated by the author of *Hudibras*. The *court beggar* of his time "spent lavishly what he got, because it cost him so little pains to get more." Sir Larry, on the contrary, so far from being prodigal of his prince's purse, or of his own, prudently drives every supplicant from his own mansion, and on the part of his master precludes their access to the fountain of humanity, justice, and benevolence. With all the pomposity of upstart arrogance, and all the supercilious insensibility of habitual hard-heartedness, this favorite of a court devotes the superfluous sums which if judiciously expended might alleviate the miseries of deserving indigence, to the secret purposes of licentious intrigue and political corruption. Matured in all the meanness and irregularity of the musical associates of his early years, he carries the habits and propensities of a drummer into the precincts of a court, and violates the claims of struggling genius and suffering virtue, by multiplying the pensions and administering to the profusion of the most frivolous and exceptionable characters. The affliction of the widow, the complaints of the wounded and unrewarded hero, the appeals of the orphan and the fatherless, are regarded with cold indifference, or received and repulsed with every expression of insolent contempt; while vice exults in her triumph over the rights, and luxuriates in the spoils, of injured and insulted virtue.

A THEATRICAL PORTRAIT.

ADONIS of the stage, see ——— come,
 Renowned for vast rotundity of b—,
 In nature's toy-shop framed with curious art,
 His only wants are taste, and mind, and heart ;
 In Dublin taught to stamp and fret by rule,
 He walks a giant, and he looks the fool ;
 With rayless vision gloats on Juliet's charms,
 And clasps the maid in Brobdignaggian arms ;
 Seeks upon well poised toe the fatal tomb,
 And dies with due regard to elbow-room.
 Like some Dutch toy that round its circle glides,
 Upheld by leaden feet and whalebone sides,
 Dame Nature form'd him gracefully to move,
 But quite forgot the *furniture above* :
 The only difference this—in him the lead
 Guides not the feet but centres in the head.
 Strange that the actor, studious of the graces,
 Who moves by rule and measures all his paces ;
 Who kneels in systematic curves to prayer,
 And treads his well-traced circle to a hair,
 In every speech should rend your ear asunder,
 By tones of harshness, and by notes of thunder ;
 While the lewd basket gloats upon his form,
 O'erwhelm the pit in one loud verbal storm,
 Croak with hoarse throat the lover's sweetest strains,
 And harshly whisper, with superfluous pains,
 To prove that no precise connection lies,
 'Tween common sense and symmetry of thighs !

Oh ! had our Henry marched with equal care,
 To battle stepped with grace as debonnair,
 Scaled the French walls in attitudes as *finé*,
 And marched in measured steps to form his line,
 Pressed to the deadly breach in five positions,
 And led with ———'s pace his brave divisions,

Then Agincourt had gained no deathless name,
 Nor France have mourned her military shame.
 In ——'s form, the hero of the age,
 Is posture-master general of the stage.
 Great sovereign of the stride, the bow, the shrug,
 Profound in all the mysteries of the hug,
 Born to possess the Garagantuan throne,
 A monstrous, half-inspired Automaton!

AN EPISTLE FROM MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS
 TO KIRKALDY OF GRANGE;
 BY RICHARD WHARTON, ESQ. M. P.

THE following poem is founded on the imprisonment of Mary, Queen of Scots, and forms part of a series of manuscript essays, the production, if we mistake not, of Richard Wharton, Esq. M. P. late secretary of the Treasury, in conjunction with a gentleman formerly connected with the SCOURGE. It is an epistle supposed to have been written by the Queen to Kirkaldy of Grange, who really was what he is here represented, a man of sincerity and character. The incidents to which the poem alludes are admirably related in Stuart's History of Scotland, and any one of our readers who may be unacquainted with that period of the Caledonian annals, will not mispend his time if he should peruse that narrative. The poem itself, independently of its literary merits, may be valued as presenting a singular contrast between the sentiments which it expresses (so applicable to the misfortunes of another exalted lady!) and the subservient conduct of its author since the period of its composition.

TO KIRKALDY OF GRANGE.

LEAGUED as thou art with those who seal my doom,
 Hear once my voice and leave me to the tomb!
 Hear from these hateful walls a captive queen,
 Think what that captive is, and what has been.

What, though thy numerous vassals crowd around,
Tho' fierce to arms the rattling trumpets sound,
Thy patriot soul no mean emotion knows,
And what thy conscience feels thy lips disclose ;
'Tis Scotland's welfare only, fills thy breast,
Pride, envy, fear and interest arm the rest.

Ah ! hapless queen, whose memory stills remains,
Each wrong retraces, and each pang retains ;
My dreams of youth Parisian pomp recalls,
And joins the Louvre to Lochlevin's walls,
Now paints the time ere Francis ceased to live,
Ere this unconscious heart was taught to grieve,
When blest in love, adored by generous France,
Joy filled my soul and beamed in every glance ;
When troops of gallant knights on bended knee,
No prize demanded but one smile from me ;
When all was splendor, all was grace around,
And polished wit, the gay carousal crown'd.
But now, alas ! the splendid pageants fade,
And the black contrasts rise in horrid shade.
The gallant knights, the pomp, the joys decay ;
And Scotland's lords appear in fierce array :
On Carberry's plain the grisly bands I trace,
Bands pledged and sworn to work a queen's disgrace,
Still to my eyes my fainting troops appear,
And still thy parley vibrates in my ear.
Still in my mind (forgot by thee) is borne,
The firm assurance by Kirkaldy sworn.
Heavens ! shall Kirkaldy, whose untainted name,
Upholds in distant realms the Scottish fame,
Whose faith unbroken strong reliance draws,
And gilds with lustre even a Murray's cause ;
Shall he, forgetful of his plighted word,
Point at a captive queen his conquering sword ?
Oh ! yet your knightly faith your pledge observe,
Nor crush with fetters her you swore to serve,

Grant that the bond your curst associates gave,
No clouds of error cast o'er Daruley's grave ;
Grant (though absolved by Scotland's rigorous laws,
And crowned, insidious by his peers' applause)
That in suspicious eyes earl Bothwell stood,
Disgraced and tainted with his sovereign's blood,
Grant even that I by amorous fancy led,
Sought uncompelled a reeking traitor's bed ;
Grant all the slanders of this monstrous time,
Even that myself was conscious of the crime ;
Yet was a compact formed on Carberry's field,
By all acknowledged and by me fulfilled:
Alone, unfriended, Bothwell left the plain,
His penitence, his past acquittal vain,
Thine ears! Kirkaldy, heard that chilling word,
Thy eyes, departing saw that hated lord :
Led through my soldiers by that honoured hand,
Fearless I passed to Morton's treacherous band,
Smiled as with false respect he bent his knee,
And feared no treachery—for I trusted thee.
See then the sad reverse! allegiance gone,
Bonds are my sceptre and a gaol my throne.
Hopeless and torn from my all friends, I grieve,
And count the minutes by the sighs I heave.
Well could my soul the pomp of rule forego,
State pleasures, courtly smiles, and gaudy shew,
These I regret not ravished, but I mourn,
The nobler powers that royalty adorn ;
Of the sweet privilege, long enjoyed, debarred,
To raise the drooping, and the good reward.
Nursed in the lap of wealth my infant hand
Was trained to bounty in a foreign land,
And two rich realms an ample source supplied,
Then my great sire, lamented Henry, smiled,
And watched the opening virtues of his child :
With partial fondness o'er each feature hung,
And praised each accent of my lisping tongue ;

Maked with fond hopes my dawning sense unfold,
And years of greatness and of power foretold.
Ill-judging prince! for other fortunes born,
Mischance and sorrow marked my natal morn.
So light a thing as beauty urged my fate,
And tinged with envy vain Eliza's hate:
No plots had she, no fresh coined treasons known,
Had not her sister's features dimmed her own:
Of Mary's charms she learnt with sullen ear,
Looked in the glass, and found no beauties there.
Then starting summoned aid for Eugland's throne,
Alas! the traitors were these eyes alone.
Just for a moment given of bliss to taste,
Then left to judge the present by the past,
In youth I learnt affliction's pang to prove,
Reft of the partner of my early love;
Deceived by artifice and tricked to shame,
I lost in Darnley's tomb my spotless fame;
And now see fierce rebellion fill my throne,
Shut from my last best joy my infant son;
Sweet be his slumbers! mute the dire alarms,
That ring my knell, and force him from my arms.
For me alone may heaven these ills prepare,
For me the miseries of intestine war!
Yes, be it mine to feel a subject's power,
A lonely captive in Lochlevin's tower,
Unmarked, unpitied here—in chains to groan,
And expiate crimes and treasons not my own;
Still roll to me the same, each circling year!
No sports relieve me, and no converse cheer;
Ne'er let me taste a short but grateful calm,
Even all consoling sleep withhold his balm,
Till my tired eyes at dawn begin to close,
And feverish slumbers creep upon my woes.
Such is queen Mary's fate! Ill might I oppose
My youth unpracticed, to confederate foes,
No loyal Scot detected Murray's guile,
And shewed the treasons ambush'd in his smile,

My sister-queen but flattered to betray,
Cold in the grave my sainted mother lay.
No kind experience taught my trembling hand,
To wield the sceptre of this factious land,
No friend stood forth that sceptre to protect,
All flamed with hate, or chilled me with neglect,
Till by advice deceived and threat'nings awed,
I gave the earl my hand and crowned their fraud.
Then was I sunk indeed! my conscious pride
No more the shafts of calumny defied;
That conscious worth from Mary's breast was flown,
Which whispered peace, when other hope was gone.
Of all the peers who signed the fatal deed,
Which forced their queen to share Earl Bothwell's bed,
Not one to grace our mournful court remained,
But all around a mournful silence reigned;
While to their bleak domains the chiefs retired,
And Bothwell's death and Mary's fall conspired:
With fancied crimes the tale of slander swelled,
And vow'd to punish what their power compelled.
Insidious Maitland ran from peer to peer,
And poured his specious lies in every ear;
Till through the realm, the base aspersion spread,
And each fierce lord his troops to vengeance led.
And soon—too soon—Kirkaldy's name adorned;
The foul associates whom his honor scorned,
The day shall come (nor yet a distant time)
When keen remorse shall teach thee all thy crime;
Teach thee too late that nought can faith supply,
Nor virtue flourish if allegiance die.
Too late will treason all her projects own,
Burst her thin veil, and claim the Scottish throne;
Too late wilt thou awake to honor's call;
Too late, alas! my ruined cause defend,
And curse the hour that made the Morton's friend!

THE DIABOLIAD.—No. I.

The devil, grown old, was anxious to prepare
 A fit successor for the infernal chair ;
 At length he summoned forth his chosen band,
 And thus the monarch gave his last command.
 Expand your sable wings and speed to earth
 To every knave of power, and imp of birth,
 Statesmen and peers, these welcome tidings tell,
 That I resolve to quit the throne of hell,
 But ere I cease to reign 'twill be my care,
 From my dear children to elect an heir !

SUCH was the vision which presented itself to one of our literary predecessors, at a period when the nation was reduced to the lowest state of indigence and despondency. The pressure of taxes, the prevalence of pecuniary distress, the discomfiture of our armies, and the corruption of our councils, had rendered a great majority of the nation indifferent to life, and regardless of principle. The devil himself was exhausted by the multiplicity of business on his hands, and wisely determined to resign a dignity of which the duties had become so arduous and multifarious. Unfortunately for the repose of his Satanic Majesty, no individual could be found at once so able and so depraved, as to justify his accession to the infernal throne ; and the arch enemy of mankind, like several of his earthly favourites, was glad to resume the abdicated throne, and to rule with tenfold despotism. But circumstances are changed. He has now determined for the second time to resign his crown ; not because he is oppressed by the weight of years, but because his functions are apparently at an end. Thanks to the love of social order and our holy religion displayed by Mr. Canning ; to the immaculate efforts of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and to the missionary committee, the machinations and the hostilities of the infernal king are rendered totally abortive ; the world has arrived at a pitch of happiness, purity, and virtue, that defy the efforts of the tempters and enemies of mankind ; our senators are

models of disinterested patriotism ; our clergy care but little respecting the amount of their tythes, and the revenue of their livings, provided they can promote the interests of humanity ; our statesmen have a noble antipathy to receive the spoils of the people for a life of inactivity ; and one of the first of our legal luminaries is actually content with the receipt of thirty thousand pounds per annum from the public purse.

Convinced of these important truths, and dreading the imminent danger that was threatened to his authority by the pious and benevolent Wellesley Pole, the chaste and independent Dudley Bate, the modest and disinterested J. Wilson Croker, and the loyal trustworthy correctors of men and morals, Messieurs Davison and Bowles, he determined once more to investigate the extent of his dominion over the most exemplary and intelligent people in the universe. He, therefore, assembled a privy-council, which, like many that, *in former times*, have enlightened the views, and guided the policy of a Prince Regent, and requested their opinions. It was stated by one of his confidential counsellors, that the social order of our holy religion, was the watchword of a great majority of the House of Commons, that subscriptions for the purchase of bibles and prayer-books were supported with the utmost zeal and liberality ; that in the prosecution of the *sacred cause* against the triumph of treachery, tyranny, and murder, we had manifested the most exalted principles of morality : that missionaries were sent out to convert the heathens at an enormous expence, and beneath the express sanction or actual superintendence of eminent divines ; that obscene books and indecent prints were prohibited with rigor that more than equalled the austerity of the antient anti-iconoclasts ; and, finally, the Dukes of Kent and Sussex had honoured the Tabernacle with their royal and gracious presence. All these circumstances appeared on a cursory view to indicate the most formidable conspiracy against the dominion of his Satanic Majesty.

Courts and clubs, and expeditions to distant countries, had hitherto been justly considered as the chief support of the infernal king's dominion ; and the report of recent revolutions in these important institutions and establishments, excited among the minor devils as well as in the bosom of their august master, a sentiment of rage, resentment and despair. But no time was to be lost. The danger of a complete revolution in the system of human morals from the pious exertions of suppressors, congregated saints, and religious placemen, was great and imminent. A confidential agent was, therefore, dispatched to this upper world, invested with full power to scrutinize the characters of those distinguished men whose names had already been registered in the chronicle of Pandemonium, and to select the individual who, of all others, was best fitted by nature and by habit, to ascend the Satanic throne. The infernal messenger was only a few moments on his journey, and alighted in the disguise of a private gentleman, at Long's Hotel. Here his fluency of speech, and his urbanity of deportment, notwithstanding his club foot, soon rendered him the confidential friend and favourite companion of the rakes and profligates who frequent that place of fashionable accommodation. To the credit, however, of these thoughtless, but high-spirited young men, let it be recorded, that their supernatural visitor soon discovered them to be too good for his purpose, and fled from the gaiety of Bondstreet, to the gloom and privacy of a palace. The noble personage, whose mental and moral qualities he was commissioned to scrutinize was, if public rumor might be believed, of all men the most likely to exercise with vigour, the functions of his Satanic Majesty. Luxurious without enjoyment, extravagant without splendour, voluptuous, but destitute of power ; an adulterer united in wedlock to an adultress, but suspected of every species of atrocity : so infamous in character, that even his relatives disown him ; so corrupt in heart, and obdurate in feeling, that he hates the woman whom appetite seduces

him to embrace, and is hated by her with reciprocal malignity. The shame of his parents; the scorn of his sisters; the fool of his wife; addicted to every species of drunken and libidinous excess; an unrepentant ——, the picture of this unfortunate individual, seemed almost to identify the object of Belpheger's search. But upon a nearer and accurate scrutiny, he discovered that though the wickedness of the individual was fully adequate to the performance of every Satanic duty, his powers of exertion, and his intellectual ability were unequal to the common demands of human life, and quite disproportionate to the government of the infernal kingdom. Fortunately for the happiness of the human race his propensities to evil were always counteracted by the imbecility of his mind, and he has now retired from the metropolis and from society with the character of a plunderer, destitute of spoil; a slanderer whose hatred has only exalted the personages against whom its venom was directed; and an assassin whose weapon by its recoil has inflicted a wound which will exasperate the mental torments of his lingering existence.

* * *

PROSTITUTED HONOUR, OR A W—— D
CHARACTER.

UNMARKED by censure, unrestrained by fear,
 Shall low born vice its shameless forehead rear,
 From honour's height look down with wrinkled brow,
 On all the grovelling world that toils below;
 At poverty's lone cot protrude its tongue
 And scorn the dirty dunghill whence it sprung?
 Thanks to the gods who gave me to deride,
 Wealth's swelling port and tinsel'd folly's pride;
 Silent I cannot view with patient eye,
 Pageants like these that stink and flutter by.

In days of yore, with virtue for her guide
Justice alone preferred the worth she tried,
On time's broad records firmly fixed its name,
And merit only found its road to fame.
Our gallant knights, in good Eliza's reign,
Bade France be dumb, and conquered haughty Spain.
Proud of their name and to their country true,
The fathers of the bands of Waterloo!
Then the brisk summons of the vigorous chace
Strung the firm nerve, and flushed the ruddy face,
Fashion in vain her Proteus-form displayed,
No secret offerings at her shrine were paid,
She dared not then to designate the brave,
Who sought in fight an honorable grave,
By stars and crosses, framed on rules heraldic,
And quite conformable to taste *grimaldic*.
How different were the ancient modes to prove
A prince's favor, and a people's love!
Ye sons of earlier fame, whose deeds impart
A constant transport to the feeling heart;
Ye Sydneys, Leicesters, for Old England's good,
Who paid the willing tribute of your blood,
Your well-spent lives with joy the Muse surveys,
That claim the meed of never-fading praise,
But mourns the princely grace of modern times,
Which joins the soldier with the man of crimes,
Unites in one long list the hero's name,
And his, whom nature marked for public shame.
Still on *your* deeds she casts an hopeless eye,
And views the pleasing picture with a sigh.
Sorrowing the Muse beholds the throne disgraced,
Its lustre tarnished, and its gifts misplaced;
No more with dazzling light the regal ray,
Shines unobscured and cheers the coming day.
Daub'd with false honors, while Lothario's mien,
Provokes the threatening eye of honest spleen,
Swell'd with base pride, exempt from every grace,
Vice in his heart, and folly in his face,

Studious to keep the naked poor in awe,
 And grind their needy souls with harpy law :
 Methinks I see him labouring to be great,
 Raised on the tottering stilts of awkward state,
 First of the tribe, who shift with ready art
 The ductile feelings of a venal heart :
 Knight of the Cross ! how big dear self appears ?
 And whilst the title greets his drinking ears,
 He shakes his booby head, and wonders what he hears.
 Ere lulled to slumber in the nurse's arms,
 The squalling infant thus a coral charms,
 Pleased it suspends the discord for a while,
 And hugs the glittering bauble with a smile !

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY REMARKS.

SIR,

IT is with the most vivid sentiments of grief and indignation that I have witnessed the sarcasms of the pert, the ignorant, and the petulant, on the recent meeting of the Roxburgh Club. It is not, however, on the subject of the bibliomanias that I am at present induced to address you ; but on the extraordinary opinions with respect to verbal criticism that have lately been expressed by one of our most popular reviews. By the conductors of that journal the commentary of a classical editor is considered as the lowest species of pedantry that learning affects: to dedicate a page to the meaning of a single word, and quote authority after authority in its defence, is an offence which the man of wit rejoices to harass with invective, and expose to derision by his ridicule. For the attainment of this object even Pope was induced to throw the feeble dart of his benevolence at Bentley, from the adamant of whose impenetrable buckler it recoiled without effect. For the same purpose, and against the same man, Mallet contributed the assistance of his feeble arm, like a dwarf supporting a Titan in assaulting Jupiter. That the spirit of verbal criticism and

emendation, even when inspired by genius, have been sometimes productive of absurdity, Bentley in his edition of Milton, and Warburton in his Shakespeare, too plainly prove. These in some measure are unfortunate instances; that skill which in so singular a manner distinguishes them when examining the learned languages, seems to forsake them when perusing their own. Those who have too little sense to be convinced by argument, but have sufficient impertinence to encourage the' spirit of defamatory ridicule, would do well to consider that the exertions of a vigorous mind are seldom totally unproductive. Amidst the frivolous minuteness of trifles, the rage of research, and the caprice of emendation, their labours will always be marked by certain characteristics peculiar to genius. Let the scoffers at this species of science divest Spenser of the notes of Upton, Warton, Jortin, and Todd; remove from the editions of Shakespeare the notes of Johnson, Stevens, Capel, and Reed, and peruse the text only; if they then understand the language of the immortal poet; if the sense or beauty of no one passage be lost by this omission, the labours of criticism are unnecessary, and diligence has plodded but in vain. This, however, would be the daring assertion of self-sufficiency, which every day's experience proves to be a falsehood. A candid reader cannot but acknowledge the obligations under which he lies to those eminent men whose researches tend to exalt the fancy of a Spenser, the powers of Shakespeare, and the splendid and weighty magnificence of a Milton. On the other hand, I am as far from wishing to encumber the text of an author with the useless appendage of notes, where the text is plain and determinate, as from omitting them when dark and obscure. In the following scattered remarks, therefore, which have little affinity to each other, if I have contributed in any degree to elucidate the writers I have quoted, or in explaining what before seemed ambiguous, I shall consider myself as not unworthy to become a regular correspondent of the SCOURGE.

It is singular that the accession and marriage of our princes should have usually been described in strains of very inferior merit, neither remarkable for eloquence nor harmony; while the posthumous tributes to their memory have been distinguished by every poetical excellence. The hendecasyllables of Dr. Markham upon the death of the Prince of Wales, are the happiest and most perfect imitation of Catullus. Markham's pathetic composition suggested the classical verses of Thomas Warton on the Death of Marcus. It is with the highest opinion of their taste in literature, that I mention both the brothers, and take, with pleasure, this opportunity of mentioning some images, which the elder brother, in his Ode to Fancy, has evidently borrowed. He addresses her thus:

O! nymph with loosely flowing hair,
 With buskined leg, and bosom bare,
 Thy waste with myrtle girdles bound,
 Thy brows with *Indian feathers* crowned.

See Spenser, Canto 12, Book 3d, where Britomarte redeems Amoret, and sees Fancy in the romantic chamber.

His garment neither was of silk nor fay,
 But poynted plumes in goodly order dight,
 Like as the sun-burnt Indians do affray,
 Their tawuy bodies in their proudest plight, &c. &c.

In another part of the poem, where the beggar is described as taking shelter under the mouldering towers of a ruined abbey, the idea was first suggested to Dr. Warton, by the description of jealousy in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Canto 11, Book 3d, which he himself quotes in the *Essay on Pope*, to shew the richness of Spenser's fancy.

Into that cave he creeps, and thenceforth there,
 Resolved to build his baleful mansion,
 In dreary darkness, and continual fears,
 Of that rock's fall which, ever and anon,

Threats with huge ruin him to fall upon.
That he dares never sleep, but that one eye
Still ope he keeps for that occasion,
Never rests he in tranquillity.

Dr. Warton's lines are the following; and were I called upon to select the most beautiful circumstance from all the poets, both ancient and modern, within my knowledge, I should fix upon this :

On to some abbey's mouldering towers,
Where to avoid cold winter's showers,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
While whistling winds around him rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.

In vain the glossy ocean smiled to tempt
The jolly sailor. *Warton's Enthusiast of Nature.*

The reflections that must have arisen in consequence of such an object as a tranquil sea, in the midst of men, in their rude and barbarous state, before art had introduced navigation, form a subject so curious and striking, that upon the suggestion of the idea we dwell upon it with pleasure and quit it with regret. We find the thought of the smiling sea, both in Eschylus and Lucretius—

πόντων τε κυμάτων
Ανηρεθμον γέλασμα.

So, also, the fine address of Lucretius to Venus, where the circumstance of the *waves smiling*, is charmingly imagined, and conceived with the utmost skill, when we consider the mythological tale which supposes Venus to be sprung from the sea.

Tibe ridet æquora ponti,
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cælum.

Gray in his Bard has imitated the following exquisite lines of Dryden, in his description of the Temple of Mars.

The landscape was a forest wide and bare,
 Where neither beast, nor human kind repair,
 The fowl that scent afar, the *borders* fly,
 And shun the bitter blast and wheel about the sky.

Dryden.

On dreary Avon's shores they lie ;
 Smeared with gore and ghastly pale,
 Far, far aloof the ghastly ravens sail,
 The famished eagle screams and passes by.

Another example of imitation.

Man wants but little, nor that little long.

Young's Night Thoughts, Night IV.

Then pilgrim turn ; thy cares forego,
 All earth born cares are wrong ;
 Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long. *Goldsmith's Hermit.*

In the poetry of Goldsmith we find but few marks of imitation ; of this number the following may be regarded as the most conspicuous.

While her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent *manliness of grief.* *Deserted Village.*

Mute solemn sorrow, free from female noise,
 Such as the *manliness of grief* destroys
Dryden in his Description of Sigismunda.

The following line of Dryden, which is remembered only to be abused, and quoted to be ridiculed, is an imitation of Massinger.

None but himself could be his parallel. *Dryden.*

Her goodness does disdain comparison,
 And, but herself, admits no parallel.

The epitaph on Gay by Pope, is evidently indebted to Dryden for the most expressive of its couplets.

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.
Dryden to the Memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
 In wit a man ; simplicity a child. *Pope's Epitaphs.*

Nor is Addison, who animadverts with so much severity on the offences of servile imitators, exempt from the charge of committing the error which he so elaborately reprobates. The following couplet is almost a direct copy from *Paradise Lost*, Book the sixth.

Each fights as on his arm the important day
 And all the fate of his great monarch lay,
 Of victory. *Addison's Campaign.*

Each on himself relied,
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory.——— *Milton.*

Hayley, in his fine description of Serena's aunt, has unconsciously imitated Milton.

A restless ghost that with remembrance keen,
 Proclaimed incessant what it once had been ;
 Delighted still the steps of youth to haunt,
 To watch the tender nymph and warm gallant,
And with an eye that petrified pursuit,
Hung like a dragon o'er the Hesperian fruit.
Triumphs of Temper.

But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree,
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch, with unenchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms and defend her fruit,
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence. *Comus.*

For stalls like church-yards, moral truths supply,
 And teach the visionary bard to die.
Hayley on Epic Poetry.

And many a holy text around she strews,
 To teach the rustic moralist to die.

Prior has a line in his verses inscribed to the memory of the Hon. George Villiers, which seems suggested by the beginning of an epitaph preserved by Camden :

Whether thy choyce or chance thee hither brings,
 Stay, passenger, and wayle the hap of kings ;
 This little stone a great king's heart doth hold,
 That ruled the fickle French, and Polacks bold ;
 When with a mighty warlike host attended,
 With trayterous knife, a cowled monster ended ;
 So frail are even the highest earthly things,
 Goe, passenger, and wayle the fate of kings.

The above epitaph is inscribed upon the urn which contains the heart of Harry the Third, King of France, slain by a jacobin friar, 1589.

Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or business leads,
 To this sad river, or the neighbouring meads. *Prior.*

A line, in the Rosciad of Churchill, is borrowed from Massinger.

I will teach,
 My spaniel to howl in sweeter language,
 And keep a better method. *The Bondsman.*

Parrots themselves, speak properly by rote,
 And in six months my dog shall howl by note. *The Rosciad.*

The list of similar coincidences might be extended to a very considerable amount. The charge of plagiarism, however, can seldom be precisely ascertained ; and nothing can more distinctly prove the uncertainty of the marks of imitation, suggested by Hurd and others, than the innumerable sentences of Shakespeare, which resemble passages and phrases in the authors of antiquity, whose writings he had not read.

PRINCELY AND MILITARY TITLES—GRAND
CROSSES—AND BARONETCIES.

SIR,

THE late season has been so kindly to the vegetation of princely or military titles, and orders of honor, that I for one, begin to give much more credit than I used to do to those essays on the marvellous which pass under the name of books of chivalry. "A knight-errant is one whom to-day you shall see well curried and bastinadoed, and to-morrow he shall forthwith become an emperor." So sudden a transformation did formerly appear very unaccountable to all sober people, but we now see this definition reduced into practice, and the wonder ceases; a man is well curried, bastinadoed, and bullied, and robbed to-day, and to-morrow, no one knows why or wherefore, puts on a new suit of titles with as much ease, and full as becomingly as many people quarter on their arms their descent from Noah, or as others throw in a few surnames, *ad libitum*, to give weight to their own simple addition. Within the last fifteen months alone we have contrived to create a King of Holland, and a King of Hanover, five dukes have ascended from the cellar to the saloon; a third son of the inheritor of a petty German principality has received the title of Field-Marshal, the hand of the heiress to the English crown, and an annual revenue of sixty thousand pounds; but all these transformations are surpassed and eclipsed by the long procession of grand crosses and knights commanders. It is impossible to enter into any respectable circle of society without meeting with some half-informed and half-cultivated individual, who, because he displays his cross, or is known to possess it, monopolizes the entire attention, and sometimes the whole conversation of the company. The distribution of these honors, with indiscriminate prodigality, has rendered them in the eyes of intelligent men, almost destitute of intrinsic value, and has reduced

these military distinctions to a level below their former estimation. Such honors are now despised by the baronets of England, who a few years ago would have gladly united their wealthy daughters to the possessors of such distinctions. But they are not to be captivated by the mere possession of an honor which is divided among so many, and expiring with the individual, promises no hereditary or future advantages. A baronetcy, on the contrary, is seldom given, and is worth money according to its precedence, precisely as land is worth money, in proportion to its quantity and quality. The temptations, therefore, to obtain so valuable an honor are great, and it is not less rational in one man to volunteer one species of servitude in pursuit of this nominal decoration, than it is in another to venture his life daily in hopes of pay and prize-money. Yet nothing is more frequent than to hear the knights, and knights commanders, of the grand cross, speak with profound and supercilious contempt of a *batch of baronets*. Of that noble order, bearing as the emblem of their deeds of arms a bloody hand, I wish I had more room to expatiate than your limits will permit; they are a race of beings deservedly looked up to, and in proportion as people are wise so is their veneration for this order of minor mandarins: whence it happens that young ladies, who are generally observed to be the wisest class of our species, are the most intense admirers of Baronets. *If* it should be possible to obtain the honour of the baronetage in any other profession than that of war; *if* clergymen, lawyers, merchants, stock-jobbers, were not quite shut out from all hopes of such honorable distinction; and again *if* interest or money had ever been known to annex the bloody hand to coat armour not otherwise ennobled, I would say that the father of a family could not lay out his property more advantageously to his children of both sexes, than by purchasing the simple addition of Sir and the gay tack of Baronet to his subscription. As far as concerns the daughters, their fortunes are made thus: Being entitled to place, they are sure to be noticed at all country balls;

and as it is no small feather among the beaux to lead off near the top of a dance, the honour of dancing with a baronet's daughter, is so coveted as to render particular devotion to nymphs so enviously distinguished, a matter of necessity: and hence follow intimacy, rivalship, and choice of connection on the part of the lady. The fortune of the son is made exactly on the same principle. I knew a worthy Baronet who had just income enough to live in the great world without saving treasures for his family: he died, and his property became nothing when spread into so large a channel as a jointure, and the younger children's fortunes made necessary. His eldest son garnishing a bad understanding, bad manners, and bad person, with the bloody hand, made love to and was accepted by a very elegant and a very sensible young lady, who cemented his shattered affairs with twenty thousand pounds. His second son, adding to the qualifications enumerated above, under a profligate character, and some traits of idiocy, carried off a widow with a jointure of eight hundred pounds per annum. So that I take credit in this instance for some *data* towards the value of a title, as well in the direct as in the collateral line; and having this one fact confirmed by so many other cases, I venture to value the title of baronet at a round sum of thirty thousand pounds to the male line, besides opportunities to the daughters.

Thus, then, I hope I have shewn that rage for titular distinction, is not, in itself, reprehensible, but merely, according to the intrinsic value or emptiness of the title sought. When a man has not every thing solid, he is a fool if he risk the substance for the sake of additional ornament; but where a man is so absolutely contemptible as to have no personal claim to respectability, he will do well to lay out some money in purchasing what cannot make him individually more despicable, but may be a very comfortable provision for a family.

But the honours conferred on the knights commanders, and the indiscriminate distribution of stars and garters,

among individuals, the majority of whom can adduce no military exploit, nor prove the slightest degree of professional merit, are miserable mockeries to many of the unfortunate gentlemen so unexpectedly called into public notice, and compelled with numerous families on whom their titles confer no distinction, to assume the rank, and incur the expences of the hereditary baronetage. The fees of the heralds-office, the natural ambition of the newly created knight, the exultation equally natural of his wife and daughters, the consequent presumption and extravagance of his sons, will inevitably lead him into disbursements which must impoverish the rich, and exhaust the pecuniary resources of the needy coward who has thus been loaded with the indications of princely favour. The genuine soldier, the man of veteran service, and acknowledged courage, will, alone, in the consciousness of having deserved his honourable distinctions, wear them with modest dignity, neither elated nor depressed by the participation of those honours by individuals whose highest merit extends to the adjustment of a helmet, and the punctilio of the drawing-room. But while the immortal men who wear these decorations, witness, with a magnanimity arising from the feeling of self-desert, the public view the arrangements of the Prince Regent, with an extremely different aspect, and openly regret that the names of the heroes of Vittoria, Badajoz, and Waterloo, should be confounded with those of courtly parasites, and practiced Greeks!

In addition to the other evils of the late innovations, it must be mentioned, that the habits of military men are evidently altered for the worse; that their former suavity of manner has degenerated into a pompous display of affected condescension; and that, instead of the familiar intercourse with the world of fashion, and with respectable families, which contributed so materially to the charm and the refinement of society, they have formed themselves into a kind of conspiracy against all the graces and amenities of life. The formation of a military club

was a fatal blow to the constitution of society in the vicinity of the western squares; and the result of a single meeting at the authorized place of assemblage, is a series of minor clubs, where the military drink their wine, play their cards, and sing their Morrissian songs, without the impertinent interruption of female society. The debates in the houses of parliament sufficiently evince how much the spirit of unsocial enmity to the rest of society, in contradistinction to the military, pervades even the rank and file of our bravest troops. The interruption of Lord Essex, and other circumstances of a similar character, would have been a few years ago the signal of a general insurrection; but the valor of our troops at the battle of Waterloo, the gratitude of the Prince Regent, the establishment of a military club, and the distribution of medals, have so far elevated the commanders and soldiers above the level of their peaceful fellow citizens, that a passenger out of uniform is in every quarter of the town, received on days of display and festivity, with contemptuous indifference or open outrage.

The consequence of military ascendancy is always an accession of arrogance and indifference to public feeling in every department of the state. The appeal of Dr. Highmore to the people of England, on the subject of his petition to the Prince Regent, evinces the complete exclusion of the people from access to the throne. Instead of the direct and easy channels through which it was formerly possible to implore the clemency or patronage of the sovereign, the gates of Carlton-house are impenetrably closed to all who have not the honor to wear upon their bosoms a grand cross, or are not conducted to that mansion of the magistrate of a free people by a military escort. The time of the Prince Regent is exclusively employed in levees, which though nominally general are really military: the church, the senate, and the bar, obtain the obscurest corner of the drawing-room, while military eminence, or even the baubles obtained by a pre-

tender to courage, is a certain recommendation to the smiles of royalty. The same principle of excluding the civil subject from all the advantages attached to the military, is observable in the public offices. At the Horse Guards the system of relief and information is courteous and immediate, but at the other establishments connected with the civil and commercial prosperity of the nation, it is almost impossible to obtain a trivial act of justice till after repeated attendances, or a nod of civility. Mr. Jackson, the author of *Travels in Morocco*, acquainted me with a singular instance of the manner in which the business of our public offices is conducted, and the evil has certainly not subsided since the death of Mr. Perceval. Mr. Jackson, on his arrival in 1808, in his native country, went to the office of Lord Castlereagh for the purpose of delivering and translating a letter to the king, in which the Emperor of Morocco, on condition of an English surgeon being sent out to Fez, agreed to transmit a present of Arabian horses, and to arrange a treaty of amity and commerce. Mr. Jackson was received by Mr. Cooke, Lord Castlereagh's secretary, with arrogant reserve; and Mr. Jackson, provoked by his indifference, after proposing to translate and explain the letter, left it in his hands. The document was deposited among unimportant papers, and forgotten, till intelligence unexpectedly arrived that in consequence of our silence the treaty had been signed with Napoleon instead of the King of England, and above all, that the fine Arabian horses had been consigned to Paris. The letter! the letter! was now the general topic of official enquiry. After a long and indefatigable search it was recovered, but here a new difficulty arose. No one of the diplomatic or ministerial corps could read the Arabian language. Mr. Perceval, therefore, before any diplomatic correspondence could be commenced on our part with the tyrant of Fez, was subjected to the humiliating necessity of calling at Mr. Jackson's chambers in *propria persona*.

Another class of individuals, connected with the gene-

ral system, and from the meanness of their education, and the vulgarity of their habits, peculiarly offensive to society, obtrudes upon your notice in every coffee-house, and claims precedence in every public ceremonial. These are the Knights of the Grand Cross of Baden, Knights of the Holy Star, and extra-Knights of the order of St. Joachim. They have obtained these titles by assuming the military habit, for in many countries in Europe, a militia uniform is a sufficient introduction to select society; and should they fail in obtaining audience at the court of Wirtemberg, or Anspach, the gratuitous assumption of the title, is regarded as a necessary preparative to the eclat of their return to England. We do not include Sir Robert Ker Porter in the class of these supposititious personages; but his Travels in Russia, indicate at least, that the *lapse* of memory and inattention to truth, are no impediments to his retention in the order of St. Joachim. The city of Twer happening to lay in the road of this knight-errant, was a place of too much consequence to be unnoticed in his costly sketches. Now whether there is something in the air of Twer, which inspires one exclusive set of ideas, and one exclusive form of words, those only who have been there can tell; but certain it is, that they who read Sir Robert's account, and that of Mr. Coxe, who had been at Twer before him, must suppose the existence of some such influence, unless there can be imagined any other way by which the exact resemblance which one description bears to the other, could have been produced. Nor is it only in the account of the place, that the knight and the clerk agree, their adventures are exactly alike; the carriage of Mr. Coxe which had broken down, is sent to a smith at Twer, who, instead of mending it, only makes it worse; Sir Robert is equally unfortunate, but more witty: his barouche also breaks down at Twer, and is mended there, but so clumsily, that, to use his own words, it soon "shewed symptoms of disunion again, and at the village of Klin our servants

had the extraordinary pleasure of another *summerset* in the snow."

The inaccuracy, or to speak more boldly, the falsehood of this statement, did not prevent the Knight of St. Joachim from making his accustomed routine of visits to third rate fashionables, and rivalling the Baron de Geramb in studied publicity. But with the number of these individuals their importance has ceased, and while they retain their arrogance, they have lost their consequence. They have yielded in the estimation of society, to a fourth race of important and intrusive gentleman, who assume the deportment of the arbiters of political opinion, and literary taste, and fashionable conduct. These men have possessed some petty employments in the diplomatic establishments at foreign courts, or, such is the absurdity of our arrangements, may actually have executed some trifling commission at Genoa, Tripoli, Algiers, or Constantinople. Some dependant of Lord Bentinck, for example, or some useless appendage to Lord Elgin's embassy, returns to his native land with all the arbitrary habits acquired in a country of slaves, and all the self-confidence and presumption of petty diplomacy. If you happen to fall into company, or have business with a man of this kind, he assumes the reserve and formality of a practiced statesman; or unites the arrogance of a Castlereagh with the affected profundity of a Galt. An official journey to Italy, Greece, or the capital of Turkey, is a virtual title to the name of amateur, and to the chair of criticism; and from the materials supplied by their portfolios, (generally abounding with copies, and articles purloined) the *dilletanti* quartos, and the observations on art in Ackerman's Repository, and other journals are compiled. Dr. Hunt, the chaplain in Lord Elgin's suite, admits, that he had access to the most exquisite treasures connected with the objects of his literary research; but he merely glanced at the beauty of the drawings, and only consulted a few geographic outlines. No wonder

that the English character, thus corrupted by indolence and hardened by insensibility, should be disgraced abroad and debased at home; that a Paine Knight should protrusion of the phallus to the beauties of the Theseus; and Strœhling attain the patronage of greatness. The return of ignorant and perverted amateurs, who through the medium of diplomacy have acquired a vicious taste, and an ascendancy in society which gives authority to their decisions, have been the primary cause of that attachment to foreign artists and ignorant pretenders, like Dubost, which has depressed the spirit, and palsied the hands of British genius. Nor are they merely to be considered as the intruders on social society, or as the corrupters of our taste. The swarms of confidential gentlemen who have been sent out at various times to all the obscure ports and petty states of Europe, have materially contributed to the exhaustion of our revenue. At the town of Genoa alone, where there was little to be done, and that little was done badly, more than 17,000*l.* were expended that a diplomatic botanist might increase the number of his specimens. The difference between the actual sum required for every reasonable expence, in a certain useless and inefficient embassy, would have paid the cost of the Elgin marbles, and have left a handsome surplus to the deserving pensioners on the public funds. The fate of the income tax has proved that there is yet an inherent energy in the House of Commons, from which the retrenchment and correction of abuses like these may be anticipated; and we fervently hope that in the unfortunate recurrence of a future war, we shall not be again impelled to fill the purses or cherish the extravagance of amateur statesmen and diplomatic diletanti.

BIBLIOMANIACS.

SIR,

I HOPE that you will notice in your number for this month the dinner of the Roxburgh Club, assembled for the celebration of a sale, at which two thousand three hundred guineas were given for a mutilated edition of

Boccaccio merely because it was old and illegible. As I had not the honor to be present at their recent festival, you will perhaps enable me, by a sketch of the proceedings, to ascertain the amount of wit, wisdom, and intelligence elicited by the singular topic upon which they collected to enjoy "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul." It might be conjectured by an uninitiated enquirer, that the verbal and literal distinctions between the Caxtons and the typographical productions of Nuremberg, would afford but little scope to the display of wit, or the reciprocation of animated remark among the accomplished noblemen and gentlemen who attended the celebration. Lord Spencer must have felt some degree of embarrassment in the conflict of small pica with long primer, and the sound of *pig's ears* must have horrified the tender organs of the Duke of Devonshire. The name of Shrbrlm must have disturbed the mellifluous complacency of Mr. Rogers, and even the Rev. Frogual Dibdin himself must have indulged in many an involuntary yawn, and suffered many an impatient pang, before he was enabled to announce the finale by the toast of the "Immortal memory of the Stephanian family."

Now I beg leave to ask, whether it never occurred to these individuals that a tenth part of the sum thus expended on a chimerical, uncertain, and profitless pursuit, might not have been advantageously bestowed upon the encouragement of useful art, the support of contemporary genius, or even the relief of merit and talent in distress. Their present plan is obviously absurd and unattainable. They cannot mean that the editions of the rare black-letter books are merely purchased for their own sake, but for the benefit to be derived from the comparison of copies; and their exertions therefore, to be consistent with themselves, should be directed exclusively to the formation of a national establishment, where facility of access, and the accumulation of copies, should enable the scholar and the student to examine the various editions. But the plan in reality adopted only tends to the exclusive monopoly of about a dozen wealthy individuals, to

whom access is almost impossible; whose effects will probably be dispersed by the next possessor of their estates; who can possess only detached portions of the valuable editions, and whose purchases at the present moment will in twenty years sell for the one-hundredth part of the present prices. Nor is this the only evil. The system is extended, and the money which is given for a paltry copy of Boccacio is denied to the legitimate objects of literary enterprize. Mr. Dibdin himself, instead of receiving so handsome a remuneration for his labours, as might enable him to render the Curiosities of Literature accessible to all classes of literary society (which ought to be the object of such an institution) is compelled to limit his printed copies of scarce books to a certain number, and even to destroy his plates and types rather than incur the risk of their general circulation. If any scheme for the disgrace and degradation of literature ever deserved the epithet of barbarian, this is certainly worthy of that appellation. A society of noblemen and gentlemen meet for the encouragement of literature. To effect this object they convert their literary dealings into a monopoly, and instead of diffusing the treasures which they have purchased, but which they might share with others without any injury to their private store, obstruct to the utmost of their power all the ostensible objects of their wishes. The editions are preserved in their private libraries, yet no copies can be published but with the condition that a limited number shall be printed. Would it not be more consistent to contend a *little less* in the struggles of the auction-room, and devote a little more of care, patronage, and liberality to the diffusion of those valuable and costly works already deposited in their collective libraries? The diffusion of copies would not depreciate the value of the original, or the honor of possessing it; and its influence on the progress of criticism, and the interests of learning, would deserve the eternal gratitude of their votaries.*

R.

* Our correspondent L. (see p. 42.) is of a very different opinion.

LITERARY REVIEW.

Christabel; Kubla Khan, a Vision; The Pains of Sleep, by S. T. Coleridge, Esq. Murray.

WITHIN the last few years, a conspiracy has been formed to revolutionize the whole system of English poetry; to undermine the foundations of taste and common sense, and to establish a general confederation against the authority of legitimate criticism. A system of extensive and reciprocal puffing has promoted the object of the club, and Byron, Coleridge, Campbell, Southey, Scott, and Wordsworth, have manfully supported the reputation of themselves and of each other, by mutual eulogies. Mr. Coleridge comes forth beneath the panoply of Lord Byron, while poor Leigh Hunt, too happy to "scramble over the bounds of birth and education, and fidget himself into the stout-heartedness of being familiar with a lord," exclaims, in the simplicity of his heart, "you see what *you have brought yourself to* by praising my verses." Certainly, Mr. Hunt! to miserable degradation; to be a pandar to the false pretensions of scribblers of nauseous doggrel, of an individual who possesses the same feeling of poetic beauty that a blind man enjoys of colours, and mistakes the prattle of a pert and conceited boy for the language of simplicity inspired by genius. We verily believe that human talent, employed in framing a burlesque of all that is delicate in thought, beautiful in diction, and harmonious in versification, could not, by any efforts, have produced a more ludicrous example of the bathos than Hunt's Rimini. How enthusiastic then, in the cause of bad taste, and of their own peculiarities, must be the feeling of the members of the conspiracy, when their leader condescends to lend his name to an individual, whose verses are beneath the level of the lowest scribbler that ever obtruded his effusions on the public notice. Mr. Coleridge can feel, in the privacy of his closet, but little gratification from the eulogies of a nobleman who approves the verses of Leigh Hunt, and permits that unfortunate poetaster to select him as the patron of his effusions. Yet we cannot conscientiously accuse Mr. Coleridge of outrageous modesty, or repre-

hensible humility. His preface, when compared with his performance, is one of the most singular examples of egotistic simplicity that has ever been recorded in the history of human vanity; and when examined in connection with the verses that succeed it, presents a deplorable instance of human imbecility.

“The first part of the following poem was written in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, at Stowey in Cornwall. The second part after my return from Germany in the year eighteen hundred (*mark, reader! how elaborate he is with respect to dates: he rejects the numerals!*) at Keswick, in Cumberland. Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately, in a state of suspended animation. But as in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the *wholeness* no less than the liveliness of a vision, I trust that I shall be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come in the course of the present year.

“It is probable that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if even the first and second part had been published in the year 1800, the impression of its originality would have been much greater than I dare, at present, expect, &c.”

Who would not suppose, from this pompous and laboured intimation, that the interval of nineteen years had been spent partly in the composition of some great and national work, and partly in the lassitude occasioned by the magnitude of the undertaking. The *Paradise Lost* of Milton, occupied only eight years of his existence; the *Jerusalem* of Tasso was composed in one fourth of the time stated by Mr. Coleridge. An epic, at least, or some great and noble work, might reasonably have been expected, from the labour of three years, in which he was so much exhausted as to sink into a state of suspended animation, and from the reflection of sixteen years on the vision, which had so long been present to his mind in such *lively wholeness*. After the lapse of that period, with so distinct a perception of his object, and after all the struggles that he records with such ludicrous solemnity—what has he produced? a puerile, irregular,

feeble poem, abounding in affected sentiment, puerile imagery, harshness of versification, and imbecility of thought. A more lamentable misconception of all the requisites of poetry was never presented to the world. In the opinion of Mr. Coleridge to be absurd, is to be original; he mistakes the unintelligible for the sublime, and the disgusting for the terrible. Childishness is substituted for simplicity, and the affectation of obtrusive and ostentatious sensibility for the real and genuine sympathy of nature. He blubbers, instead of weeping, and his epithets of endearment, instead of breathing the accents of manly tenderness, are those of the nurse, when she wishes to sooth her babe to sleep by some ancient lullaby. His diction is corrupt, his construction involved and ungrammatical, his verses inharmonious, and his fable at once disgusting and absurd.

It might have been concluded that in an æra of highly polished civilization, with so many models of established excellence in their view, and amidst the general diffusion of literary taste, a concurrence of circumstances so propitious would have obtained a decided influence over the metrical style of contemporary poets: that individuals so enviably gifted with the higher powers of the mind would have determined to keep pace with the age in which they lived, by studious compliance with the laws of fastidious criticism: that endowed with no mean portion of the genius which inspired the early masters of the art, they would have endeavoured to excel them in the graces of composition; in consistency of character, in harmony of verse, in the construction of the fable, and in the sustained but simple eloquence of diction. But with a degree of perverseness almost unaccountable, they voluntarily relinquish the advantages they might so easily and yet so nobly obtain over their predecessors, and adopt a process the very reverse which would be taught by reason or by nature. They glory in the invention of a tame, insipid, or unintelligible story. Quaintness of description, extravagance of imagery, and the interspersions of quaint phraseology, or miserable dog-grel amidst passages of exquisite harmony, propriety,

and sweetness, and the continual alternation of thoughts that breathe and words that burn with the prattle of the nursery:—*these* are the splendid triumphs over grammar, propriety and common-sense, to which they gladly sacrifice the legitimate praise of their contemporaries, and the hope of immortality.

The poem of Christabel opens with the screaming of an owl, the crowing of a cock, and the howling of a mastiff.

'Tis the middle of night, by the castle-clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock,

Tu-whit——tu-whoo !

And hark again, the crowing cock,

How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the baron rich,

Hath a toothless mastiff bitch,

From her kennel beneath the rock,

She makes answer to the clock,

Four for the quarters and twelve for the hour,

Ever and aye, moonshine or shower,

Sixteen short howls, *not over loud* ;

Some say she sees my lady's shroud.

If this be the language, or imagery of genuine poetry, then Homer, Milton, Spencer, Pope, and Cowper were unworthy of that enthusiasm which their immortal productions have commanded through successive generations. The expression of the owlish cry, by, tu-whit—tu-whoo, would disgrace the lowest vamer of a farce, that ever supplied Mr. Elliston with materials for the Circus melodramas. The exactness of the distinction too, by which the mastiff is made to howl shortly, and not over loudly, presents a curious contrast to the want of precision in more important passages. The same affectation of precision is observable in the lines immediately succeeding those which we have quoted.

“Is the night chilly and dark?” enquires the author, and the question having been framed for the introduction of the reply is answered by himself.—

“The night is chilly, but *not* dark :”

A most important distinction ! It chances to be April, and this circumstance is expressed by the following periphrasis.

“ ’Tis a month before the month of May,
And the spring comes slowly up this way.”

Describing the last leaf of a tree, which has escaped the inclemency of the spring, he calls it the

“ One red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can.”

As two parts only of *Christabel* are yet published, it is impossible to communicate to our readers any correct idea of the fable. Its interest, however, if we rightly understand the author's language, is intended to depend upon the undressing of Lady Geraldine in the presence of *Christabel*.

“ Her silken robe and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and, full in view,
Behold her bosom and *half her side!*
A side to dream of, not to tell,
And she is to sleep by *Christabel*.”

Christabel, however, is a lady of courage, and notwithstanding the appearance of this miraculous lady with half a side, she went quietly to bed. Geraldine then “took two spaces and a stride” (*how accurate!*)

“ And laid down by the maiden's side,
And in her arms the maid she took,
Ah wel—a—day!
And with low voice and doleful look,
These words did say!

* * * *

—Vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heardest a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady surpassingly fair,
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.”

These lines have surely a closer resemblance to the effusions of Sternhold and Hopkins, or of Joanna South-

cott's poetical disciples, than to the composition of the worshippers on Parnassus.

The usual puerility and affectation of Mr. Coleridge are displayed in one of the most laboured passages of the second part. Bracy, a bard or minstrel in the mansion of Sir Leoline, the father of Christabel, "sees in his sleep" a gentle dove which Sir Leoline has called by his daughter's name. He dreams that the bird flutters in distress and utters fearful moans. He endeavours to discover the cause of its agony, and

"To search out what there might be found."

He finds——

"A bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck,
Green as the herbs on which it couched,
Close by the dove its head it crouched,
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers."

Geraldine, who listens to Bracy's story, is suddenly transformed into the resemblance of a snake.

"Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again ;
She folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast.
And looked askance at Christabel,
Jesu ! Maria ! Shield her well.
A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head ;
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice and more of dread,
At Christabel she looked askance.
One moment and the sight was fled !
But Christabel in dizzy trance,
Stumbling on the unsteady ground,
Shuddered aloud with a hissing sound
And Geraldine again turned round."

If such be the effusions of Mr. Coleridge's waking faculties, what must be expected from the fragment of

Kubla Khan, a production conceived, arranged, and finished in his sleep. He informs us that in the summer of the year 1797, being then in ill health, he had retired to a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Lenton on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair, at the moment when he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in Purchas's Pilgrimage. "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall." Mr. Coleridge continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has "the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two or three hundred lines: if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions without any sensation or consciousness of effort." On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this eventful and ever to be lamented moment, he was unfortunately called out by a person on business (*business, indeed! when poetry is in the way*) and this person detained him above an hour. On his return to his room he found to his no small surprize and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purpose of the vision, yet with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the reflections on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast, "but, alas! without the restoration of the latter." The account above given is but a poor excuse for obtruding on the public a hasty and unintelligible performance, which atones by no striking and pre-eminent beauty for its imperfection as a fragment. If Mr. Coleridge have neither the talent, the industry, nor the inclination to finish his performances, and to render them consistent and interesting in a con-

nected fable, he should confine them to his *escrutoire* till he acquires the energy and the determination to please, which can alone excuse his repeated appeals to the notice of the public. By publishing his hasty and imperfect fragments, he evidently implies that their excellence, trifling as they are, is sufficient to atone for the absence of arrangement, of an interesting and consistent fable, and the sustained portraiture of well drawn characters acting and thinking in their appropriate spheres and with their appropriate peculiarities through a long series of trials and vicissitudes. As it is, these fragments display neither fable, incident, nor character, and the diction, the metre, and the imagery, possess no excellence that will atone for these defects. Yet that we may not be accused by Mr. Coleridge of doing wilful injustice to his merits, we shall insert his own apology for writing as he lists.

“ A little child, a limber elf,
 Singing, dancing to itself,
 A fairy thing with red round cheeks.
 That always finds, and never seeks,
 Makes such a vision to the sight,
 As fills a father's eyes with light,
 And pleasures flow in so thick and fast,
 Upon his heart that he at last,
 Must needs express his love's excess,
 With words of unmeant bitterness.
 Perhaps 'tis pretty to force *together*,
 Thoughts *so all unlike each other* :
 To mutter and smack a broken charm
 To dally with wrong that does no harm,
 Perhaps 'tis tender too, and pretty,
 At each wild word to feel within
 A sweet revival of love and pity.
 And what if in a world of sin
 (Oh sorrow and shame if this be true !)
 Such giddiness of heart and brain
 Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
 So talks as it's most used to do.”

The querulous sensibility of Mr. Coleridge, and of many of his brethren, presents an additional proof that the *genus irritabile vatum*, retain even in this philosophical and cultivated age their wonted misanthropy and impatience of temper. Yet it might at first sight be supposed by those who are engaged in the bustle of business, exposed to the dangers of war, or involved in the mazes of political intrigue, that the habits and pursuits of a gentleman author are peculiarly favourable to content of mind, and to the repose of all the afflicting passions. What, indeed, on a superficial view, can raise the admiration and envy of the brave and the busy higher than the contemplation of individuals who receive the laurels of honor without being exposed to hazards, or to personal inconvenience; who rise to eminence without danger, and almost without exertion; and in solitude and comparative idleness, receive those rewards which are seldom attained by the rest of the human race without the most arduous exertions, and at the risk of life.

If any one has been deceived by these two plausible delusions into a belief that such gentlemen as Messrs. Coleridge and Rogers are the happiest of mankind, let him peruse the restless and impatient tone with which the author of *Christabel* records his own suspense of animation, and appeals to the good-nature of the public. He has found that the profession (if we may so express it) of a gentleman author, like all others, when tried, fails to yield that satisfaction, or that happiness which it promises. Those who pursue it find unexpected obstacles present themselves to sight, and no sooner are they conquered than new ones rise to view, which become the precursor of others: like many of those who at first set forward with enthusiasm, grow tired of their journey, and descend from the eminence they have in part attained, disappointed in their hopes, and wearied by their labour. Of those who have entered the republic of literature with the hope of admiration, or even the expectation of moderate praise, few have had their hopes gratified or

fulfilled by ultimate success. The irritability always attending on poetical genius, produces a morbid sentiment of despondency in the most successful of these literary adventures; and the slightest censure of contemporary criticism, effaces the exulting sentiments occasioned by legitimate eulogy. He who ventures into the lists of learning has undertaken an enterprize of which the reward depends upon the caprices of mankind; and the minds and feelings of the votaries of the muse are so unfortunately constituted that they are always more sensitively alive to censure than to praise. The merit of a book is to some men but a cause for its author being attacked: every effect of opposition and every artifice of cunning is used by his enemies to decrease the estimation of that man, whose excellence has rendered him worthy of their envy, and every principle of false criticism is employed to censure that work which cannot be rivalled. He who hopes by his labours to transmit his name to posterity, must expect the commendation of the literary world to bear no proportion to its censure. It may be doubted whether if Milton had been able to foresee with what obstinacy of argument, and perseverance of repetition, even by those who professed to honor him, he would have been branded with the titles of a promoter of rebellion and an abettor of sedition, he would have thought these reproaches sufficiently compensated for by a crown of Parnassian laurels; and whether if Johnson could have prophecied the malignant hostility of recent critics, he would not have resigned all claim to the title of lexicographer, and on his pittance of fourpence halfpenny a day, to waste his life in solitary penury, unknown to the learned, unreverenced by the good. The very officiousness, however, and austerity of criticism, should be regarded by such men as Mr. Coleridge as the strongest stimulus to the cultivation of poetical taste and to the most strenuous mental exertion. If the most elaborate excellence, and the most arduous efforts will not secure the poet from attack, what hope of mercy can

he expect who produces after the lapse of nineteen years, a fragment of forty-eight widely printed pages, absurdly designed and feebly executed. His ascription of his negligence to rage and pain, can only excite a smile in the friends by whom his talents and virtues are most respected and admired. Of all men in existence, he has least experienced the vicissitudes of life, and had the least temptation to indulgence in the violent passages. The pangs of jealousy, the lust of gain, the bitterness of revenge, have never, we are convinced, agitated his bosom, or invaded his peaceful habitation. Yet in the midst of innumerable blessings, he exhibits a morbid sensibility of mind, and a determination to be unhappy, at once distressing and ridiculous. The singular mixture of piety and wilful misery presented in the last three pages of this singular pamphlet, exhibits a striking but lamentable picture of Mr. Coleridge's feelings, and shall conclude our criticism.

THE PAINS OF SLEEP.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
 It hath not been my use to pray
 With moving lips or bended knees,
 But silently by slow degrees,
 My spirit I love to compose,
 In humble trust my eyelids close,
 With reverential resignation.
 No wish conceived, no thought expressed!
 Only a sense of supplication
 A sense o'er all my soul imprest
 That I am weak yet not unblest,
 Since in me, round me, every where
 Eternal strength and wisdom are.
 But yesternight I prayed aloud,
 In anguish and in agony
 Up starting from the fiendish crowd
 Of shapeless thoughts that tortured me,
 A lucid light, a trampling throng,
 Sense of intolerable wrong,
 And whom I scorned, those only strong!

Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Strife baffled and yet burning still.
Desire with loathing strangely mixed,
On wild or hateful objects fixed,
Fantastic passions ! maddening brawl !
And shame and terror over all.
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know,
Whether I suffered or I did ;
For all seemed guilt, remorse, or woe.
My own or others still the same,
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.
So two nights passed ; the night's dismay,
Saddened and stunn'd the coming day.
Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me,
Distemper's worst calamity.
The third night when my own loud scream,
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
I wept as I had been a child,
And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments I said were due,
To nature's deepliest stained with sin :
For aye entempesting anew
The unfathomable hell within,
The horror of their deeds to view,
To know and loathe, yet wish and do !
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore, fall on me ?
To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed."

On the obscurity, affectation, and puerility which pervade this apology for a poem, comment is unnecessary. But the obscurity of meaning, so conspicuous in an effusion of fifty lines, cannot be forgiven, as the author seems to expect, in consideration of his virtuous habits and amiable temper. Respect is due to the opinion of the public and to the principles of common

honesty; and we are afraid that the purchasers of *Christabel*, announced, as it has been, under the sanction of Lord Byron, will despise the petty meanness which could obtrude such trash on the literary market, at a price more than ten times commensurate with its merit. A ballad is a ballad, whether it proceeds from the *Albemarle* or the *Grub-street* manufactory: and some other proofs of superior value than elegance of type and expanse of margin, should have atoned to that numerous class whose attachment to poetry surpasses their pecuniary means, for the expence into which they are so unwarily seduced. The price of new works, however destitute of excellence, and however brief and scanty in their contents, has become an alarming and increasing evil. On an occasion like that of the publication of *Bertrand*, the enormity of its price might be forgiven in gratitude for the gratification received; but no such apology can be admitted for the sum affixed to the lame and impotent attempts of the author of *Christabel*. We do not blame Mr. Murray for this imposition upon the public purse, for we have no doubt that the remuneration to Mr. Coleridge was such as to justify his pecuniary demand. But that he should be so far deceived with respect to the merit of the work, and that he should not detect the negligence, the vanity, and the febleness of the writer, who thus obtruded on his notice apaltry collection of incoherent fragments, certainly excites our wonder and regret. We hope, however, that Mr. Coleridge, stimulated by his present liberality may exert himself to redeem the loss which must inevitably attend the present speculation; and should he not be able entirely to recover his "suspended animation," we shall heartily rejoice to find that another nineteen years is necessary to the abortion of his next poetical offspring.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

THE re-appearance of Mrs. Siddons has been the principal object of curiosity, during the recent succession of private benefits. So far as we respect and admire the excellence of her dramatic efforts, we congratulate the public on her unexpected re-appearance. It is a reiterated assertion among such as affect to despise what they call the mob, that the public are occasionally seized with a kind of mania, and run in crowds while the frenzy lasts, predetermined to praise what they do not comprehend. But this accusation is only true in part. The small talk of society is always imitative; it affirms, but does not investigate; it sees, admires, and comments, not as reason, but as fashion prescribes. It is the tongue of understanding, however, that gives the tone to the affirmations of folly, and whoever looks round will easily perceive that every man forms his opinions upon some one above him whose judgment he has often experienced to be better than his own, and which he has, therefore, very rationally learned to revere. Fools cannot bestow reputation. They are themselves despised, and they are heard only to be ridiculed. We may conclude, therefore, that where the praise is universal, and of long continuance, the merit is real, and that those who affect to contemn what all the world approves, have either erected for themselves a false standard of taste, or support their own opinions for the sake of singularity. If this be true, the annals of the theatre do not present an instance of more universal admiration, or of greater merit, than accompanies the recent appearance of Mrs. Siddons. Neither the outset nor the close were accompanied by more evident indications of interest and curiosity; and it may not be a superfluous or unpleasing duty to evince the justice of the public favour, and to hold up to the imitation of the rising ornaments of the stage, a perfect model of dramatic excellence.

In the prime of her theatrical life, Mrs. Siddons was a model of personal grace and dignity. She was not at all inclined to the *en-bon-point*, yet sufficiently *curvilinear* to prevent all appearance of asperity, or of acute angles in the varieties of action, or the display of attitude. The symmetry of her person was captivating; her face was marked by the utmost energy of features, without the least propensity to coarseness or vulgarity. On the contrary, it was so well harmonized when quiescent, and so expressive when empassioned, that most people thought her more beautiful than she really was. So great too, was the flexibility of her countenance, that it caught the instantaneous transitions of passion with such variety and effect as never to fatigue the eye. Her voice was plaintive, yet capable of the firmness and exertion, which the intrepidity of fortitude, or the impulse of sudden and impetuous rage demands. Her eye was large and penetrating: her brow capable of contracting with disdain, or dilating with the emotions of sympathy and pity. Her memory was tenacious, and her articulation clear, penetrating and distinct. That nature might not be partially bountiful, she endowed her with a readiness of conception, and an energy of understanding equal to the effective display of her extraordinary gifts. So entirely was she mistress of herself; so collected and determined in her gestures, tone, and manner, that she seldom erred like other performers, because she doubted her own powers of comprehension. She studied her author attentively; she was sparing in her action, because nature, and English nature in particular, is chaste, graceful, and dignified: it arises immediately from the feelings, and does not obtrude on the attention before it is animated by the sentiments it expresses. In the acting of Mrs. Siddons, though it was the result of the most refined and assiduous attention, no elaborate start, or studied artifice could be predicted; no forced tremulation, where the vacancy of the eye betrays the absence of passion, could be seen; no laborious efforts at false cli-

max, in which, as in the case of Miss Somerville, reiterates one monotonous note could be heard; no artificial heaving of the breast (as in the adulteress of Mathurin) could be observed. None of those arts in which the actress is seen, and not the character, could be found in Mrs. Siddons. So natural were her gradations and transitions; so classical and correct her speech and deportment; and so pathetic and affecting her voice, form, and features, that there is no possibility (says a literary friend) of conveying by words an idea of the pleasure she was accustomed to communicate. To add to her attraction, she was *an original*; she copied no one living or dead, but acted from the impulse of nature, and of her own peculiar and transcendent genius.

It is evident from the portraits which have descended to the present generation, of the female performers who commanded the admiration of the public previous to the appearance of Mrs. Siddons, that their merits were of an extremely different and a far inferior character. In versatility alone they might claim precedence: in pathos they appear to have borne the same comparison with Mrs. Siddons that is at present claimed for Miss O'Neill by her sanguine admirers. If we may confide in the judgment of Mr. Cumberland, the principal merit of Mrs. Cibber was her representation of feminine distress. She was extremely elegant and alluring in her action: her very frame was fashioned to engage your pity, for it seemed wasted with sorrow and sensibility; the cheek was hollow and the eye was joyless; there was neither youth, nor health, nor beauty; yet, (says Mr. Cumberland with the usual prejudice of old age) in the representation of many of her characters she became, perhaps, more impressive by the privation of those charms, than she would have been in possession of them. Her style and manner harmonized with Barry's, as Pritchard's did with Garrick. Barry was the Mark Antony and Romeo of the stage. Garrick would have played Macbeth and Abel Druggier in the same night, and Mrs. Pritchard would have played

with him as Lady Macbeth and Doll Common. Foote said that Garrick would have rehearsed Richard the Third before a kitchen fire in July, to amuse the boy that turned the spit. "I do not know (says Cumberland) that Mrs. Pritchard would have done quite as much, but she was so little fastidious about her cast of parts, that she took first, second, or third, as they fell to her lot; and as nature was her guide, she always appeared to be the very character she assumed. While she could display the finest powers in the loftiest parts, I have seen her play the humble confidante to Mrs. Cibber's heroine, and never give an elevation to a single line above its pitch and station in the drama. I remember her coming on in the part of *Clarinda* in the *Suspicious Husband* while Garrick acted *Ranger*. The unfitness of her age and person, only added to the triumph of her talents. As Garrick's genius could dilate his stature, so could her excellence give grace and juvenility to her person. In short, he might have played a giant, and she a fairy, if Shakespeare could have written parts for them. On the first night of the *Jealous Wife*, at which I was present, she rescued Garrick from his embarrassment and the audience from its languor, when she broke out and feigned a fit that electrified the theatre and saved the play."

To her succeeded Mrs. Yates, to Mrs. Cibber Mrs. Barry, and still the stage was respectably supported. Mrs. Barry in her best days was a lovely and enchanting actress: she possessed in an eminent degree all the properties that are adapted to express and to excite the tender passions. She had more variation and flexibility of tone than Mrs. Cibber, and her eyes were powerful auxiliaries to her voice and action. She was not exclusively a tragic actress, but filled the characters of upper comedy with great success. Mrs. Yates was an actress of a loftier cast and higher tone than either Mrs. Cibber or Mrs. Barry. Her natural powers were great, her genius bold, her person, voice, and action so commanding, that sometimes in the domineering torrent of her passion she would

so overbear her interlocutors, as almost to outstep decorum and monopolize the stage. She was so decidedly formed and fashioned by the hand of nature to be an actress as Mr. Kemble is to be an actor. She had an independent style unmethodized by art; a spirit that disdained prescription, and a towering genius that dreaded nothing but mediocrity.

Of these eminent ornaments of the English stage, Mrs. Yates most nearly resembles Mrs. Siddons. But though she possessed the genius, the energy, and the dignity of the latter; she was destitute of that subdued and chaste refinement which prevent enthusiasm from deviating into extravagance. We have conversed with Mr. Cumberland and many other enthusiastic admirers of Mrs. Yates, and they all confess, notwithstanding their prepossessions, that in such characters as Lady Macbeth and Queen Catharine, she far surpasses the most eminent of her predecessors. In selecting the former of these parts to appear before the Prince of Coburg and his consort (Saturday, June 22,) she indicated a just appreciation of her own powers, and a just regard to the opinion of the public. The part of Lady Macbeth is the strongest test to which the genius and powers of an actress can be put. None can attempt it with impunity, whose abilities are not of the highest order, for the passions it excites, the language it employs, and the energies it demands, are all of the sublimest cast. The delineation of the character by Mrs. Siddons, was on this occasion as perfect as at any period of her theatrical career, with the exception that the occasional dissonance of a nasal twang, reminded us that she had lost many of her teeth, or supplies their place with artificial substitutes. In many parts of the performance she acted with a grace, a vigor and effect that even transcended her efforts in the prime of life. The obeisance to her guests when she dismissed them, "Stand not on the order of your going; but go at once," was a wonderful example of energetic feeling, combined with the courtesies appropriate to their rank. Her acting

was powerfully supported by the performance of Mr. Young who is the exclusive possessor of the character. Kean is destitute of princely dignity, and Kemble is deficient in activity and enthusiasm. Mr. Young combines the excellencies of both without the faults of either. The dagger scene, and that in which he retires from the murder of *Duncan*, were acted in a manner so impassioned yet refined, so effective without overstepping the modesty of nature, that we should regard these two efforts alone as supporting the claim of Mr. Young to the rank of the second actor of the age in *heroic tragedy*. The acting of Charles Kemble; in *Macduff*, exhibited as triking contrast to the performance of Mr. Young. It was distinguished by an alternation of tameness and outrageous rant, apparently intended to delight the galleries, but failing in effect. The sunshine of Charles Kemble's anticipated fame is totally eclipsed. In attempting too much, he has accomplished nothing; and having exhausted the little energy he ever possessed in fruitless attempts to perform such characters as *Hamlet* and *Richard*, he is fallen back into the ranks of a third rate performer; too bad to be applauded, and too good to be despised. His gentlemanly demeanour and his private virtues have tended to debar his professional advancement by conciliating the good opinion of those critics who praise the object of their friendship till they render him ridiculous. Of this mischievous and dangerous class was Mr. Horace Twiss, who so strenuously belaboured Mr. Charles Kemble with extravagant and fulsome praise, that even the *millinary* readers of the "Beau Monde, and Fashionable Magazine" were satiated to disgust. If Mrs. Charles Kemble will keep her husband at home, and favor us more frequently with her own appearance on the stage, we have no doubt that the change would be grateful to the public, honorable to Mrs. Kemble, and beneficial to her lord.

On the propriety of Mrs. Siddons' return to the stage, but one opinion is entertained, even by the most enthusiastic of her admirers. In the minds of those who wit-

nessed her solemn and impressive farewell, her re-appearance will at once efface the delightful but melancholy remembrance of that awful and interesting scene. The coquetry of Mrs. Siddons, is so evident to the public, that a general impression pervades the intelligent classes of society, unfavorable to her recent conduct. The public readings of 1814, might be forgiven, and even the request of the Prince and Princess might have been acceded to, without any violation of her pledge, or any degradation to her character. But the journey to Edinburgh, and the recent engagement with Mr. Harris, could only be regarded as shameful and humiliating proofs of a passion, which seldom subsides as age advances. Her return cannot be attributed to the love of praise, because no exertion that she can now make, will add to the impression entertained of her professional excellence. The love of money, a passion of all others the least adapted to attach or conciliate the respect and admiration of the public, is the ruling propensity to which her fairest fame and all the dearest associations of her admirers, are the melancholy sacrifice. It was not thus, that Garrick and Mrs. Cibber after their last and affecting adieu, came forward to remind the world of the frailty of human nature, and of the influence of mercenary habits. It is not easy to forget the interference of Miss Patty Wilkinson, on the last appearance of Mrs. Siddons, or to read the mournful "moonlight" verses, of Horace Twiss, on her departure from the stage, without the most acute impressions of regret and astonishment; and these sentiments are enforced, if possible, by the ungracious manner in which she has come forward, at a moment when the performers expect to reap the harvest of their exertions. At the very period of the season, when the female and male performers appeal to the generosity and to the friendship of their friends, Mrs. Siddons presumes to violate her promise, and to absorb, by the attraction of her re-appearance, the funds which might have rewarded the exertions of youthful merit, and encouraged the aspiring

energy of rising talent. In Mrs. Siddons, to play *at all* is an injustice; to play *for money* is an act of meanness.

The *Elvira* of Miss O'Neill is a lamentable failure. She excels in the tender, the pathetic, and the lovely. Dignity and loftiness of expression are above her reach. With the exception of the single passage in *Measure for Measure*, where as Isabella she upbraids Lord Angelo, we have not witnessed in the performance of this amiable and affecting actress, any indication of that superior and commanding power, which distinguished even the unconscious and careless efforts of Mrs. Siddons. The extent of Miss O'Neill's exertions is unfortunately circumscribed within a narrow circle; her comedy, notwithstanding all the eulogies of the newspapers, is absolutely bad, and her tragedy is confined to a very limited range of characters.

Next to the re-appearance of Mrs. Siddons, the opening of the English opera-house, erected by Mr. Arnold, and under the management of Mr. Bartley, is the only theatrical circumstance worthy of remark. As we are not partial to the effluvia of paint, or the unfinished traces of the carpenter's dexterity, we have only ventured to take a single peep at this national institution for the encouragement of English music. Disappointment is the lot of men! We found on our arrival, that the manager of this musical institution, intended to surpass the Italian opera, and ornamented almost exclusively with musical emblems, is equally destitute of voice, of science and of taste; that the leader of the female singers is Miss Kelly, and that the principal of the male vocalists, possesses a bad ear and a harsh intonation. We hope that his establishment in London will not falsify the prophecy of his name, and that his engagement will be—*short*.



This is de first fruit of mine German graft on de English Stock, we shall have de Crops 'till we deplete 'em. Tot de rot Ecol' sol.

Aye, aye, Dance away! I shall have to pay the paper. I suppose there will be a dozen or fifteen in time, at 6000 a year each. Towards what a New prospect !!!

See, my Lords a bouncing boy - all square & above board not a bit of trick throughout the business - a fine bouncing boy you see !!!

It is a long time since I tasted Caudle but I ought to be a good Judge of it - del me, but in some English Brandy we must throw away British Manufactures!

A fine boy indeed your Highness! Oh dear!

Oh my Wig

Bless his little highness he is giving us a proof of it.

Well aunt I hope I shall have the pleasure of waiting on you soon -

Progeny in Perspective or - a Royal Accouchment !!

Printed August 1st by J. Johnson & Co. - Cheap Street - London.

THE SCOURGE AND SATIRIST;

OR,
LITERARY, THEATRICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS
MAGAZINE.

Embellishment.

PROGENY IN PERSPECTIVE; OR, NEW COMFORTS FOR
JOHN BULL.

CONTENTS.

To CORRESPONDENTS, see back	The Regent's Crescent.....	117
TRADITIONAL QUALITIES	Distresses of the times.....	118
of the GUELPH FAMILY.....	Epitaphs.....	119
Princely love.....	Theatrical portraits, and Nash-	
Royal progenies.....	ional architecture.....	120
A saving bank proposed for the	On the attempt to honour Shak-	
royal family.....	speare, by reviving the jubilee	121
Carlton house expences.....	The LAUREATE'S CARMEN	
Amount of the civil list.....	NUPTIALE.....	122
Extravagance at court.....	Mr. Southey compares himself to	
THE PULPIT.....	Spenser.....	123
Long winded sermons.....	Instructions to the royal bride...	124
A discourse at the Tabernacle....	LITERARY BUONAPARTES...	125
SKETCH of Mr. SHERIDAN'S	Character of Nicolo Buonaparte..	126
LIFE and CHARACTER.....	Merits of his successors.....	127
Educated at Windsor and Harrow.	Last of the Florentine Buonapartes	128
Fights to the Temple.....	LITERARY REVIEW.....	129
Fights two duels, and marries Miss	The POET'S PILGRIMAGE to	
Linley.....	WATERLOO.....	ib.
His dramatic productions.....	Mr. Southey's poetical merits....	130
His habits, his second marriage	Domestic bliss.....	131
and death.....	A family party.....	132
Lord John Townsend's testimony..	A youthful circle.....	133
Reflections on Mr. Sheridan's de-	Infantine happiness.....	134
cease.....	Description of Bruges.....	135
His dramatic merits.....	Poetical politics.....	136
His character as a politician and	Profligacy of the higher classes.	137
an orator.....	Fate of Napoleon Buonaparte....	138
A supporter of the liberty of the	His execution recommended by	
press.....	Mr. Southey.....	139
His personal indiscretions.....	Character of Napoleon.....	140
MONODY on GARRICK.....	Mr. Southey's Carmen Nuptiale..	141
The WORLD AT AN END....	ILDERIM, a Syrian tale.....	142
The Rev. Dr. Collyer.....	Amatory confidence.....	143
British Forum.....	A Byronian tale.....	144
The Forum devil.....	Description of Balbec.....	145
Dr. H. and the Foundling.....	Syrian scenery.....	146
The SPIRIT of the TIMES....	An Arabian band.....	147
The naval scribe.....	A battle scene.....	148
The fashionable dans mania....	Merits of the author.....	149
Advertisement from Maiden lane	THEATRICAL CRITICISM 150-158	
The felicities of the peace.....	THEATRICAL MEMORANDA 158	

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND THE PUBLIC.

A Correspondent requests to be informed whether "FUGITIVE PIECES written by J. P. Kemble;" published by Fielding and Walker, 1780, be the production of the celebrated actor. The pamphlet is thus spoken of by a critic in the *Monthly Review*, O. S. vol. 63, page 231. "This little collection, consisting of odes, songs, occasional prologues, &c. will, we doubt not, be acceptably received by the author's particular friends: whether the public in general will be amused with them, is a question we will not take upon ourselves to answer. Though far from being first rate performances, they are nevertheless sprightly, and in some degree ingenious."

In looking over the Old Series of the *Monthly Review* to verify our correspondent's quotation, we discovered the following criticism on the translation of the Love Epistles of Aristæonatus, to which we have alluded in the memoirs of Mr. Sheridan. "No such writer as Aristæonatus ever existed in the classic æra. Nor did even the unhappy schools after the destruction of the eastern empire, produce such a writer. It was left to the later times of monkish imposition to give us such trash as this: on which the translator has ill spent his time. We have been as idly employed in reading it, and our readers will in proportion lose their time in perusing this article." *Monthly Review*, for December 1771, vol. 45, page 511. If the translation were published in the early part of that year, Sheridan must have engaged in the arduous task at the age of nineteen. Of the *Jesuit* and the *Englishman*, we have been unable to obtain a copy, but have every reason to believe that his share in the first of these papers was no less trivial, than his contributions to the *Englishman* were numerous and important. Mr. Sheridan is therefore exempted from the imputations attached to the real conductors of the *Jesuit*, who when they came some time after into power, suffered a prosecution instituted by the Attorney General to go on, and their bookseller to be imprisoned twelve months, without interposing in his behalf, or even paying the heavy expenses which he had incurred!

The Memoir of the early Life of William Cowper, written by himself, and never before published, shall receive appropriate notice.

Several articles from A. Z.; Anti-Gilchrist; a defrauded Creditor versus the Insolvent Act; and Q. on the Sierra Leone dispute, are under consideration.

We are happy to inform our friends that the accession of new subscribers to the pretent series, notwithstanding the pressure of the times, the desertion of the town, and the depopulation of the country, has surpassed our most sanguine expectation.

THE
SCOURGE AND SATIRIST.

AUGUST 1, 1816.

TRADITIONAL QUALITIES OF THE G——
FAMILY.

SIR,

It is attested by travellers who made the tour of Holland at the early part of the last century, that a tomb-stone was still to be seen in the churchyard of Haarlem which commemorated in the same inscription the fertility and the misfortunes of the family of Guelph. A mural tablet placed above the tomb, recorded the parturition of three hundred and sixty-four still-born infants whose bones were supposed to be deposited beneath; and tradition assures us that of three hundred and sixty-five, one alone, the founder of the Brunswick family, had the good fortune to survive. The cause of this misfortune, as explained by travellers and historical writers, would almost imply the gift of prophecy, for the anecdote which they repeat would admirably apply to certain old and æconomical ladies of the present day. It appears that mother, or Lady Guelph, had long lamented the sterility of her nuptial union, and earnestly appealed to heaven for the blessing of a numerous progeny. One day as she was standing in her balcony, she was accosted by a female bearing two infants in her arms, who implored her charity to her helpless and starving babes. Irritated by an

harangues of Mr. Rose on the establishment of saving banks, for the benefit of the poor, that a similar institution for the exclusive advantage of the royal family, would be a most eligible and salutary measure. It could not be expected, indeed, that the august and exalted personages to whom this suggestion relates, should condescend to manage their own affairs, or regulate their own expences; but had their confidential agents acted on the plan proposed of depositing in a place of security every portion of the annual income that has been devoted to wasteful, unnecessary, and vulgar extravagance, how different would have been the feelings of the royal individuals, their estimation in the opinions of the people, their influence on the prosperity and happiness of their country! A *saving bank* would have prevented the perpetual appeals to parliament; a saving bank would have precluded the shame and debasement attending on the exposure of intrigues with jewellers, and the examination of taylor's bills: a *saving bank* would have saved the Duke of Cumberland from the discredit attached to a minority of *one*. But it is the misfortune of courts that the profusion of the ruler tends to the enrichment of his dependants; that the still small voice of reason, and the dictates of propriety, are silenced amidst the clamour and the struggle of contending parasites; that the retainers of a palace are always sufficiently sagacious to discover that a participation in the incautious habits of their master is the best recommendation to his favor, and will best promote their personal interests. Until, therefore, a sovereign of vigorous character and virtuous habits shall arise to burst the trammels by which his predecessors have been enthralled, or the sentiments of the nation at large be irresistibly expressed through the medium of parliament, by the positive refusal of future gifts and largesses to the illegitimate relatives of the sovereign, no hope of reformation can be entertained. It can be proved from incontrovertible evidence that in the two years, 1811 and 1812, the expenditure of the Prince Regent

exceeded the just and regular estimate of the civil list by the sum of one million two hundred and fifty-seven pounds, or seven hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds per annum. The civil list, for a length of time, was in a course of yearly encroachment above the parliamentary allowance. Mr. Tierney asserts that in no one case, on an average of years, had it been attempted to keep it within reasonable bounds. The knowledge of this profusion was usually kept from parliament till it became necessary to have the debts of the civil list paid off, and then the droits of the Admiralty were left at the disposal of the crown. It was stated, indeed, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the introduction of Lord Castlereagh's inefficient and fallacious bill, that the expences of the Prince Regent were solely occasioned by the pressure of unforeseen emergencies, and the critical aspect of the times; an assertion which was immediately confuted by the result of the labours of the committee, who elicited, a few days after their first sitting, the following items of expenditure :

	£.	s.	d.
A clock for <i>Carlton House</i> , (French).....	735	0	0
A pair of girandoles for ditto, ditto.....	525	0	0
Two pair of candelabras for ditto, ditto.....	1575	0	0
Two cabinets for ditto, ditto.....	1000	0	0
One for ditto, ditto.....	500	0	0
A 24-light lustre for ditto, ditto.....	840	0	0
Two gothic lanterns for ditto, ditto.....	1113	0	0
A pair of bronze Satyrs ditto.....	525	0	0
An oval salver.....	502	0	0
A brilliant star.....	558	0	0
An ornament for plateau (French).....	787	0	0
A plateau ditto.....	1781	0	0
A salver.....	596	0	0
Two ornaments for desert (French).....	1126	15	0
A brilliant George.....	1517	13	0
A rich chrystal stand for sideboard (French).....	583	10	0
A brilliant badge.....	3553	0	0

Carried over 17,817 18 0

	Brought forward	17,817	18	0
Plate for various offices of the household.....		4403	0	0
Ditto for ambassadors to foreign courts.....		18091	0	0
A white Arabian stallion.....		1050	0	0
Two new landaus.....		1892	0	0
Snuff boxes to the ministers from France, Austria, Bavaria, Holland, Brussels, Persia, and Portugal.....	}	15,310	11	0
Secret service money independently of the usual sum paid from the permanent revenue.	}	10,000	0	0
		<hr/>		
		58,573	12	0
Tailors' and hosiers' bills extra in three years		166,000	16	6

So that the amount of all the expences connected directly or indirectly with the civil list, under the present system of management, may be stated as follows :

For the support of his Majesty's household, Act 17 Geo. 3.....	}	898,000	0	0
Ditto, 44 Geo. 3.....		60,000	0	0
Ditto, 52 Geo. 3.....		70,000	0	0
Extraordinary expences of the Prince Re- gent, exclusive of tailors' and mercers' bill.....	}	725,000	0	0
Tailors' and mercers' bill £166,000 16 6 in three years.....	}	55,200	5	3½
Allowance to the Royal Family.....		368,040	12	1½
Revenue of the Prince of Saxe Cobourg and his consort.....	}	60,000	0	0
Salaries and allowances unaccounted for.....		67,599	0	0
Pensions (calculated from the official state- ment of the pension duty at one shilling in the pound).....	}	395,960	4	0
		<hr/>		
		2,599,799	8	5½

The civil list, as settled at the revolution, at a period when numerous expences were paid out of the coffers of the sovereign, which are now established by law, and regularly voted by parliament, amounted to no more than 600,000*l.* a year, and at the accession of George the

Third it was augmented to 800,000*l.* a year. Moreover, a revenue of 100,000*l.* a year was settled on the Queen in case of her surviving his Majesty. "The expences," says Blackstone, "defrayed by the civil list are those which in any manner relate to the civil government, as the expences of the household, all salaries to officers of state, to the judges and king's servants, the appointments to foreign ambassadors, the maintenance of the queen and royal family, the king's private expences or privy purse, and other very numerous outgoings, such as secret service money, pensions, and bounties."

How far the expences of the Prince Regent come within the scope of Blackstone's definitions; whether girandoles and snuff-boxes were included in his estimate, or by any numerous outgoings, he intended to designate such items as 2,500*l.* for Gothic lanthorns and candelabras, or a tailor or mercer's bill for 166,000*l.* I leave the reader to determine; only observing, that the amount of the present expences would probably have turned the cheek of that obsequious but conscientious judge as pale as the assaults of Junius. In the present distressing and critical emergency, the influence of princely extravagance upon the comforts, the happiness, and the feelings of society, are infinitely more pernicious and more momentous, than at the period when Junius wrote and the Duke of Grafton guided the affairs of the nation; yet the progress of extravagance appears to have extended in the inverse ratio of our means to support our burthens; and should not the spirit of the parliament, and the decided expression of public sentiment in the event of a dissolution, relieve us from the danger of similar aberrations from justice and prudence; the liberties, the rights, and prosperity of England, are merely the common-place watchwords of a party, nonentities which float before our sight in unreal mockery, and will ultimately vanish into "viewless air!"

In the contemplation of a prospect so melancholy, combined with the ludicrous image presented to my view

of a portly and whiskered gentleman, a patron and imitator of the Baron de Geramb, preparing like him to repudiate his consort, and espouse his relative, the beautiful and accomplished Sophia, I insensibly fell into a lethargic stupor, somewhat resembling the soporific languor produced by a dose of opium, and visions so strange and various floated before me as it would require the united talents of Marmontel and Rabelais to describe. Despairing, therefore, of embodying in simple prose the fleeting images which amused, yet disturbed, my slumber, I have transmitted, for the entertainment of your readers, at this period of despondency and gloom, the inclosed sketch of the exhilarating prospects of John Bull, deferring the description of my more sombre and melancholy dreams to a more auspicious opportunity.

COLUMBUS.

THE PULPIT.

Sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Hyatt, at the Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, Sunday evening, June 30th, 1816.

1st EPISTLE OF ST. JOHN CH. 1. VERSE 3.

THE following receipt for the composition of a sermon, found among the posthumous manuscripts of the celebrated translator of Virgil, the Rev. Christopher Pitt, may be considered as the standard *register* of pulpit cookery. The first ingredients of the recipe have been adopted by our most eminent divines, whose skill in every culinary process, whether religious or epicurean, can seldom be disputed; and the recommendation at the end, to serve up the dish as quickly as possible, is punctually and religiously observed. "Take," says Mr. Pitt, "some scraps out of the best book you have; weigh them, and sift them thoroughly. Then divide them into three parts; dividing them into more is generally thought to crumble them too much; work them well, and handle them neatly, but neither mince them, nor chop them. Season

the whole with a due proportion of salt; put in nothing that is too hard or difficult to digest; but let it all be clear and candid. It should have some fire; for that raises and prevents it being heavy. You may garnish it with a few flowers, but not so thick as to hide the substance; take care it is not over done; for as it is the last thing served up, if it is not inviting, some of the company may not taste it. In a hard frost, or extreme cold weather, it should be done in twenty minutes; in more temperate it may take half an hour; but if it is done in a quarter, *it is a dish fit for a king.*"

An allusion is made in the last sentence to an injunction issued by royal command to the court chaplains of George the Second. The practice of holding forth for two hours continued in the Universities till the time of Barrow, who is reported to have delivered an harangue in St. Mary's church at Cambridge, which lasted more than two hours and three quarters. The custom extended from the college to the palace, and at length became a serious inconvenience to the *defenders of the faith*. The first, however, who openly avowed his impatience, at the garrulity of his chaplains, was the monarch above mentioned, who made an injunction, "That each and every of them do on no account, or on any occasion whatsoever, presume to exceed fifteen minutes in the delivery of any sermon which he may thenceforth be called upon to preach, in his Majesty's presence, at the Chapel Royal in St. James's, on pain, (in case of his non-compliance herewith) of his being for the first offence, thereupon suspended, *pro tempore*, from the exercise of his office of chaplain in ordinary, as well as on further pain likewise both of his incurring *an absolute and immediate dismissal from court for any repetition of the like offence*, after his restoration to his former post again: and thereby also rendering himself thenceforward *utterly incapable of serving his royal majesty in such honorable capacity any longer, throughout all the future days of his mortal life.*"

Had Mr. Hyatt been so fortunate as to claim the honor

of preaching before the pious and virtuous prince, in whom the government of this happy island is so luckily vested, he would certainly have incurred the pains and penalties attached to his violation of the preceding ordonnance. A more prolix and persevering orator; a declaimer more *prælargus animæ*; more prolific in conception, and more protracted in delivery, has seldom fatigued our patience, or awakened our astonishment. With a Stentorian voice, which he exercises with the loud monotony of an anchor-smith scolding his workmen amidst the Cyclopean din of a thousand hammers, he quite forgot, in the exuberance of his language, and the pomposity of his tones, to explain the words he had selected, or to inculcate the duties so forcibly suggested by his text. A more offensive and uninstrucive tissue of incoherence and absurdity has seldom, we believe, been seriously delivered to a Christian audience. We are far from meaning that Mr. Hyatt is destitute of native talent, or of practical sincerity. But he entered upon his mission when it was too early to discover or to correct his faults and imperfections, and the indulgence of his congregation has cherished his errors, and blinded the well-meaning teacher to his own innumerable defects. We submit it to his consideration, however, as a matter of conscience, whether, after receiving this friendly warning he will persevere in his present system of rapid and Stentorian delivery, inaccurate interpretation, and unintelligible bombast; in allusions which his auditors cannot comprehend, and which they could only comprehend to despise: or endeavour to substitute for his present unseemly violence and unmeaning loquacity, the judicious arrangement, the fervent simplicity, and the rational explanation of religious mysteries, which may enlighten, convert, and edify. If his mind, however, be so framed that the enthusiasm of ignorance and error is more grateful to his feelings than the consciousness of performing a sacred duty, let him persevere in his present system of exhortation. A theatrical

manner, however vulgar and disgusting to the man of sense and education, will continue to delight that great proportion of the individuals frequenting the methodist conventicles, who abhor the suspicion of entering a dramatic theatre, yet attend on the worship of the tabernacle with the hope of enjoying those very means of excitation which are presented on the boards of the Opera and of Drury-lane. One is captivated by the attitudes of the "dear man," and another is enchanted by his voice: one attends at the house of God, because she hopes to rival her companions in warbling the hymns and psalms; many assemble because no other gratuitous place of amusement is open for their admittance, and the love of pleasure combined with deep and habitual hypocrisy influences the majority. Such, at least, is the experience that we have had in a long, an early, and an intimate intercourse with the methodists.

SKETCH OF MR. SHERIDAN'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

THE death of this immortal dramatist and statesman has excited a sensation more deep and general than even attended the decease of his immortal rivals and predecessors. The sentiment of regret for the loss of Mr. Sheridan combines the sensibility of friendship to an individual who has so frequently soothed and delighted our social hours, with the admiration that attaches to political talent and ascendancy. His impression on the public mind was not owing entirely, like the superiority of Fox and Pitt, to the importance of the scenes and the controversies in which he was engaged, but was familiarized and diffused by the general and cordial sympathy with his dramatic efforts. The lovers of wit, of music, and of wine, lament the memory of Sheridan as they would lament a boon companion, or a favorite actor.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was the third son of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, celebrated as an actor, eminent for his lectures on elocution, and entitled to the gratitude of the public for his judicious and indefatigable exertions to improve the system of our national education. His grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Sheridan, was the friend of Swift, highly respectable as a schoolmaster and divine. Mr. Sheridan's mother, Mrs. Frances Sheridan, was highly distinguished for her literary attainments, and was the authoress of several excellent comedies and novels, among which are *The Discovery*, *The Dupe*, *A Trip to Bath*, the pathetic tale of *Sidney Biddulph*, and the beautiful romance of *Nourjahad*, from which the dramatic spectacle of *Illusion* was so recently adapted to the stage. Mr. Sheridan was born at Dublin, in the parish of St. Mary, in the latter end of October 1751. At the age of seven he was placed with his surviving brother Charles Francis, the eldest having died in infancy under the care of Mr. White, an eminent school-master in their native city, while their parents removed to England, and shortly after became residents of Windsor. At the close of the year 1759, the two brothers left their native city, and resumed their education under their parents. Their father had by this time obtained considerable celebrity as a teacher of elocution, and had nearly completed an English dictionary, when his labours were encouraged and rewarded by a pension, which enabled him to place his younger son at the public school of Harrow. At this celebrated academy he was fortunately placed beneath the tuition of the master, Dr. Sumner, and Dr. Parr, the usher. The latter of these gentlemen, with the same sagacity, the skill, and the benevolence, which he has so frequently displayed under circumstances more propitious, prevailed over the habitual indolence of his pupil, elicited the latent spark of genius, and sent the accomplished school-boy into the world, full of promise and of hope.

In the year 1766, he lost his mother, who had retired

for the benefit of her health to the south of France. She died at Blois, on the 17th day of September, and her remains were honored by a compliment seldom granted, her private interment being permitted in that cathedral.

On leaving Harrow, Mr. Sheridan removed about 1769 to the Middle Temple; of which he was entered as a student; but like many of the brightest ornaments of English history, he studied every subject, and cultivated every pursuit except the law. Necessity alone could stimulate him to exertion, and he obtained a precarious independence by occasional assistance to the periodical publications. Having formed a friendly intercourse with many of the principal performers, who respected him as the son of an actor, admired his wit, and loved his convivial qualities; in his frequent visits behind the scenes, he became enraptured with the beauty and the accomplishments of Miss Linley, the eldest daughter of the respectable musical composer. The charms of her person, and her fascinating powers, drew around her a host of admirers. Mr. Sheridan saw, and heard, and loved. Mr. Linley, however, was restrained by motives of prudence from encouraging his assiduities, but the accomplished suitor succeeded in supplanting his numerous rivals. He wooed her in stanzas remarkable for their tenderness of sentiment and harmony of verse, and defended her character against a rejected admirer. Mr. Matthews, a man of fashion, had thought proper to asperse the character of Miss Linley, through the medium of a provincial paper. Mr. Sheridan discovered the author, who had fled to London. Thither he pursued him; fought his rejected rival in a chivalrous combat at a tavern in Covent-garden, disarmed him, and compelled him to sign a retraction of his calumny. Notwithstanding the calumniator was reduced to submit, his enmity and revenge revived on finding his retraction made as public as his former calumny in the same journal; and he therefore endeavoured to redeem his reputation by following in his turn his enemy to Bath, and demanding satisfaction. This, although the laws of

honour did not demand it, was granted him. They met once more at Kingsdown with swords and pistols, and both were wounded. The conflict was desperate: they fell together, and continued to struggle on the ground till the sword of Mr. Matthews was broken in Mr. Sheridan's body. The apology was renewed, and Miss Linley precluded a second violation of the pledge, by accompanying Mr. Sheridan to the continent, where they were married, and on their return received the sanction of the lady's father. Mrs. Sheridan on her marriage resigned her professional situation to her younger sister, who is said to have died, like Moliere and our own Palmer, in the most impressive duties of her profession, singing, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The reluctance of Mr. Sheridan that his wife should re-appear in her professional character, was more indicative of romantic caprice than of affectionate prudence, at a period when his personal embarrassments were numerous, his creditors clamorous, and the most liberal offers were presented to Mrs. Sheridan. If it be respectable to compose a comedy or an opera, it is surely not disgraceful to perform them; and pressed by his pecuniary necessities he shared in the translation of *Aristænetus*, in the composition of the *Englishman*, a political journal, and in the revisal and correction of a paper called the *Jésuit*. His first dramatic production was the comedy of the *Rivals*, which he withdrew after the first representation (Jan. 15, 1775) attributing its failure to the incompetency of Mr. Lee, in the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Having altered the comedy, and confided the personation of Sir Lucius to Mr. Clinch, it was received with considerable applause. His next effort was *St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant*, produced for the benefit of Mr. Clinch, in gratitude for his exertions. In the ensuing season he produced the comic opera of the *Duenna*, which at once stamped his fame as a dramatist of the first class. The elegance of the diction, the sweetness of the poetry, and the appropriate spirit of the characters, raised it above

all competition, and imparted a celebrity that surpassed even that of the *Beggars' Opera*: the latter having been repeated sixty-five nights in succession, and the former seventy-five. The success of his dramatic productions obtained him a decided influence in theatrical circles, and on Mr. Garrick's retirement from Drury-lane theatre, Mr. Sheridan was included with Dr. Ford and Mr. Linley in the purchase of that immortal actor's share of the patent. In the following season he altered the *Relapse* of Sir John Vanbrugh into the *Trip to Scarborough*; and then, as at several periods of his life, obliged his contemporaries with many admirable prologues and epilogues. On the 5th of May he produced the *School for Scandal*, a production which decidedly established his fame in dramatic excellence. At the commencement of the following year, appeared a musical piece, entitled the *Camp*, and attributed, but we believe unjustly, to Mr. Sheridan. This was succeeded by the *Critic*, or a *Tragedy Rehearsed*, an evident imitation of the *Duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal*, but far surpassing that celebrated performance in discrimination of character, and brilliance of invention. Every burlesque of this kind is, however, *caviare* to the multitude, and the piece is little understood or applauded by the British public. The coolness with which this production was received, was amply compensated by the extensive circulation of his *Monody on the Death of Garrick*, an effusion equally worthy of its author, and of the subject.

The slightest sketch of his political career would demand a volume, and we shall therefore defer the record of his progress as a statesman and a partizan, to a more appropriate opportunity. Previous to the commencement of his political life, he increased his property in the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, by the purchase of Mr. Lacy's share in the patent, in addition to his own; yet the increased expences of his splendid and numerous establishment, and the profusion of his habits, rendered the increase of fortune unequal to his necessities, and

produced embarrassments of the most afflicting and degrading nature. The difficulties and expedients to which he was reduced, probably undermined the health and hastened the dissolution of his lady, who died in 1792, of a lingering consumption. She was universally lamented, and is described by Wilkes as "the most modest, pleasing, and delicate flower" he had seen.

While his society was sought by all the lovers of wit and the admirers of genius, and his convivial hours were past in the nocturnal symposia of many popular societies, his dramatic and political exertions were for some time distinguished by decision, industry and activity. In the latter end of the season of 1799, appeared the tragedy of Pizarro, translated from the German of Kotzebue; but with so much freedom and so many additional beauties, that it might be said to be original. It was happily adapted to the situation and to the genius of the British nation, with all the graces and combinations of dramatic interest, and its success was unbounded, but inadequate to the redemption of the financial embarrassments to which the theatre had been reduced by a long series of divided, irregular, and injudicious management. To whatever cause the deficiencies of the treasury may be ascribed, it is remarkable that the decisions of the Lord Chancellor have in almost every instance been highly favorable to the conduct and the principles of Mr. Sheridan.

About this time he formed a second nuptial alliance with Miss Ogle, and purchased with part of her fortune the villa of Polesdon near Leatherhead in Surrey, formerly the residence of Admiral Geary, and soon afterwards was appointed receiver-general to the duchy of Cornwall. Under the administration of Mr. Fox, he condescended to become a member of the privy council and treasurer of the navy.

On the 13th of July, the remains of this wonderful man were deposited in Westminster-abbey. The corpse was privately removed from his residence in Saville-row, to the dwelling-house of his friend, Mr. Peter Moore, in

Great George-street, and moved from thence in walking procession at half-past twelve o'clock to the abbey. The funeral was attended by the Dukes of York and Sussex, the Duke of Argyle, the Marquis of Anglesea, the Earl of Bridgewater, General Phipps, Mr. Canning, &c. The Earl of Mulgrave, Lord Holland, and the Bishop of London were pall-bearers. So crowded are the monuments in Westminster-abbey that sufficient space could only be found for one additional coffin, which was fortunately discovered when least expected in the midst and centre of many of Mr. Sheridan's admired and illustrious predecessors. On the eastern and western sides are the full length statues of Shakspeare and Addison: and around are placed the sacred relics of Garrick, of Rowe, Henderson, Thomson, and Gay, in the midst of whom, directly between Handel and Johnson, the remains of Sheridan have found a resting place with Cumberland at his side.

Lord John Townsend was prevented from attending Mr. Sheridan's funeral by the alarming relapse of his own son, who was at that moment in great danger, but is now happily recovering. He was one of the most sincere and stedfast friends of Mr. Sheridan, and thus expresses, in a letter to a friend, his sentiments on the loss of this distinguished character. "I am one of Mr. Sheridan's earliest friends. He, I, and poor Tickell (whose memory with all his faults will ever be dear to me) lived together in the closest habits of friendship from earliest life long before Mr. Sheridan's introduction into public life; before the Duenna's appearance—before he was known to Fox, to whom I had the pleasure of first introducing him. I made the first dinner party at which they met; having told Fox that all the notions he might have conceived of Sheridan's talents and genius from the comedy of the Rivals, would fall infinitely short of the admiration of his astonishing powers, which I was sure he would entertain at the first interview. This first interview between them (there were very few present, only Tickell and myself and one or

two more) I shall never forget. Fox told me after breaking up from dinner that he always thought Hare (after my uncle Charles Townsend) the wittiest man he ever met with, but that Sheridan surpassed them both infinitely. And Sheridan the next day told me that he was quite lost in admiration of Fox—and it was a puzzle to him to say which he admired most—his commanding superiority of talents and universal knowledge, or his playful fancy, artless manners, and the benevolence of heart which shewed itself in every word he uttered. Ever afterwards we continued intimately and closely connected to the hour of his death, and nothing could give me a severer pang, than to have it supposed that I was remiss in my duties upon this last sad occasion.” We can scarcely tell to which of the parties this eloquent eulogy does the greatest honour—to the living or the dead.

We do not strive to check the pangs of grief and pity which mingle with our admiration for a lost son of genius. It is always interesting, whether gratifying or painful, to meditate the history of a distinguished man; and more especially of a man, from the materials of whose character even more of warning than of example may be collected. From the mixture and counteraction of high endowments with vulgar infirmities and unfortunate habits, ordinary men derive lessons of candour and contentment. We cease to murmur at any seeming partiality in the distribution of intellectual gifts among mankind, when we see the most useful qualities withheld from, or disdained by those upon whom the most splendid ones have been munificently lavished. It extends our charity, and abates our pride, to reflect with calmness on the fate of one who was equally the delight of society, and the grace of literature—whom it has been for many years the fashion to quote as a bold reprover of the selfish spirit of party; and throughout a period fruitful of able men and trying circumstances, as the most popular example in the British Senate of political consistency, intrepidity, and honour.

It is needless to say much on those intellectual powers whose living memorials are formed to command the admiration of every future age. The astonishing talent for observation, and knowledge of character, displayed by Mr. Sheridan in his dramatic writings, will surprise us more when we recollect that he composed *The Rivals* whilst yet a boy; and that his *School for Scandal* was written at four-and-twenty. Those who are best acquainted with the history of the stage for an hundred years preceding their appearance, can best appreciate the obligations of the public to an author, whose dialogue has the spirit of reality without its coarseness—who neither wearies nor offends his audience—but whose sentiment is animated, and his wit refined. His opera is another specimen of various power, which has eclipsed all but one of those which went before it, and all, without exception, of those which have followed.—

The Duenna has but a single rival on the stage; and if the broad licentiousness of the *Beggar's Opera* has given its author the means of indulging a nervous and pregnant vein of satire, to be found in no other English work, Sheridan has combined in the plot and language of his *Duenna* the charms of delicacy, elegance, and ingenuity; and in his songs has discovered a taste and pathos of high poetical beauty.

If we pursue Mr. Sheridan into political life, we shall have equal cause to admire the vigour and versatility of his genius. The field on every side of him was occupied by the ablest men who had appeared in Parliament for more than half a century. Burke, whose mature mind was richly furnished from the intellectual stores of all ages and of all nations—Pitt and Fox, not left like Sheridan to chance, but trained and moulded into orators and statesmen: these were formidable checks to the rise of an adventurer not recommended by character nor connection—never educated for public life—beset by a thousand mischievous habits, enervated by indolence, and depressed by fortune. Some wonderful internal power

buoyed him up, and a temper invulnerable to ordinary attacks left him at all times in possession of his unshaken faculties. In co-operation, therefore, or rivalry, or hostility, with the first men of his day, he distinguished himself amongst them by wielding with success the various weapons for which they were respectively celebrated. In flow of diction he yielded not even to Mr. Pitt—in force and acuteness he might justly be compared with the great opposition leader—while in splendour of imagination he equalled Burke, and in its use and management far excelled him. His sarcasms were finer, but less severe, than those by which Mr. Pitt indulged his anger; and the wit displayed by Sheridan in parliament was, perhaps, from the suavity of his temper, much less sharp than brilliant. But the quality which predominated in the mind of Mr. Sheridan was his exquisite and highly finished *taste*. In this rare talent he had no competitor; and this it was which gave such inimitable grace to his expressions, and which, in arguing or declaiming, in eulogy or invective, disposed his thoughts with an effect so full and admirable. We cannot expatiate farther on his rhetorical qualifications than by observing, that he joined to the higher attributes above mentioned the natural advantages of a clear and melodious voice, a distinct, emphatic, and unaffected utterance; and a manly and becoming action. As Mr. Sheridan has produced a comedy which may be described as nearly the best in our language, so did he by a curious felicity of genius put forth, in his speech on the trial of Hastings, the finest specimen of English senatorial eloquence of which modern times can boast. Of this divine oration, although none but those who heard it can adequately judge, enough remains to justify our praises in the fragments handed down to us by the publications of that period, and in the recorded sentiments of the leaders of all parties, who hung in rapture and amazement on his words. Mr. Sheridan then reached the pinnacle of his fame. No length of days could add to the celebrity at that moment

poured around him, as an orator and statesman of comprehensive and transcendent powers—no human fortune could have surpassed the expectations then formed of his future eminence. Why they have not since been realized, is a question which posterity will not fail to ask. We pass by the details of his parliamentary progress, from the discussions on the Regency in 1789, to those on the same subject in 1811. Many important questions, many dangerous crises, which arose in the long interval between these periods, gave Mr. Sheridan the means to establish for himself, an occasional interest with the people of England, distinct from any that could have been derived from mere proofs of talent, or influence of party. On the mutiny at the Nore, he enjoyed the credit of essentially contributing to save the state. Whenever the liberty of the press was attacked, that bulwark of the constitution found in him its most zealous and consistent defender: and when the early burst of Spanish patriotism had raised a strong sympathy throughout this country, it was Mr. Sheridan who first gave form and expression to the feelings which swelled every English heart; and who traced in parliament the natural relation between the support of Spain and the deliverance of Europe. Without instituting a too severe or invidious scrutiny into the justice of those high encomiums which have been passed on Mr. Sheridan's patriotic spirit, we shall merely observe, that one object of our admiration is the exquisite judgment—the dexterity of tact—with which he at all times seized the full tide of public sentiment, and turned it into the proper channel. But it must be acknowledged that the longer he remained in the House of Commons, and before the public, the more his personal consequence declined: Mr. Sheridan had never in his happiest days effected any thing by steady application. He was capable of intense, but not of regular study. When public duty or private difficulty urged him, he endured the burden as if asleep under its pressure. At length, when the pain could be no longer borne, he roused himself with

one mighty effort, and burst like a lion through the toils. There are reasons for believing that his constitutional indolence began its operation upon his habits at an early age. His very first dramatic scenes were written by snatches, with considerable intervals between them. Convivial pleasures had lively charms for one whose wit was the soul of the table; and the sparkling glass—the medium of social intercourse—had no small share of his affection. These were joys to be indulged without effort; as such they were too well calculated to absorb the time of Mr. Sheridan, and, sooner or later, to make large encroachments on his character. His attendance in Parliament became every year more languid—the *vis inertia* more incurable—the plunges by which his genius had now and then extricated him in former times less frequent and more feeble. We never witnessed a contrast much more melancholy than between the brilliant and commanding talent displayed by Mr. Sheridan throughout the first Regency discussions, and the low scale of nerve, activity, and capacity, to which he seemed reduced, when that subject was more recently agitated in Parliament.—But indolence and intemperance must banish reflection, if not corrected by it; since no man could support the torture of perpetual self-reproach. Aggravated, we fear, by some such causes, the natural careless temper of Mr. Sheridan became ruinous to all his better hopes and prospects. Without a direct appetite for spending money, he thought not of checking its expenditure. The economy of time was as much disregarded as that of money. All the arrangements, punctualities, and minor obligations of life were forgotten, and the household of Mr. Sheridan was always in a state of nature. His domestic feelings were originally kind, and his manners gentle: but the same bad habits seduced him from the House of Commons and from home; and equally injured him as an agent of public good, and as a dispenser of private happiness. It is painful, it is mortifying, but it is our sacred duty, to pursue this his-

tory to the end. Pecuniary embarrassments often lead men to shifts and expedients—these exhausted, to others of a less doubtful colour. Blunted sensibility—renewed excesses—loss of cast in society—follow each other in melancholy succession, until solitude and darkness close the scene.

We have now performed an honest duty, and in many particulars an humbling and most distressing one we have found it. Never were such gifts as those which Providence showered upon Mr. Sheridan so abused—never were talents so miserably perverted. The term “greatness” has been most ridiculously, and, in a moral sense, most perniciously applied to the character of one who, to speak charitably of him, was the weakest of men. Had he employed his matchless endowments with but ordinary judgment, nothing in England, hardly any thing in Europe, could have eclipsed his name, or obstructed his progress. It is the peculiar praise and glory of our political constitution, that great abilities may emerge from the meanest station, and seize the first honours of the community. It is the nobler praise, and purer happiness of our moral system, that great vices throw obstacles before the march of ambition, which no force nor superiority of intellect can remove.

Presuming our readers will not deem it uninteresting, we have inserted Mr. Sheridan’s

MONODY ON GARRICK.

In dying excellence deserves a tear,
 If fond remembrance still is cherish’d here;
 Can we persist to bid your sorrows flow
 For fabled sufferers and delusive woe?
 Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
 Point the quick jest, indulge the comic vein,
 Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign
 One kind regret, one tributary line?

His fame requires we act a tend’rer part!
 His memory claims the tear you gave his art!

The gen’ral voice, the meed of mournful verse,
 The splendid sorrows that adorn’d his hearse,
 The throng that mourn’d, as their dead favourite pass’d,
 The grac’d respect that claim’d him to the last;
 While Shakspeare’s image, from its hallow’d base,
 Seem’d to prescribe the grave, and point the place—

Monody on Garrick.

Nor these, nor all the sad regrets that flow
 From fond fidelity's domestic woe,
 So much are Garrick's praise, so much is due,
 As on this spot one tear bestow'd by you.

Amid the arts which seek ingenuous fame,
 Our toil attempts the most precarious claim !
 To him, whose magic pencil wins the prize,
 Obedient fame immortal wreaths supplies :
 Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
 Raphael still boasts contemporary praise !
 Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom subdu'd,
 With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd :
 E'en Beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
 Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.

The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,
 A ruder toil, and more mechanic art ;
 Content with slow and tim'rous stroke to trace
 The ling'ring line, and mould the tardy grace ;
 But once atchiev'd, tho' barb'rous wrecks o'erthrow
 The sacred fane, and lay its glories low ;
 Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to-day,
 Grac'd by defect, and worship'd in decay ;
 Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,
 Demands his honours, and assists his fame.

Superior hopes the poet's bosom fire ;
 O proud distinction of the sacred lyre !
 Wide as aspiring Phœbus darts his ray,
 Diffusive splendour gilds his vot'ry's lay.
 Whether the song heroic woes rehearse,
 With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse,
 Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile,
 Attempt no prize but fav'ring beauty's smile ;
 Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
 The soft despair of unprevailing love ;
 Whate'er the theme, through every age and clime
 Congenial passions meet th' according rhyme ;
 The pride of glory, pity's sigh sincere,
 Youth's earliest blush, and beauty's virgin tear.

Such is their meed ; their honours thus secure,
 Whose hearts yield objects, and whose works endure ;
 The actor only shrinks from time's award ;
 Feeble tradition is his mem'ry's guard ;
 By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
 Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied !
 E'en matchless Garrick's art, to heav'n resign'd,
 No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind.

The grace of action, the adapted mien,
 Faithful as nature to the varied scene ;
 Th' expressive glance, whose subtle comment draws
 Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause ;
 Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
 A sense in silence, and a will in thought ;
 Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
 Gives verse a music scarce confess'd its own ;

As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
And, deck'd with orient hues, transcends the day!
Passion's wild break, and frown that awes the sense,
And ev'ry charm of gentler eloquence;
All perishable!—like th' electric fire,
But strike the frame, and, as they strike, expire:
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear;
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.

Where then, while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes!
Where is the best memorial that ensures
Our Garrick's fame?—whose is the trust?—'tis yours.

And oh! by every charm his art essay'd,
To sooth your cares!—by ev'ry grief allay'd?
By the hush'd wonder, which his accents drew,
By his last parting tear, repaid by you!
By all those thoughts, which many a distant night
Shall mark his memory with sad delight!
Still in your hearts' dear record bear his name,
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame:
To you it is bequeath'd; assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just.

What more is due from sanctifying time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favour'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask beneath.
For these, when sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear,
O loveliest mourner, gentle Muse! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurell'd shrine,
As Fancy oft by superstition led
To roam the mansions of the sainted dead,
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb,
So thou, sweet Muse, hang o'er his sculptur'd bier,
With patient woe, that loves the ling'ring tear;
With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desire relief;
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;
With looks that speak—he never shall return!
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn;
And with soft sighs disperse th' irrev'rend dust
Which time may strew upon his sacred bust.

THE WORLD AT AN END.

SOME powerful stimulus is as necessary to the intellectual luxury of the present generation, as sauces and spices to the epicure, whose appetite has been vitiated by a long indulgence in the luxuries of the table. During the reign of Buonaparte, all our fears, our hopes, and our anticipations of the future, were influenced by the conduct of that extraordinary personage. The dread of

invasion, the alarm excited by the destruction of our commerce, and the genuine sympathy in the misfortunes of foreign sovereigns and nations, precluded the indulgence of capricious and unfounded fears, and impressed us with a conviction of the dangerous and awful reality. Even the comet of 1811, excited but a slight sensation amidst the tumult of political events; and the prophecies of Joanna Southcote were forgotten, except by a few insane and mercenary fanatics, in the interest excited by military contention. At the present moment, however, when England is secure from the assaults of a foreign invader, when she claims the undisputed title of mistress of the seas, and guides the councils of the confederate powers, some new excitement becomes necessary to place the English people in their former delightful state of alarm and uncertainty, and the philanthropy of an Italian philosopher has provided the requisite stimulus. The state of horror into which the public mind was thrown, in consequence of his prediction that the world would terminate on the 18th of July, cannot be described. At first the report was entirely confined to the Royal Institution, where the castrated sparrows were immediately liberated from their cages by the alarmed professors; from thence it extended to the Stock Exchange, and had a considerable influence on the price of omnium. Doctors' Commons trembled with dismay, as legacies and wills became equally useless; the Treasury benches shook beneath the tremendous report; and the Laureate drank his sack to recruit his spirits so suddenly depressed by the falsification of all his prophecies of a millennium. It next extended to the meeting-houses, and so forcibly affected the delicate nerves of the Rev. Bengo Collier, that he quite forgot to exhibit his lily fingers, his diamond ring, and his emblematic snuff-box, to the gaze of his fair auditors. In the next place admission was refused to the houses of resort in Cleveland-row and Chandos-street; the ladies of honour became as demure as their royal and antiquated mistress; drops of lavender supplied the place of chocolate and noyau; and cries of "Lord have mercy

upon us!" resounded from the ceiling which usually echoed the virgin's te! he! The rumour afterwards spread to the gin-shops, was chalked all over the town, retailed by the apothecaries, taken up by the physicians, and at last openly talked of at the theatres. There it was generally regarded as a Thursday's hoax, and produced nothing but bon-mots and epigrams, affording for several nights a fruitful topic for the ladies of the saloon, and the lobby loungers an opportunity to shew their wit and teeth. On the 18th, however, considerable agitation was produced by the darkness and wetness of the day, and the report began to be listened to with seriousness even in the middle classes of society: insomuch that the corporation of St. Luke's thought it necessary to hold a consultation on the subject, and after several hours deep investigation, came to the three following resolutions:

1st, That it appears that a strange report is in circulation, that the world will be at an end on the 18th of this month.

2d, That this court have in consequence of the above report, resolved to enquire into it with due care and deliberation.

3d, That this court, after enquiring into the above with due care and deliberation, have come to the following determination; that the affair is very mysterious and uncertain, and that they can form no opinion on the matter.

The alarm extended from the domestic and professional circles to the multitude, whose fears were confirmed and augmented by the annunciation of a serious debate at the British Forum, on this singular and momentous subject. Something more than merriment resulted from this circumstance. A crowd was collected by the assurance, that the most strict and inflexible impartiality should be observed towards any gentleman who might feel inclined to address the "chair." "Several eminent religious professors, and some of the most enlightened philosophers and astronomers of the present day," were also said to be "expected to attend."

Those persons who happen to be acquainted with the

character of societies of this kind, will not be surprized to learn, that no such persons as religious professors, philosophers, and astronomers did attend the discussion at Holborn Bars. Nothing like discrimination and impartiality were observed. Just as little was there discoverable of intelligence or reasoning in the orators who successively spoke; the majority of whom, appeared as ignorant of their subject, as they were deficient in regard to decency and truth.

Towards the close of this disgusting scene, its abomination was consummated. A miserable and degraded wretch had the horrid effrontery to personate the character and appearance of Satan, and, masked and blackened, to address the Almighty, and the audience, in language of deliberate and atrocious blasphemy. Revolting as this abominable act evidently was, and notwithstanding the indignation it excited in well-constituted minds, one of the managers and proprietors of this pandemonium, assumed the base and impudent task of defending this infamous exhibition, by contending that any gentleman was at liberty to frequent that society in such a dress as he thought proper to assume. Here ensued a scene of confusion and uproar, which would baffle the powers of description: orator roaring against orator with exclamations of Unmask! Unmask! without any one having the courage to obey the cry. Confusion now became worse confounded: At length *Mr. Chairman* left his seat, unable to restore the audience to order, and the candles were directed to be put out. Amidst this chaos of strife, the FORUM DEVIL had the dexterity to sheer off together with the managers, and thus eluded that chastisement which his impiety and insolence would have warranted. The future meetings of this assembly will probably require the interference of the magistrate.

In the city of London the consternation was extreme. The nose of Sir William Curtis turned from red to blue, and for the first time these forty years, he lost his appetite! the rest of the Aldermen sat down with their families to tea and coffee; Mrs. S. for the first time this gloomy

summer *lost* a rubber at whist. On Sunday the Foundling chapel was crowded to excess, and Mr. H. performed to a most brilliant and overflowing audience with universal applause. Towards the end of the service, however, the heavens darkened, and the rain descended in torrents, which raised not a little alarm among the congregation. At this moment, by some strange inadvertency, the Doctor let drop the word Hell! Scarcely had this barbarous, *low-lived* expression been uttered, when a tremendous peal of thunder burst over the grand chapel, and shook every hassock within with its terrific roll: every cheek that could, suddenly turned pale, and as if fearful of being buried in the ruins, all rushed confusedly from the sacred place. As the punsters observe, this was the first time there had been a *rout* in the church, and never was there beheld such a scene of confusion. Wigs, false fronts, hips, bolsters, bits of enamel, teeth, &c. were thickly strewed on the sacred pavement, and in the streets. Fair nymphs, and well dressed youths, *Lodona-like*, were melted away by the heavy rain. Mrs. Rosewell, by rashly exposing her face to the rain, nearly lost the *use of it*, and it is said that it was almost washed away. Indeed, it was a truly distressing sight, to see tears of carmine rolling down the cheeks of the ragged beauties, and quantities of the best French enamel floating down the streets.

At last the fatal day arrived. The park was deserted. Bond-street presented the aspect of another *Herculaneum*. The gaming-houses were shut up. To spend the morning in shopping was utterly impracticable, for no lady in weather so tempestuous would venture out either with or without rouge. In these squabbles for determining of the best method of preparing for death the day past, and at length every fear vanished, each began laughing at the other's dread, the theatres were crowded, gaming went on briskly, the corporation of London recovered their appetites, the apothecaries advised gentle aperients to carry off the bad effects of the late alarm, and all returned to their old habits and pursuits.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES ;

OR,

*Monthly Repository of Anecdotes, and Jeux D'Esprits,
original and selected.*

A New Song on Alley Croker.

When first from legal muck I sprung,
And left my Irish bog, Sir ;
I learn'd the trade when I was young,
The art to pettifog, Sir.

Chorus—And a diddling we will go, will go,
And a diddling we will go.

And as to man's estate I grew,
And understood each flam, Sir ;
The way to diddle soon I knew,
My pockets how to cram, Sir.

And a diddling, &c.

Yet not contented there to stay,
And starving paupers charge, Sir ;
To Westminster I took my way,
A gentleman at large, Sir.

And a diddling, &c.

A poet next, I needs must be,
To sing this fighting æra ;
So Scott I-diddled, and made free,
To steal for Talavera.

And a diddling, &c.

Next came a no less pleasing task,
To watch by light and dark, Sir ;
Each neighbour to accost and ask,
Who called on Mrs. Clarke, Sir.

And a diddling, &c.

It happened so, a gentleman,
Who faced her very door, Sir ;
A monkey had, which made my plan
Much easier to explore, Sir.

And a diddling, &c.

I bribed his scullion, and I took
A while the monkey's place, Sir ;
So like in features and in look,
In gesture and grimace, Sir.
And a diddling, &c.

No pains it took me to appear,
The creature I affected ;
I danced and gambol'd here and there,
And triumphed undetected.
And a diddling, &c.

So sure I made my evidence,
Which was not long delayed, Sir ;
I counted pounds instead of pence,
A secretary made, Sir.
And a diddling, &c.

At last the Admiralty's god,
More great and great I grow, Sir ;
Brave tars, in terror of my nod,
Had rather meet the foe, Sir.
And a diddling, &c.

Not Melville's pleasure they obey,
But mine their lord and master's ;
I rule them with despotic sway,
In spite of late disasters.
And a diddling, &c.

And though the scurvy Commons leave
Not all I had before, Sir ;
From widows' pensions I receive
Some welcome hundreds more, Sir.
And a diddling, &c.

As long as I my pen can wield,
In *Courier* to attack, Sir ;
I'll lash with darkness for my shield,
Each foe behind his back, Sir.
And a diddling, &c.

No Croker I, though fate should frown,
 I'll scribble for subsistence ;
 Secure of favor from the crown,
 While diddling has existence.
 Then a diddling, &c.

Waltzing.

GET all the ladies that you can,
 And let each lady have a man ;
 Let them in a circle placed,
 Take their partners round the waist,
 Then by slow degrees advance,
 Till the walk becomes a dance ;
 Then the twirling face to face,
 Without variety or grace ;
 Round and round and never stopping,
 Now and then a little hopping :
 When you're wrong, to make things worse,
 If one couple so perverse,
 Should in the figure be perplexed,
 Let them be knock'd down by the next ;
 "Quicker now," the ladies cry,
 They rise, they twirl, they swing, they fly ;
 Puffing, blowing, jostling, squeezing,
 Very odd, but very pleasing ;
 Till every lady plainly shews,
 (Whatever else she may disclose)
 Reserve is not among her faults—
 Reader! This it is to waltz.

Argyle Rooms.

*On hearing the Regent accused of making Distinctions in
 the Invitations to his Fête.*

No more, disloyal wretch ; for shame !
 No more your Prince unjustly blame,
 For splendid fêtes' display ;
 The prince and people share their state,
 To give them is the Prince's *fête*,
 The people's *fate* to pay !

Articles to be examined at the Museum in Maiden-lane, and warranted original.

It is expected that no one will presume to visit this establishment, who is not able to appreciate the "strength of sentiment," and "to add musical modulation to what a fine understanding might actually utter." Nor will any be admitted, who do not come in appropriate costume, with a *clipsome waist*, and a *back that drops lightsomely in*; who are afraid of a *quoit-like drop* of rain, or of the *enormous shouts* of a mob, or who have the presumption to approach the threshold in a *lightsome fit*.

A list of some of the curiosities.

1. The nose of a hero which is lightly brought down, from a forehead of clear-spirited thought.
 2. A *jerked* feather which is *swaled*.
 3. A quantity of *unbedinned* music.
 4. Several *dead* but *leaping* accents.
 5. A hoop with a *thick reckoning*.
 6. A picture of *pin-drop* silence, accompanied by two sketches of a readable look, and a half indifferent wonderment.
 7. A collection of *boy-storied* plants, and *passion-plighted* flower pots.
 8. Models of ships coming up with *scattery light*.
 9. A set of gilded trumpeters *sitting along*.
 10. A heart twice the size of the body which contains it.
 11. A set of *heaving* tapestry.
 12. A *heaving* conversation-piece.
 13. A *heaving* bridge.
 14. Strings of *invisible tears* attached to the *core* of a lover's heart.
 15. A pickling and preserving memorandum book for the *reckoning* of *sweets* and *sours*.
 16. A view of the two divinest things the world *has got*.
And finally a ludicrous but instructive sketch of *fellow dignity* and tip-toe familiarity with a lord!
- Apply to Signor Rimini at the Museum. Admittance six shillings.

Lines on the Peace of 1816.

HAIL Peace! for often have our fathers told,
 How heav'nly fair thou wert—in times of old.
 Peace shall remove the burthens of the state,
 The long-sustain'd, intolerable weight ;
 Bid liberated commerce spread her sail,
 And bring a nation wealth with ev'ry gale.
 Peace shall be food and raiment to the poor ;
 Conduct the stranger, ease, to ev'ry door ;
 See the wide land in smiles of gladness drest,
 And plant content in ev'ry British breast.
 Such was the strain, by rapt'rous hope inspir'd,
 When strife and carnage from the scene retired.
 Peace is amongst us ; gaze we then around,
 And count the joys, the blessings, that abound ;
 Explore the city—commerce is our prop ;
 Proud as we are, we rest upon the shop.
 What ? folded arms and lengthen'd faces, all ;
 At Lloyd's, on Change, from Fleet-street to Blackwall ?
 By Heav'n they look as when, in thunder, first
 Their golden dream, the South-sea bubble, burst !

Fly to the court, where bounteous Peace must yield
 New means to range in pleasure's ample field,
 See ! every brow with sadness clouded o'er,
 Those seem to think who never thought before ;
 Lo ! sons of pomp dismiss the train of state,
 And crowds asham'd of prudence emigrate.
 Behold promoted Poverty repair,
 Scorn'd guest ! from Monmouth-street to Grosvenor-square ;
 E'en ladies feel the dangers that surround,
 And learn there's twenty shillings in the pound !
 Enter the Senate—there the anxious mind
 At least shall hear good tidings for mankind ;
 Her mightier boons shall Peace distribute thence,
 A dauntless, constant nation's recompence.

Hear we aright :—our guardians ask supply,
Such, such as only war could justify ;
Then heap a standing army on our backs,
And *would* reward us with the Income Tax.

Oh! wonders that it grieves the heart to tell!
Oh! glorious Peace—without a parallel!

Does Peace assume so strange a garb in town?
Then to the country let us hasten down.
What if rank grass i'th' REGENT'S Crescent grow,
And winds sigh through the roofless portico ;
Though lines of windows shew the wafer'd bill,
And you may drive down Bond-street when you will.
Yet Peace may sweetly smile on village swains,
And gild the simple pleasures of the plains.
Explore the country then, and witness there,
Tenants in gaol, and landlords in despair ;
Industrious hinds that beg for work in vain,
Recovered lands that turn to waste again ;
Deserted districts—parishes to let—
War's good old times the object of regret!
Can this be Peace? exclaims the troubl'd 'Squire,
Whose threats in vain the lagging rent require.

Can this be Peace? the mournful merchant cries,
When scarce a line the foreign post supplies.
Can this be Peace? exclaim the liveried race—
Can this be Peace—and we be out of place?
Each trade—each rank—has something to resent,
All is amazement—all is discontent.
One sole enquiry circles—who has heard
Of that which *was*, but now has disappear'd?
Of that which vivifies the whole machine—
Money—that life of life, no longer seen!
'Twas here—but vanish'd when the peace was known ;
No eye can trace its journey—but-'tis gone!
Men can no longer be debas'd by gold,
For nothing can be bought, and nothing sold :
Absent the spring that moves each heart and will,
The works all stop—the whole machine stands still.

Down to where Dover's whiten'd cliffs ascend,
 A crowd of voluntary exiles bend.
 Children of ease, that from retrenchment fly,
 And barter home for cheaper luxury :
 Too proud to own they suffer with the rest,
 Fix'd to retain each comfort they possess ;
 Their way to less encumber'd realms they wind,
 And leave poor England and her woes behind ;
 Hoarding for alien France, or distant Rome,
 The remnant wealth that should have flow'd at home.
 Oh ! nobler far, before the face of day,
 To cast dull pomp aside and vain display ;
 In all the charm of simple life appear,
 Nor fly to Rome, but act like Romans, here !
 England ! my country ! did I love thee less,
 Ne'er could I leave thee, England ! in distress !
 Still be it mine (what'er thy lot of care,)
 If not to chase thine ills, at least to share.

Yes ! times are hardest when we look'd for ease ;
 When want surrounds, nor fame, nor glory, please.
 England's renown is spread o'er sea and land,
 But scarce a shilling has she at command.
 Too late, the fever of excitement past,
 We find our boasted means consum'd at last ;
 We learn that loans, (the trick that statesmen love
 Because the moment's pressure they remove ;)
 That loans but slyly nurture war's increase,
 And treasure up its direst ills for peace.
 True—we have gained a name of endless date ;
 Most true—but we have mortgag'd our estate ;—
 And wake to live by splendid cares beset ;
 And leave our heirs—the legacy of debt.—
 When then remains ? To cast pretence aside,
 And own the truth that folly seeks to hide.
 To call in aid those virtues, ill resign'd,
 For names that sound, and vanities that blind ;
 The frugal virtues loath'd because severe,
 Nor destined shouting fame's applause to hear.

Let these assume the reins, and firmly guide,
And strike at waste, at luxury and pride.
In all the counsels of the state be known ;
Speak in the senate, and approach the throne.
O'er vast, minute, alike extend their sway,
And watch by night, and regulate by day ;
In patriot hearts their precepts deep engrave ;—
These may appal—but these alone can save !

Epitaph in Waddington Church, commemorative of an Individual who participated in one of the most important and extraordinary Voyages which have been recorded in History.

In memory of William Richard Phelps, late Boatswain of H. M. S. *Invincible*. He accompanied Lord Anson in his cruise round the world, and died April 21st, 1789.

When I was like you,
For years not a few ;
On the ocean I toiled,
On the line I have broiled,
In Greenland I've shivered.
Now from hardships delivered,
Capsized by old Death,
I surrendered my breath,
And now I lie snug,
As a bug in a rug.

Misapplication of Talents.

Edward Edwards, the amateur of perfection, held in contempt all kinds of athletic and field sports, and amused himself with playing on the violin. "Why should Edwards," said Hoppner, "censure those sports he dislikes, as no one interferes with him: who paints like a fiddler, and fiddles like a painter!"

Theatrical Portraits.

Gainsborough painted the portraits of Garrick and Foote, but did not succeed in their likenesses according to his wishes, and humourously excused himself for his failure, by observing that they had every body's faces but their own—a remark which may be applied to every dramatic performer.

Mrs. Siddons once sat for her portrait to a Mr. Scott, of North Britain, who observed her nose gave him much trouble. "Ah," said she, "Gainsborough was a good deal troubled in the same way." He (Scott) had altered and varied the shape a long time, when he at last threw down the pencil, saying, "D—n the nose! *there is no end to it.*"

Nash-ional Architecture.

THE NEW STREET.

By some acts that were passed
 The year before last,
 The parliament wisely ordained,
 There should be a new street
 Of the width ninety feet,
 And that it and John Bull should be drained.

Straight the work was begun,
 Pall-mall with a run,
 Massive buildings dropt down at our feet,
 And to hasten the plan,
 At both ends they began,
 But when will they *make both ends meet?*

The squire and the lord
 Used to travel abroad,
 To gaze at the ruins of Rome.
 But to save all that waste,
 The *Nash-ional* taste
 Supplies us with ruins at home.

Mrs. Martyr, and Mrs. Pope.

Pope's first wife was a Miss Young, of Covent Garden Theatre. On the morning after her marriage, she received the following epistle from Mrs. Martyr of the same theatre.

Dear Madam,

Permit me to be one of the first in offering my congratulations. I have no doubt of your happiness, for I will confess that if his holiness had attacked me, good *Protestant* as I am, I should not have had the resolution to die

A. MARTYR.

To this letter Mrs. Pope returned the following answer:

Dear Madam,

Accept my best thanks for your congratulations. This is not a time for criticism, but I will softly whisper to my friend, that POPE'S *Essays* are in perfect unison with Young's *Night Thoughts*.

On the Attempt to honour Shakspeare, by reviving the Jubilee.

IMPROMPTU.

Is it by lengthened trains of gilded fools,
Drill'd by heraldic, or dramatic rules,
The flaring stupid pageant of an hour,
You would display the mighty poet's power?
O, grovelling souls, that gave the mummery birth!
'Tis reaching heaven by piles of barren earth.
Would you, indeed, do honour to your bard,
Give him his first, his best, his sole reward—
Fly to your closets—take his sacred page;
Melt in his PATHOS; kindle in his RAGE:
Let his good humour sparkle in your eye;
Become the slave of SENSIBILITY.
Be carried by him, through the wondering air,
To distant worlds, and read what passes there.
Then bring the various treasures back to earth,
And work them, by reflection, into WORTH.
Give him that proudest tribute for his pain—
He did not *write*—nor have YOU *lived* in vain.

THE LAUREATE'S CARMEN NUPTIALE.

WE have mentioned in our Review, and in terms of merited eulogy, the Pilgrimage to Waterloo; but since we concluded our arrangements for that portion of our number, it has become our duty to notice a production from the Laureate's pen which is calculated to excite no other feelings than regret and derision. It has fallen to the lot of Mr. Southey in his dependant capacity to celebrate in joyful strains the late royal marriage, and we are presented in his *Carmen Nuptiale* with nearly a hundred stanzas of the tamest verses, which ever fell from a poet's lips. There must surely be some quality in the atmosphere of a court, and in the poisonous wreath which encircles his brow fatal to a bard's imagination. Mr. Southey has never uttered any thing in the shape of congratulation in the least worth listening to: his joy is always affectedly stately and admonitory. He greets the object of his praise in the poetry of the conventicle, and pays many holy compliments to victory and peace. We should have imagined that kings and princes are not much delighted with the repetition of these edifying effusions when they pay one hundred and six pounds a year, for an annual ode replete with flattery and joyous congratulation. "Sure such a day was never seen," &c. or some similar series of stanzas would more delight the ear of royalty than "Glory to God, deliverance to mankind;" and we verily believe that the Prince Regent would forgive the presumption of Mr. Southey, if he said much more in praise of his royal highness and a little less about himself. The "*Carmen Nuptiale* which Mr. Southey now carols forth, is called the "*lay of the Laureate*:" a very pretty adaptation of apt alliteration's artful aid. The *proem*—for all the late poems of Mr. Southey, are graced with a *proem*, is filled with the Laureate's description of his own genius, and his compliments to his own laureate crown. On this latter subject, indeed, he is peculiarly

prolix and monotonous ; for in his two last works he expresses the same sentiment of self-confident exultation in language and rhymes indicating by their resemblance a singular barrenness of invention.

So may I boldly round my temples bind,
The laurel which my master Spenser wore ;
And free in spirit as the mountain wind
That makes my symphony in this lone hour ;
No perishable song of triumph raise,
But sing in worthy strains my country's praise.

The Poet's Pilgrimage.

That wreath which in Eliza's golden days
My master dear, divinest Spenser wore ;
That which rewarded Drayton's learned lays,
Which thoughtful Ben and gentle Daniel wore ;
Grin Envy through thy ragged mask of scorn !
In honor it was given, with honor it is worn.

In the above acknowledgment the ingratitude and the finesse of the Laureate are equally conspicuous. He carefully avoids the mention of a Cibber, because the recollection of his name would have added but little to the dignity of the office, and suppresses at the same time the names of Whitehead, of Warton and of Pye, to whose poetical merits and personal character must be attributed whatever ascendancy the title of Laureate has obtained in the opinion of mankind. It would surely have been more prudent and more natural, considering the defects of the *Carmen Nuptiale*, to have reminded his readers of the poets just mentioned, than to challenge an invidious comparison with one of the greatest and most delightful poets that has immortalized our country. In one place he has the rashness to speak of Spenser's exquisite and inimitable epithalamium, the most rich and fanciful poem in the English language. The *Lay of the Laureate* is more like an old gentleman's admonition to a school-girl, than a poet's song on the nuptials of his sovereign's daughter. It is singular that Mr. Southey did not turn

to the hymeneal song of Catullus, and did not read the marriage hymn of his "master dear," to more advantage.

The Lay is shrouded in a dream, and is, in truth, but a sleepy song. The prince and princess are described as sitting on a throne; with a brace of lions at their feet: much is said of victory, and valour, and experience, and faith, and honor; themes, we should suppose, well calculated for the mystic and frenzied wanderings of a German imagination, but little suited to the good sense, and the virtuous cheerfulness which distinguish the princess. The poet advises her royal highness to promote the cause of education; then unseen children, supposed to be in the church of St. Paul, break out into a deafening shout; which has a fearful effect on Mr. Southey—

"I felt the refluent blood forsake my face,
And my knees trembled in that awful place."

The princess is also exhorted to exert herself in disseminating religion, and the angel of the church is not unpoetically described.

"The next who stood before that Royal Pair,
Came gliding like a vision o'er the ground;
A glory went before him thro' the air,
Ambrosial odours floated all around,
His purple wings a heavenly lustre shed,
A silvery halo hovered round his head."

There are two lines in this dream that indicate at least one great qualification of a poet, dexterity in fiction.

"Look to thy *sire*, and in his steady way!
As in his father's he, learn thou to tread."

The conclusion of the dream is exceedingly religious and enthusiastic, and there is an epilogue to the Lay which opens with a very appropriate question, "Is this the Nuptial song?" Mr. Southey next descants on solitude, and on his own good heart. This portion of the work

ends with the following delectable "L'Envoy," a poor imitation of Spenser.

"Go, little book, from this my solitude;
I cast thee on the waters: go thy ways!
And if, as I believe, thy vein is good,
The world will find thee after many days.
Be it with thee according to the worth:
Go, little book, in faith I send thee forth."

We can make no favorable remark upon this stanza, except that it is the last. The "Lay" is certainly, altogether a tedious and a silly contrast to the "Pilgrimage," and is well worthy of the repose of many of its predecessors. There is a great deal of prosing and very little poetry. If Mr. Southey intend to celebrate the nuptials of the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Mary, we hope that they may not be as unfortunately admonished and be-praised as their exalted relative.

LITERARY BUONAPARTES.

IF any continuator of the plan of Horace Walpole should be found amongst our grandchildren, we can hardly tell whether he will consider the literary brethren of the Ex-Emperor of France, as legitimately entitled to a station in the ranks of *Royal* and *Noble* authors. It is whimsical to observe how the productions of these relatives of the modern rival of Charlemagne, have been influenced by the scenes and localities where they shone in ephemeral splendour. Louis,—neither the best, nor the worst, nor the wisest, nor the most simple, of those who have borne that respected name, found some consolation, after he had been deprived of his kingdom, in tracing the woes of a sentimental Dutch woman and her affectionate swain, the latter of whom appears in the guise of a sturdy admiral, graced with a polysyllabic patronymic, which any other author would have felt rather shy of hitching into a love-story. We know not what authority Ariosto had for investing *Orlando* with the dignity of a Roman

senator, which in process of time graced the republican Lucien, who, it appears, thought it more advisable to present himself to the world as the inditer of a romantic epic, than to furnish materials for future bards, by exhibiting any near approach to chivalrous courtesy or valour. Most of our readers are acquainted with the outside of his massy tômes, and our charity to them makes us pray Heaven that they may be long spared the one hundred and twelve days of adventure which the poet—(may we employ the term?)—has neatly distributed in two dozen cantos. If Lucien had shewn more talent, we should have been inclined to have regretted that he abandoned the “*idioma gentil e pura*” of his forefathers, for the nasal dissonance of the language of his imperial brother’s bulletins.

The earliest Buonaparte, who appears in literary history, was Nicolo Buonaparte, a Florentine citizen, whose *Commedia facetissima*, entitled “*La Vedova*,”—the widow—was first published at Florence by the Giunti—(a name well known to our bibliographical readers)—in the year 1568. It will require some little searching to discover the peculiar facetiousness of this comedy, which neither rises above the usual run of the dramatic pieces of the Italians in those times, nor sinks below their ordinary level. As usual, the plot is intricate without being ingenious, and the characters are such as invariably figure in comedies of those days:—an amorous dotard and a drunken procuress,—a crafty courtesan and luscious widow, together with a hungry parasite, solely intent on satisfying his palate,—a brace of philandering swains and willing damsels, who find no difficulty in obtaining their desires. We have no doubt but that the auditors might have conscientiously joined with *Ingluvio*—(the parasite)—in complaining of their drowsiness, although their good temper might possibly induce them to give the tokens of approbation which he supplicated for the author:—

———“*Orsu restate in pace che io ho sonno, e se la com-
media vi e piaciuta date segno d'allegrezza.*”

It has been seen that our author, Nicolas, must have flourished about the middle of the 16th century, and we therefore doubt whether he ought to be identified with Nicolo Buonaparte, who, some time about the year 1644, was Professor of Civil Law in the University of Pisa. The civilian, Nicolo, who was little aware of the portentous celebrity which his name would afterwards obtain, was born at Sanminiato, in Tuscany, a villa within the Florentine jurisdiction, and of which city he consequently enjoyed the rights of citizenship. The historian, Mazzucchelli, without mentioning the sources from whence he derived the information, gives him the credit of having banished the barbarism of the middle ages, which had hitherto retarded the progress of the liberal study of the civil law. From two letters, written by the Cardinal Montalto, the one to the Grand Duke, and the other to the Cardinal de Medicis, we learn that Nicolo was related to one Bartholomew Mercati, the auditor of the Cardinal. It may be inferred, that the letters were written for the purpose of advancing Nicolo's interest with the powerful personages to whom they were addressed; and we are not willing to suppose, that the praises which his eminence bestows upon this "*valentissimo sogetto*," whom he designates as one of the oldest and most celebrated members of the university, were at all prompted by the favouritism of the Cardinal's auditor. At this distance of time, however, we must take Nicolo's fame for granted, as Mazzucchelli adds, that there are no monuments of his abilities existing, either in MSS. or in print, unless we choose to reckon "*The Widow*" as his production.

Nicolas seems to have been a common name among the Buonapartes, which was probably the origin of the notion that the General at St. Helena had exchanged this, his own baptismal appellation, for one more musical and dignified—from which charge, however, he must, in fairness, be acquitted.

Another Nicolo Buonaparte, a priest of the Apostolical Chamber, is noticed in the "*Novelle Letterarie*" of

Florence ; but of him, also, the name, and nothing but the name, is known. To continue the literary history of this family, it must be added, that the well known journal of the events which took place during the pillage of Rome, in the year 1527, which usually bears the name of Francesco Guicciardini, has been attributed, though it appears without sufficient authority, to one Jacopo Buonaparte, also of Sanminiato.

The last of the Florentine Buonapartes, of whom any literary notice is preserved, was Bindo Ferdinando Buonaparte, of Sanminiato ; who obtained the degree of Doctor at the University of Pisa in the early part of the last century. He appears to have been some time at Rome, under the protection of Cardinal Imperiale, and is said to have made great proficiency in what was then called philosophy, in the mathematics, in theology, and in the profitable studies of the civil and canon law. In the year 1727, the good John Gaston, last of the Medici, offered to confer on him the Bishopric of Montepulciano. This dignity Bindo modestly refused, in spite of the attractions offered by its vineyards ; and whilst other abbots were found there who

“ Slumbered, purple as their vines,”

he lived and died contented with the humbler office of Dean of the Cathedral of Florence ; “ with the additional title of Apostolical Subdeacon.” The Dean died on the 14th January, 1746, of a quinsey ; and he, too, left no inconsiderable number of compositions in verse and prose, Latin and Italian. All these, including many theological dissertations, have been suffered to remain in obscurity, and their merits can only now be collected from the warm praises bestowed upon them by the worthy Doctor Anton Maria Vannucchi, in “ his eulogium of the aforesaid Dean Buonaparte,” printed in the year 1747. In this production he also bestows a transient notice on one Andrew Buonaparte, of whom we know nothing, except that he was Abbot of the Convent of Sesto.

LITERARY REVIEW.

The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo. By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate, &c. 12mo. 10s. 6d. pp. 232; and eight beautiful plates. Longman and Co.

THE battle of Waterloo, like the mysteries of holy writ, and the attributes of the Almighty Creator of the universe, defies the efforts of poetical genius, and immeasurably soars above the level of metrical and rhetorical embellishment. To state the simple facts of that memorable conflict is the only means by which the slightest justice can be done to the immortal theme: all attempts to amplify, to exaggerate, or to embellish, must fall short of the reality; and the essays that have recently been made, even by the greatest masters of the art of verse, to celebrate the praises of their countrymen, have only resembled the efforts of a lunatic, who should determine to paint the violet or illuminate the sun.

Events of a less splendid nature, or of which the minute details are enveloped in the darkness of distant ages, may be exalted and embellished by the fancy of the poet. The siege of Ilium, though a subject of Grecian pride, and abounding in animated scenes, and interesting vicissitudes, neither overwhelmed the imagination of the poet by its magnificence, nor precluded, by the vivid minuteness of its details, the embellishments of fiction. A succession of stratagems, and of single combats, may be elevated into importance by the labours of genius; a series of trivial, but picturesque events, all converging to one great purpose, may present an unlimited scope for selection of incident, for the introduction of appropriate imagery, and the delineation of individual characters. But when the events of many thousand years are crowded into the transactions of a single day: when the fate of empires, and of myriads of the human race, is decided in an hour; and the awful and tremendous scene flashes upon our view in all the distinctness of reality; even the genius of Milton would sink beneath the weight of the

impression, and his noblest images fade into pigmy insignificance.

That Mr. Southey was not unconscious of these truths, is testified by the calm and equable tenor of his descriptions, which aim at simplicity rather than splendor or elevation, and are traced with the easy and unambitious pencil of a gentleman artist. He passes along the scene of death, marks the positions, and describes the meanders of the road, with much more coolness and little less precision, than General Roy surveyed a series of triangles, or a sportsman reconnoitres the race-course at Newmarket. The relative distances of Mont St. Jean, La Belle Alliance, and La Sainte Haye, are described with a correctness worthy of a geographer. Even when he proceeds to eulogize the various heroes and battalions engaged in the battle, his tone, and imagery, and diction, are constrained, and common-place, sometimes respectable and impressive, but seldom answering to the satisfaction of the reader, the simple question, "Why did not the author tell us this in prose?" When he deviates, however, from the contemplation of military positions and manœuvres, he displays a felicity of language, an energy of thought, a purity of sentiment, that irresistibly impress the most fastidious reader with love for the man and admiration of the poet.

We are doubtful whether in the whole compass of English literature, a series of stanzas can be found so amiably impressive; so richly, and yet so simply descriptive of paternal affection; so forcibly appealing to all our virtuous affections, and our domestic sympathies, as the verses which describe the return of Mr. Southey to his retreat upon the lakes. They are, of themselves, a pledge of immortality.

I.

Once more I see thee, Skiddaw, once again
 Behold thee in thy majesty serene;
 Where like the bulwark of this favoured plain,
 Alone thou standest monarch of the scene.
 Thou glorious mountain, on whose ample breast
 The sun-beams love to play, the vapours love to rest!

II.

Once more, O! Derwent, to thy awful shores ;
I come, insatiate of the accustomed sight :
And listening as the eternal torrent roars
Drink in with eye and ear a fresh delight :
For I have wandered far by land and sea,
In all my wanderings still remembering thee.

III.

Twelve years (how large a part of man's brief day!
Nor idle nor ingloriously spent,
Of evil and of good have held their way,
Since first upon thy banks I pitched my tent.
Hither I came in manhood's active prime,
And here my head hath felt the touch of time.

IV.

Heaven hath with goodly increase blest me here ;
Where childless and opprest with grief I came ;
With voice of fervent thankfulness sincere,
Let me the blessings which are mine proclaim.
Here I possess, what more should I require ?
Books, children, leisure ; all my heart's desire.

V.

O joyful hour when to our longing home
The long expected wheels at length drew nigh ;
When the first sound went forth they come ! they come !
And hope's impatience quickened every eye !
" Never had man whom heaven would heap with bliss,
More glad return, more happy hour than this."

VI.

Aloft on yonder bench with arms dispread,
My boy stood shouting there his father's name ;
Waving his hat above his happy head ;
And there, a younger group, his sisters came ;
Smiling they stood with looks of pleased surprize,
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

VII.

Soon each and all came crowding round to share,
The cordial greeting, the beloved sight ;
What welcomings of hand and lip were there !
And when those overflowings of delight

Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
Life hath no purer deeper happiness.

VIII.

The young companion of our weary way
Found here the end desired of all her ills ;
She who in sickness pining many a day
Hungered and thirsted for her native hills,
Forgetful now of sufferings past and pain,
Rejoiced to see her own dear home again.

IX.

Recovered now the home-sick mountaineer
Sate by the playmate of her infancy,
Her twinlike comrade ; rendered doubly dear
For that long absence ; full of life was she,
With voluble discourse and eager mien
Telling of all the wonders she had seen.

X.

Here silently between her parents stood
My dark-eyed Bertha timid as a dove ;
And gently oft from time to time she wooed
Pressure of hand or word, or look of love,
With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,
Soliciting again the wished caress.

XI.

The younger train, in wonder lost were they,
My gentle Kate and my sweet Isabel.
Long of our promised coming day by day,
It had been their delight to hear and tell.
And now when that long promised hour was come,
Surprize and wakening memory held them dumb.

* * * * *

XIII.

Oh! happy season theirs, when absence brings
Small feeling of privation, none of pain,
Yet at the present object love resprings,
As night closed flowers at morn expand again !
Nor deem our second infancy unblest,
When gradually composed we sink to rest.

XIV.

Soon they grew blythe as they were wont to be,
Her old endearments each began to seek ;
And Isabel drew near to climb my knee,
And pat with fondling hand her father's cheek.
With voice, and look, and touch, reviving thus,
The feelings which had slept in long disuse.

XV.

But there stood one whose heart could entertain
And comprehend the fullness of the joy :
The father, teacher, playmate, was again
Come to his only and his studious boy :
And he beheld again that mother's eye,
Which with such ceaseless care had watched his infancy.

The verses immediately after these describe the playthings which he has brought for his little family, and he then proceeds in the following exquisite stanzas :

XVIII.

It was a group which Richter had he viewed
Might have deemed worthy of his perfect skill ;
The keen impatience of the younger brood,
Their eager eyes and fingers never still :
The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy,
Of those glad girls and that vociferous boy.

XIX.

The aged friend, serene with quiet smile,
Who in their pleasure finds her own delight ;
The mother's heart-felt happiness the while
The aunts, rejoicing in the joyful sight ;
And he who in his gaiety of heart,
With glib and noisy tongue performed the shewman's part.

XX.

Scoff ye who will ! but let me, gracious heaven,
Preserve this boyish heart till life's last day !
For so that inward light by nature given
Shall still direct and cheer me on my way,
And brightening as the shades of age descend,
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

In comparison with the pathos of verses such as these the laboured sentiment and artificial tenderness of Campbell's Gertrude, are the drivellings of imbecility. Nor will their influence be diminished in the mind of the feeling reader, when he is informed that the only and the studious boy, whom he mentions with a modesty so true to nature, and who surpassed in virtue and in attainment the usual standard of juvenile excellence, has since resigned his pure and virtuous spirit in the arms of his afflicted father.

The commencement of his Pilgrimage displays the same elegance.

XVIII.

So forth I set upon this pilgrimage,
 And took the partner of my life with me,
 And one dear girl just ripe enough of age,
 Retentively to see what I should see,
 That thus with mutual recollections fraught
 We might bring home a store of after-thought.

His description of the country and scenery on the road from Ostend to Brussels is described with equal vividness, elegance, and truth.

XIII.

Embarking there, we glided on between
 Strait banks raised high above the level land,
 With many a cheerful dwelling white and green,
 In goodly neighbourhood on either hand.
 Huge timbered bridges o'er the passage lay
 Which wheeled aside and gave us easy way.

XIV.

Four horses, aided by the favoring breeze,
 Drew our gay vessel, slow and sleek and large,
 Crack goes the whip, the steersman at his ease
 Directs the way, and steady went the barge.

He arrives at Bruges, which he celebrates as the fit theatre of warlike pomp and Tournay's.

XIX.

Nor did thy landscape yield me less delight,
Seen from the deck as slow it glided by ;
Or when beneath us from thy Belfroy's height
Its boundless circle met the bending sky :
The waters smooth and straight thy proper boast,
And lines of road-side trees in long perspective lost.

XX.

No happier landscape may on earth be seen
Rich gardens all around and fruitful groves,
White dwellings trim relieved with lively green,
The pollard that the Flemish painter loves,
With aspens tall and poplars fair to view,
Casting o'er all the land a grey and willow hue.

XXI.

My lot hath lain in scenes sublime and rude,
Where still devoutly I have served and sought
The power divine which dwells in solitude.
In boyhood I was wont, with rapture fraught,
Amid those rocks and woods to wander free,
Where Avon hastens to the Severn sea.

* * * *

XXIII.

And now am I a Cambrian mountaineer :
Their wintry garment of unsullied snow
The mountains have put on, the heavens are clear,
And yon dark lake spreads silently below,
Who sees them only in their summer hour,
Sees but their beauties half, and knows not half their power.

XXIV.

Yet hath the Flemish scene a charm for me,
That sooths and wins upon the willing heart ;
Though all is level as the sweeping sea,
A natural beauty springs from perfect art.
And something more than pleasure fills the breast,
To see how well directed toil is blest.

The remainder of this description, the view of Brussels, and his entrance on the field of Waterloo, are too long to be described. But this portion of the work, and some striking circumstances which attract the notice of the traveller, previous to his arrival at Mont St. Jean, more than atone for the political delusions, and the quixotic anticipations in which he afterwards indulges.

The second part of the Pilgrimage is said by the author himself, to be in an allegorical form: "it exposes the gross material philosophy which has been the guiding principle of the French politicians from Mirabeau to Buonaparte; and it states the opinions of those persons who lament the late events, because the hopes which they entertained from the French revolution have not been realized: and of those who only see evil or blind chance in the course of human events." He therefore creates an evil prophet, who descants on the miseries of mankind, and deduces from the history of past ages the most gloomy presentiments of future guilt, misfortune, and despair. This personage, we presume, is designed to represent the editor of the Morning Chronicle, and he is luckily encountered by a heavenly teacher, who points with the wand of wisdom to future scenes of universal virtue and everlasting happiness. He predicts the civilization of Africa, the diffusion of the Christian religion in the islands of the South Sea, the conversion of the Cingalese, the deliverance of all nations from the yoke of tyranny, and the arrival of a period at which the trusted power of Britain will "do the will, and spread the word of heaven." Whatever may be the poetical merits of this conclusion to the "Pilgrimage," it displays but little piety, and less philosophy. Though the law of heaven, and the efficacy of faith, are acknowledged in their full extent, and though Mr. S. admits that final and complete retribution are reserved for another state of rewards and punishments, yet the whole force and consistency of his argument depend on this—that the events of this world are determined by the immediate influence of the Deity,

and that even amidst the vicissitudes of sublunary affairs the right cause is eventually victorious. In attempting to reconcile the doctrine of a future state, in which the apparent injustice of fortune and of Providence, will be effaced and redeemed by the Almighty fiat, he involves himself in obscurities and inconsistencies, for which the beauty of many particular passages will scarcely atone. In virtually congratulating the late administrations on the success of their active co-operation in the deliverance of Europe, he is in unison with those sentiments which we have so frequently had occasion to express, on the policy of the Peninsular War, and on our alliance with the continental powers. Our ministers, when they determined to create a powerful diversion in Spain, had arrived at a crisis when to have remained inactive would have equally tended to our ruin, with the most vigorous and expensive policy, and would have entailed disgrace without presenting the hope of preservation or success. So far we cordially agree with Mr. Southey, but he has neither bridled his Pegasus to glance back upon the policy and virtue of reducing us to the crisis we have described, nor spurred him forward to examine whether the errors and immoralities of the government at home, or our internal distresses, iniquities, and privations, may not more than counterbalance all the advantages to be derived from perpetual peace, universal navigation, and the propagation of religious knowledge. The absence of economy in the departments of finance; of virtue and decorum in the precincts of the palace; of integrity and forbearance in the servants of the state; or the diffusion of a corrupt, servile, and mercenary spirit through all the fountains of law, and justice, and equity; these are evils which a few Quixotic expeditions, or splendid adventures, will do little to correct, and much to diffuse and encourage. The really benevolent: those who actually sympathize with the ignorant and the miserable, will commence at home their efforts to promote the eternal and temporal happiness of their fellow beings. The lovers of ostentation,

the sanctimonious partizans of fanaticism, and the tools of power, who conceal their depredations on the public purse beneath the mask of splendid generosity, may affect to participate in the visions of Mr. Southey, and to contemplate the conversion of the Hindoo, and the civilization of the Caffre; while thousands of their own neighbours and dependants, are vainly imploring of their fellow *Christians*, the morsel that is to save from perishing their famished infants, and their distracted wives. Had one-fourth of the sums that have been expended in chimerical plans of universal philanthropy, been applied to the relief of actual and domestic distress, the islands of Australasia would probably have lost but little, and England would have gained an invaluable accession of wealth, of comfort, and of virtue. But the philanthropists of the present day have for some time unconsciously continued to act on the very principle in Godwin's Political Justice, which they once combined to reprobate; to succour and instruct the distant savage, while their kindred are prostrate and starving at their threshold!

Nor can we participate in the extreme and vindictive asperity, (we shall use no harsher term) with which he laments the "mistaken lenity of the British government in sparing the life of Napoleon Buonaparte." We are decidedly of opinion, that in their conduct towards that extraordinary personage, our ministers adopted the most fortunate medium, and *that* the most likely to combine the requisite security, with the preservation of the national character for magnanimous generosity. Admitting in their full extent his crimes and atrocities, how many millions to whom he had held out the delusive hope of liberty and happiness, and who had not learned the fallacy of his promises by experience; how many enthusiastic patriots, and grateful soldiers; men of ardent feelings, but limited sagacity, would have execrated the nation that violated the confidence reposed in its humanity, and condemned their idol to an ignominious death? But even these men have the good sense to perceive that

his residence in England, and his unconditional liberation were equally impossible: to spare his life, and to administer to his personal comforts was all that we could do; and that duty we have performed with a liberality and munificence, which in common minds would command the gratitude of the exile, but in the present instance will add to the weight of his humiliation.

Such are the feelings that ought to pervade the bosoms of the English people; but Mr. Southey fervently participates in all the hatred of the Germans and Prussians, who were impressed by deep and personal causes of resentment, to which the British nation is providentially a stranger. If our warriors have shed their brave blood in the conflicts occasioned by Napoleon's insatiable ambition, their peaceful fields have not been laid waste, their wives and daughters violated, nor their cottages levelled with the ground, amidst the festivities and amusements of frank and amicable intercourse. The following expressions may be very just and appropriate in the mouth of a Prussian or a German, but should not be repeated with notes of approbation by the servant of an English sovereign.

V.

Yet with indignant feeling they enquired
Wherefore we spared the author of this strife,
Why had we not as highest law required
With ignominy closed the culprit's life?
For him alone had all this blood been shed,
Why had not vengeance struck the guilty head?

* * * *

VII.

How will you answer to all after time
For that great lesson which ye failed to give,
As if excess of guilt excused the crime,
Black as he is with blood, yet let him live!
Children of evil take your course henceforth,
For what is justice but a name on earth?

The comparative virtue and guilt of every individual, must be estimated by the temptations to which he has been exposed, and the circumstances under which his talents and his passions have been called into exercise. We shall not join, therefore, in the indiscriminate invective of the Quarterly Reviewers, though we confess that in the character of Buonaparte there is little to admire. There seems no virtue, even of private life, which he habitually practises, and there exists scarcely a crime which, to gratify his ruling passion, he would not commit. Having granted thus far, we do not know whether he is loaded with much wanton guilt, or delinquencies committed out of pure malignity. The Syrian atrocities are, at least, involved in doubt. His domestic administration, indeed, afforded no room for panegyric: he erected his own despotic power on the entire subversion of the rights of his people, and he did not hesitate in the pursuit of his chimerical projects to impose upon them hardships and privations of a description almost unprecedented. Yet his guilt has not been of the same dye with that of the Marats and Robespierres, the horror of mankind, who deformed the early ages of the French revolution. His government was a government of blood; but finding the nation bent to the yoke, he was exempted from the motive, or the necessity which urged those sanguinary monsters to their atrocities. There may be room for the suspicion, that had similar circumstances prompted to the same dreadful precautions, he would not have refrained. Yet it would be unjust upon such a presumption to accuse him of crimes which he never committed. Upon the whole, he appears to have exhibited very nearly the general character of a conqueror and usurper, to whom nothing that opposes his ambitious projects has ever been sacred. There was not, perhaps, from the general laws of human nature, reason to hope that any one of a different character, should have arisen through such convulsions to the station which he now occupies. He was the creature of circumstances, and it

would have been just as wise and as politic to have executed Tippoo Saib, had he survived the storming of Seringapatam, as to have inflicted upon Napoleon the punishment of death.

Ambition is the ruling passion of monarchs even when unaccompanied by courage, ability, or fortitude; and there are few endowed with any activity of mind who have been exempted from its sway. The sacrifice of lives has never been an object of minute calculation to the legitimate sovereigns who reprobate Napoleon's profuse expenditure of human blood. The execution of Buonaparte, is suggested with a bad grace by the allies and descendants of those who committed or permitted the massacres of Ismael and Cracow, the pillages and murders of the Saxon wars, and the inhumanities of Indian hostility. Hereditary sovereigns have the sanction of established opinion, and their sallies of ambition are repressed by the love of pleasure and repose. But in him who has risen beyond all expectation, the habit of aiming at something higher continues, at the highest point to which he can reach, and after so rapid a progress, to remain stationary, becomes a real humiliation. This general tendency of human nature was strengthened in the French emperor by a peculiar eagerness and restlessness of character. His mind reposed not for a moment from gigantic schemes of invasion and of victory. Every acquisition was regarded only as a step to something further, and had he succeeded in accomplishing his stupendous plans he would have lamented with Alexander that he had not another world to conquer and to rule. In wilfully dismissing from his own mind these obvious considerations, and forgetting the circumstances of Napoleon's early life, and the multiplicity of his temptations, Mr. Southey has only added to the evidence already afforded by his *Carmen Triumphale* and his *Nuptial Verses*, that dependence on the great has a powerful tendency to debase the feelings and stultify the intellect.

Ilderim, a Syrian Tale, in four Cantos. Murray, 8vo. pp. 68.

1816.

THE poetical offspring of Mr. Murray's foundling hospital have been treated with a tenderness and lenity unexampled, we are afraid, in the records of a similar establishment near Brunswick-square. The unfortunate bantlings who are consigned without a name to the care of "the Worshipful the Governors and the Committee," are seldom claimed, and are reluctantly acknowledged; but scarcely has the moment of *delivery* elapsed in the Albemarle establishment, when the parents of the literary progeny come forward to assert their paternal pretensions, and to exult over the pledges of their nocturnal devotion to the Muse. The Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte was ushered into the world with all the parade of Bibliopolitan secrecy. Lara, a tale, and Jaqueline, a tale, were mysteriously mentioned as the offspring of unknown and unsuspected authors; and Ilderim, though brought forth with a due regard to the reluctant modesty of the Syrian traveller, to whom it is ascribed, will soon obtain a father as it has found a midwife.

In another respect, however, the eastern hospital has a decided and important advantage. The bantlings nursed in that benevolent institution, are usually healthful, blooming, and vigorous; smiling with the gaiety of pleasurable sensation, and beaming from their infant features the glance and the expression of unconscious innocence. But the offspring of Mr. Murray's dilletanti and amateur friends are too frequently the pictures of human nature in all its malignant and miserable deformity, agitated by the basest and most hateful passions; a ricketty and perishable generation, born to live their short and transitory hour, and be heard no more. It is therefore with sentiments of pleasure, mingled with surprize, that we announce the late accouchement of the Albemarle-street Muse, and the appearance of a vigorous, beautiful, and

promising image of its father, which has been christened by the name of *Ilderim*.

But, dropping the allusion, we shall proceed to relate the fable as far as it is worthy of explanation—Abdallah, an Arabian chieftain, makes war on the Emir of Balbec, obtains a complete victory over his antagonist, and takes possession of his capital. The Emir is murdered, and Caled, his son, is supposed to have fallen in the contest. His niece, Elmyra, beloved by Caled, is placed at the mercy of the conqueror, but is saved by the intercession of Azza, Abdallah's daughter, of whom she becomes the friend and companion. Elmyra is deeply afflicted by some cause of secret grief, which all the endearments of a friend do not efface, but at length she confesses the occasion of her anguish—

Elmyra loved ; and he she loved is lost.

At the moment of making this confession the conversation of the two friends is terminated by the entrance of Abdallah, who describes the danger and humiliation arising from the hostile excursions of a stranger, named Ilderim, who wages war with the usurper alone, and

gives command

To spare the peasant's humble heritage,

But sweeps Abdallah's wealth, and mocks Abdallah's rage.

He then expresses his resolution to bribe the followers of the intruder, and to obtain by treachery, an easy and immediate triumph. His troops are accordingly placed in ambuscade; Hassen, a warrior, in the confidence of Ilderim, betrays his companions and his chief: the latter amidst the tumult of the fight, rewards the baseness of the traitor, by sabring him on the spot, and after an ineffectual struggle, escapes beneath the gloom of night. When Mirza, his friend, discovers his absence from the field, he determines to divert the pursuit of his chieftain's enemies by assuming his name, and character, and rush-

ing forward, challenges Abdallah to the fight, exclaiming, "Tyrant from *Ilderim*, receive thy fate." Abdallah conquers him in single combat, and exulting in the imagined capture of his mortal enemy, taunts Mirza with his misfortune, and consigns him to a dungeon. But his triumph lasts not long. A breathless messenger disturbs him at his morning council, by announcing that his daughter Azza had disappeared from the harem, and that she was now a captive with that *Ilderim*, whom Mirza had personified. A subterraneous passage, with which *Ilderim* was familiar, enabled him to enter the recesses of the palace, and to bear his prize to a distance from the walls of Balbec. The tyrant overwhelmed with shame, rage, and despair, liberates Mirza as the price of his daughter's return. At length sedition within the walls of the usurper's capital, favours the design of the invaders without. The city is stormed; Abdallah issues orders that if the enemy succeed, his daughter, and all the females in the harem shall be put to death; and *Ilderim*, after a personal conflict with Abdallah, which is fatal to the latter, rushes to the seraglio, and saves his beloved *Elmyra*, Azza, and their attendants from destruction. It is needless to add that *Caled* and *Ilderim* are the same personage, and that *Elmyra* and the conqueror are united.

The original conception of the fable is neither skilful nor ingenious, but its developement is conducted with much art, and the incidents are detailed with a precision, an energy, and a minuteness, that give an air of reality to the most improbable adventures. The author is not equally successful in the delineation of character: his persons are the common-place misses of the circulating novel, or the Arabian cut-throats and plunderers of the school of Byron. Between the Usurper, Abdallah, and *Caled*, the son of the lawful Emir, there is scarcely a shade of difference; and the slight impression which they might possibly have made upon the mind of a reader, previous to the circulation of so many similar portraits more originally

drawn and more highly finished, is effaced by the obvious servility of the imitation.

But for these defects, the author has more than atoned by the beauty of his diction, the harmony of his verse, the variety, the distinctness, and the energy of his descriptions. He has indulged in none of the *licentiæ poeticæ*, which *systematically* deform the most popular productions of his contemporaries. He never luxuriates like Mr. Coleridge in affected puerility, like Mr. Scott in arbitrary and discordant rhymes, like Lord Byron in the irregular and arbitrary alternation of various metres, or like Southey, when officiating as Laureat, in the barbarous use of pompous and unmeaning phraseology. His diction is polished, his metre elaborately beautiful, his imagery splendid without extravagance, and his descriptions, though vigorous in conception, true to nature, and finished with the most exquisite delicacy of execution.

The poem opens with the following beautiful description :

I.

The pale beam stealing through the matted trees,
 Kist Balbec's walls and stern Abdallah's bower ;
 Cool through Abdallah's garden streamed the breeze,
 Wakening each folded leaf and sleeping flower :
 Bright was the scene and calm the soothing hour ;
 Heaven still its blessings shed on earth beneath,
 In silent dews that gemmed the verdant bower ;
 Earth poured her thanks in sweets from every wreath,
 Freshness was in the air, and life in every breath.

II.

There in that garden, eastern art displayed,
 All that enchants beneath the burning sky,
 All that belongs to coolness or to shade ;
 Hues that enliven or relieve the eye
 Dazzled with light : rich odours that supply
 The native sweets that loaded zephyrs bear :
 Sounds that refresh with cooling melody :
 Yet, matchless nature in that scene so fair,
 Thine were the choicest gifts, though art arranged them there.

III.

The ruler's palace on the north arose :

Long pointed arches (for to Arab lore
Its splendors imitative Europe owes,)

There, with high gadding jasmine mantled o'er,
Shadowed the halls and stretched a screen before.

While at the western end an arched alcove,

With roof of fretted gold and varied floor
Invited ; thence the wandering eye might rove
O'er all the glittering scene—the buildings and the grove.

IV.

Fronting that arch a noble pavement spread

Its snowy surface, bordered on its side,
With streams that watered an enamelled bed ;

A fountain in the midst : the spiral tide
Aloft each many coloured gem belyed,
And falling wakened music's liquid sound.

The rest was verdure stretching far and wide :
Groves that o'er-arched, or scattered sweets around ;
Flowers that enriched the air, or decked the painted ground.

V.

The branching walnut, prodigal of green,

The feathered palm, the cypress dark and old,
Towered on high with myrtle woods between ;

Or bowers of citron that at once unfold,
Their flowers of silver and their fruit of gold ;

Aloft its giant leaf Banana spread,

Waving in air, like Mecca's flag unrolled ;
Or purple clusters woo'd from over-head,
Or yellow cassia bloomed and heavenly incense shed

* * * * *

VII.

Nor were there wanting to complete the heaven,

Fair houri forms : for through the leafy shade,
Two peerless maids, (like those to men forgiven,
Promised in Koran verse), together strayed :

The one all gladness, radiant ; bright arrayed,
Rivalled the opening rose, the garden's queen ;
Splendid of hue, and gorgeously display'd :
The other lovely but of pensive mien,
More like the lily showed, of beauty more serene.

VIII.

The last appeared to have conversed with grief :
For as the bright-eyed maiden frolicked by,
Plucking the dewy bud or scented leaf,
The other traced her path with thoughtful eye,
But often stopt and mused and seemed to sigh.
The garb she wore implied an humble state,
But modest charms and native dignity,
Burst through that envious veil, accusing fate,
That overlooks the good and makes the aspiring great.

The scenery of the Balbec territory combined with the description of the opposing bands, whose mutual hatred is rendered ineffectual by the conditions of the truce, and the fall of Abdallagh, present an animated and finished picture.

I.

Down Balbec's vale a train of horsemen ride,
Amongst them one who seems on air to move ;
He darts along, excites his courser's pride,
And eyes the groves around, the skies above,
With rapture such as souls enamoured prove ;
'Tis the freed captive snatched from dungeon gloom,
Light his enjoyment ; liberty his love ;
At once reversed the terrors of his doom,
To him each passing breeze from Eden seems to come.

* * * * *

III.

The train advanced, the open plain they cross,
So flatly spread its level surface wide,
It seemed a lake with wooded isles imboast ;
Mountains its shores that rose on every side,
Abrupt as rocks o'er ocean's flowing tide :

Majestic coast, that mixing with the light,
 Its snow-clad summits, tames the soul of pride :
 What child of dust beholds that awful sight ?
 Nor bows to nature there, nor sinks before her might.

IV.

The train advanced, and soon at distance yet,
 Perceived the progress of a mountain band,
 With whom the lovely prey ere long they met,
 And front to front the silent squadrons stand ;
 Compact restrained each ready lance and brand.
 But motion swift and haughty look betrayed
 How ill the warriors could their ire command,
 " Anon we meet ! " each threatening eye conveyed,
 And when we meet again the sword shall not be stay'd.

Canto 3.

VIII.

——They meet, they close,
 Fierce was the shock and fearful was the sound,
 This way and that as battle ebbs and flows,
 The crimson billow rolls—*the darkness round*
*Disjointed rule**—But each his leader found
 In unrelenting fury or despair,
 Scarce lost or won a single inch of ground ;
 Fate seemed to waver for a moment there,
 While carnage stained the earth and clamour rent the air.

IX.

'Twas but a while, engaged for life and crown,
 The frantic tyrant made his last essay ;
 But there were swords that bore resistance down ;
 How rushed the torrents when before its sway,
 Crumbled the mound that interposed delay !
 O'er the red pavement rushed the broken train,
 The gates they once defended closed their way—
 Fear burst the bars, through portals choaked with slain,
 Pursued, pursuers, passed and mingled on the plain.

* This expression is so quaint and obscure, as to be unworthy of the author.

The death of Abdallah is thus described :—

XV.

They closed, but Caled darted on his prey
 As from on high the pouncing eagle flies ;
 Abdallah blindly checked the weapon's way,
 Caled has struck, and never more to rise,
 Stretched on a bloody bed th' usurper lies ;
 Furious in death he bites the reckless plain,
 And with faint menace of his hand defies ;
 Then sullen *parts*—whilst on his brow remain,
 Fierce pride and fiercer hate triumphing over pain.

We cannot admire in this extract the substitution of *sullen parts*, for *sullenly expires*, and the author's use of the word *there*, is peculiarly offensive. Where a scene of action is described, it is surely superfluous to remind us that *there* the fight occurred, nor is it indispensable that if a picturesque mansion be delineated, its beauties are planted *there*.

Chieftain said Hassan of the troopers *there*,
 One versed in wiles.

Fate seemed to waver for a moment *there*.

Thine were the choicest gifts though art arranged them *there*.

If the author of *Ilderim* possess not the splendid imagination, the magical power of expression and creation, or the burning intensity of thought, which distinguish the most eminent master of his school, he may claim a decided superiority in chastity of taste, in delicacy of sentiment, in the description of natural or artificial scenery, and above all, in the studied and elaborate *curiosa felicitas* of polished composition.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

THE revival of the *Nozze de Figaro*, a mutilated and incongruous imitation of Beaumarchais' *La Follé Journée*, is the only novelty worthy of remembrance that has occurred at the Opera during the present month. But whatever disappointment might arise to the spectator from the paucity and perplexity of incident so observable in the Italian Opera, when compared with the original is more than compensated by the exquisite beauty of the music, and the excellence of the performers. Though the smile of Madame Fodor be too habitual, and more expressive of good nature than of the noble or interesting feelings, the richness of her tones, the distinctness of her enunciation, the compass of her voice, and the accuracy of her musical science, all combine to render her the most interesting female performer that we have lately witnessed on the Operatic stage. Madame Vestris, in her own less lofty, but more playful and fascinating range of characters, equally delights the audience by the sweetness of her voice, the beauty of her face, and the grateful agility of her person. Nor can the language of criticism do more than justice to the archness, the discrimination of character, and the musical facility of Madame Ledoni, whose peculiar qualifications of countenance, form, and voice, are well adapted to the personation of a character like the page Cherubino. Her significant smile, her wicked and penetrating eye, her well knit limbs, and her agile movements, all contributed to confirm the illusion of her male attire. She sung the following air with an expression which blended the earnestness of a sincere and tender passion with the arch and petulant vivacity of a pert and youthful stripling.

Non so piu cosa son ; cosa faccio,
 Or di fuoco, oro sono di Ghiaccio.
 Ogni donna Cangiar di colore,
 Ogni donna Mi fa palpitare.

* * *

E se non ho chi m' oda
 Parlo d'amor un me.

Madame Fodor sung the following aria with a pathos, an energy, and a command of voice which were greeted with an unanimous *ancora*.

Vedro, Menti' sospiro
 Felice un servo mio ?
 E un ben che invan desio,
 Ei posseder dovrà.

* * * *

Gia la Speranza sola,
 Della vendetta mia
 Quest' anima consola,
 E giubillar mi fa.

Naldi personated the Count with a humour, a discrimination, and a dexterity almost unexampled in the history of the comic opera. Though he never oversteps the modesty of nature, he always produces an irresistible impression on the risible feelings of his audience. The effect of his performance does not arise from extravagance of grimace, or from the vulgar trickery that so frequently delights the galleries of the English theatre, but is founded on identity of character, and the complete but chaste developement of the author's ideas; on an intimate acquaintance with the springs of action, and a close and intelligent scrutiny into human nature and human manners. His personation of Figaro was spirited without extravagance, and his delivery of the following passages, whether regarded as a vocal effort, or as a display of comic humour, commanded the merited plaudits of the audience.

Fra Guerriari, poffar bacco,
 Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco,
 Schioppo in spalla, spada al fianco;
 Collo Dritto, muso franco ?
 Un gran casco, un gran turbante,
 Molto honor, poco contante ;
 Ed invece del Fandango,
 Una Marcia in mezzo al fango.
 Per montane e per valloni,
 Colle nevi, e i solleoni,

Al concerto di tromboni,
 De bombarde, e di cannoni,
 Che le palle in tutti i tuoni,
 Alle orecchie fan fischiar
 Cherubino, alla Vittoria.
 Alla Gloria Militar !

Now that Mr. Waters, so fortunately for himself and for the public, has obtained the uncontrolled possession and management of the Opera-house, we hope that the scenery will assume a less sombre aspect, that the attempts at ornament which disfigure the roof, will be improved or obliterated, and that some means may be adopted to prevent the perpetual current of cold air which rises through the orchestra. We suggest these hints in the spirit of friendship to Mr. Waters, anxious that the public should be stimulated by every possible attraction to reward the liberality and the inclination to gratify which he has already displayed.

Since the above was written, the ballet of *Il Dansomania* has been revived for the purpose of introducing Madame Melanie and Monsieur Vestris in the principal characters. The interest of the piece is made to depend on the *saltatory* whims of an old gentleman, whose domestics are taught to perform their various functions in all the postures and evolutions of the dance. His table is served with the movements of the Minuet de la Cour, and his wine uncorked while the butler executes a piroquette. His niece, Melanie, is of course resigned to Vestris as the most expert of the dancing competitors for her hand; and the piece concludes, much to the satisfaction of a fatigued and disappointed audience.

New English Opera.

We are happy to find that the paucity of talents so observable in the list of those who were engaged at this theatre promises to be supplied by the appearance of two respectable performers; the one familiar to the recollection

of the dramatic critic, the other unknown and unaccustomed to the stage. Whoever remembered the embarrassed action, monotonous tones, and the harsh articulation of Mr. Horn in his first attempts on the boards of the Lyceum, will be astonished and delighted by the improvement he has acquired under the tuition of Mr. Welsh. A metamorphosis more creditable to the parties, or more acceptable to the public, has seldom been witnessed on the stage. A full, sonorous, and harmonious voice, distinctness of articulation; a judicious union of science with simplicity, and an easy elegance of address, are the qualifications which, taken collectively, render Mr. Horn only inferior to Braham, and more than equal to Sinclair: to whose effeminate monotony he presents a striking and vigorous contrast.

The *debutante* is the daughter of an aged clergyman, more rich in the endowments of the mind and heart than in the treasures of this world. Prompted by filial love, his daughter formed the heroic resolution of devoting her vocal and musical gifts to the relief of her aged parent; and notwithstanding the natural reserve and timidity of her character, derived from the consciousness of so noble an object, sufficient courage to challenge the opinion of a London audience. She appeared for the first time, on any stage in the character of Mandane, but during the whole of the first act, was so much overpowered by feminine sensibility, that she could neither articulate the recitative, nor modulate the airs. As she proceeded, however, to recover her self-possession in the second and third acts, she elicited a compass of voice, a sweetness of expression, and a correctness of science, that promise her elevation to an equality with the first female singers of the age. Agitated as she was, not a single instance could be detected in which she was out of tune, a merit which cannot justly be ascribed to any one of her most celebrated predecessors. The lady-like action, and feminine deportment of Miss Merry, present, also, a striking and pleasing contrast to the unwieldy and obtrusive,

or affected address which so frequently counteracts the charms of musical excellence, and while the ear is enchanted, disgusts the eye.

After the opera of the Siege of Belgrade, a pleasing bagatelle, attributed to Mr. Beazely, was produced under the title of "Is he jealous?" Belmour, the husband of a lovely and interesting young woman, is so much attached to study, that he neglects to pay those polite attentions to his lady which beauty and virtue have a right to expect. He permits Mrs. Belmour, in whose honour he deservedly places the most implicit reliance, to be attended in all her fashionable visits, by his friend Mr. Perceval. His lady fears that his confidence is not the result of a just estimate of her merits, but of perfect apathy, and determines to put her husband's affection to the test, and to discover whether his former attachment was entirely extinguished. Her sister Harriet, a lively widow, whose husband has recently died on the continent, arrives just in time to assist in the scheme. This spirited damsel had on her journey to England assumed the male costume, and on her arrival at her sister's house she pays such impertinent attentions to Mrs. Belmour, that the jealousy of her learned lord is excited, and he is reduced to the last stage of agonizing suspicion when he discovers the supposed gallant in company with his wife in her *boudoir*. Mrs. Belmour rejoices in his distress as decisive evidence of his love; but while he is commanding her to leave his house for ever, and swearing vengeance against the traitor who has destroyed his peace, Harriet enters in her female dress, the contrivance is discovered, and the philosopher confesses that all his boasted stoicism could not secure him from the pangs of jealousy.

THE HAYMARKET.

THE Haymarket theatre opened with the representation of the *Man of the World*. Mr. Terry, whose performance of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant was received in the course of the last season with merited approbation, resumed the part, with evident indications of improvement. His lecture on the efficacy of booing, and the description of his search for "some antiquated dowager possessed of the *siller*," were specimens of pure comic action. His Scottish accent has not been equalled since the time of Cooke; and did not a kind of involuntary self-consciousness in the performer, destroy the illusion of the scene, Mr. Terry's Sir Pertinax would be one of the most chaste, yet effective representations on the stage.—The plaudits of the spectators did appropriate justice to the admirable performance of Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Davenport, and Mr. Jones. In the comic opera of the Quaker, a gentleman from the York company of the name of Dobbs, assumed the character of Lubin. Notwithstanding the evident timidity under which he laboured, he gave the difficult air of "Women are Will o' the Wisps" and "the laughing song" with irresistible effect. On the same evening Mr. Hudson, an imitator of George Smith, made his debut in the character of Steady, and if somewhat inferior to his original may be regarded as an excellent substitute.

July 13th.—The *Busy Body* and the *Critic*. Of all the imitators of Munden, Mr. Watkinson is the most judicious, and therefore the most amusing. He personated the character of Sir Francis Gripe with a spirit and humour equally removed from tameness and extravagance. The performance of Jones in Marall, did not sufficiently express the insignificance and imbecility of the character. It was too muscular and too powerful for so mean, and unintelligent, and cowardly a being. Russel, as Sir George Airy, was as he always is when he assumes such characters, Jerry Sneak in the dress of a gentleman. The

rest of the exhibitants, reminded us of the reply of a Cambridge student to Sir Isaac Pennington. Q. In quo statu sit fal-lal! *Resp. Domine, tol-lol!*

In the dramatic piece of the Critic, Mr. Barnard, as Dangle, was by no means the perfect representative of the easy and idle gentleman. His tones were too studiously modulated, his attitudes too artificially displayed, and his whole manner more formal and energetic than the character requires. Mr. Jones was Puff himself personified; Mr. Foote was highly respectable in Sneer; the performers in the mock tragedy were admirably bad, and Mesdames Gibbs and Glover were quite at home in Tilburina and the confidante. The great attraction, however, of the performance, was the personation of Sir Fretful Plagiary by Mr. Terry. We have been too often disappointed and astonished by the efforts of this intelligent actor in the department of tragedy; the sound of his *truncheon* in the rat-at-too upon the breast-plate of a messenger in the first part of Henry the Fourth, still vibrates in our ears; and his imitations of Kemble, do not atone by the felicity of their resemblance, for the servility of the copy. For many characters in comedy, he is totally unqualified by nature and by habit; but in parts requiring neither grace of attitude, nor melody and variety of tone; in austere, misanthropic, aged, and irritable characters, the peculiar expression of his countenance, and the very imperfections of his voice, guided and animated as they are by solid judgment and acute discrimination, enable him to contend with the most popular ornaments of the stage. The Sir Fretful of Matthews is more lively, and in some respects more effective than that of Mr. Terry; but in the *verisimilitude* of the character; in the perfect identification of the portrait; in truth of colouring and accuracy of outline; in the combination of the most striking and continued effect with the utmost chastity of manner, he must be admitted, in Sir Fretful at least, to stand unrivalled. He looked the gentleman and the dramatist better than Matthews, and assumed

the gravity of the literary character with a more imposing physiognomy. We shall not accuse Mr. Terry of any intention to personify the individual from whom the original sketch was evidently drawn, but we must confess that his manner of tapping his snuff-box, the fashion of his coat, and even the very minutiae of his bye-play, strongly and repeatedly reminded us of a departed and lamented veteran, whose feelings and conduct, except in the conflict of literary rivalry, were always in unison with the most amiable sentiments of humanity and benevolence. That an individual so gifted, as he to whom we thus allude, should be rendered miserable to himself and obnoxious to others, by the intensity of his ambition for literary fame; that he should degrade his character by flattering the self-opinion of his contemporaries in the expectation of reciprocal praise; and yet had not the resolution to refrain in private from officious contradiction of his public eulogies; are circumstances which present an awful lesson to all who attempt to establish a permanent reputation by cajollery and finesse.

At the close of the first act of the Critic Mr. Jones discarding for a moment the character of Puff, pronounced a judicious, animated and impressive eulogy on the departed statesman and dramatist, whom Britain notwithstanding all his faults so sincerely loved and so deeply laments. To praise alone, was the duty of Mr. Jones, and he performed the task with appropriate energy and pathos. The appeal was well timed and appropriate: the impression during the first act was irresistible as it was melancholy: the recollection that the author of the mirthful scenes that they now assembled to witness, had within a transient interval been numbered with the dead, repressed the cheerfulness of the audience, and even pervaded the recesses of the green-room. The address of Mr. Jones was equally a relief to the spectators and the performers.

We must reluctantly postpone our notice of Exit by Mistake to our next number.

THE ROYAL CIRCUS AND SURREY THEATRE.

THIS splendid and convenient place of amusement, has become the property of Mr. Thomas Dibdin, a sufficient pledge of the excellence and variety of the performances. The engagement of Mr. Grant, the celebrated actor who so admirably personated the character of Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant at the Haymarket; of Mr. Huddart, whose celebrity on the provincial stage, is so fully justified by his reception on the London boards; and of several other established and respectable performers, does great credit to the judgment and liberality of the managers, and is well calculated to ensure the gratification of the public. On Monday, the 15th, the visitors of this theatre were delighted and amused by the appearance of a new piece, entitled, "*Who's the Murderer? or, A true Tale of the Twelfth Century.*" The developement of the plot excited the most lively interest, and the part of Morton (the murderer), was very ably sustained by Mr. Huddart. He elicited the tumultuous and contending passions of a guilty mind, with much emphatic and appropriate skill. The trial scene, in which the ancient custom of touching the murdered person as a test of the innocence of the accused, produced the deepest theatrical interest, and was loudly applauded. The melo-dramatic romance of Chevy Chace followed, in which the fiery Douglas was effectively and correctly represented by Mr. Bologna. The combats in the above piece, are *got up* in the first style of action, and this celebrated ballet-actor, if possible, surpassed in the personation of Earl Douglas, all his former efforts. His dying scene was peculiarly impressive, It is almost needless to add, that the house was crowded, and the applause enthusiastic.

THEATRICAL MEMORANDA.

IT is ascertained by a reference to the treasury books, that Mr. Kean has brought more money to the theatre than any performer who ever trod the stage, Garrick not excepted. It should be added, however, that in the time of that matchless and immortal performer, the theatres were of a convenient size, and the prices and receipts proportionably moderate.

Miss Somerville, the new actress in the tragedy of *Bertram*, was indebted for her introduction on the boards of Drury-lane to the discrimination of Mr. Kiinnaird. She has been received with distinguished favour, but has much to unlearn and more to learn. Affectation of the most offensive kind pervades every gesture and every attitude; her pathetic tones are bad imitations of those of Mrs. Powel, and her conception of character is more remarkable for the boldness of its outline than the delicate discrimination which gives to an ideal personage the attributes of reality.

Mr. Thomas Dibdin having taken the lease of the Surrey theatre, is of course precluded by the Drury-lane committee from officiating as one of the managers of that establishment. The duties, therefore, of manager-general and stage manager devolve on Mr. Rae.

Timon of Athens will be revived at Drury-lane, early in the next season: *Timon* to be represented by Mr. Kean. We doubt, however, whether even the talents of that extraordinary actor will render the piece more attractive than in the times of Booth and Garrick. The mind recoils from the improbable exaggeration of the fable; and the final scenes are of a nature demanding the fastidious judgment of the actor, rather than the power of strong and vivid expression which so highly distinguish Mr. Kean. The insane and misanthropic despair of *Timon* are, even in the closet, too exaggerated for sympathy or belief: and exhibited on the stage, unless subdued by the per-

former, will excite no other feelings than disgust and incredulity.

Mrs. Jordan was buried in the cemetery of St. Cloud. She had resided in the village for some time with great privacy under the name of Mrs. JONES. She was buried in a thin shell, stained black, but uncovered with cloth or ornament of any kind. Mr. Thomas Greatorex, an hotel-keeper in Paris, and Mr. William Henshall, statuary, of Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, were by accident passing and saw her interred. They were the only Englishmen present. The singular interment of this amiable, accomplished, and celebrated woman can only be attributed to the severe and sudden nature of her indisposition, which prevented her from writing to her friends, and indicating her wishes to her attendants, or to the bigotted and inhuman superstition with which, in France, the burial of an actress is debarred from the usual ceremonials. The circumstances of her conveyance to the silent grave irresistibly remind us of the exquisite lines in Pope's *Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady*.

“What can atone, oh! ever-injured shade,
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
 No friends complaint, no kind domestic tear,
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier;
 By *foreign hands* thy dying eyes were closed,
 By *foreign hands* thy decent limbs composed,
 By *foreign hands* thy humble grave adorned,
 By strangers honoured and by strangers mourned!”

Miss O'Neill, Sinclair and Johnstone have been performing during the present month at Edinburgh. The pompous annunciations of Sinclair's marriage which appeared in the newspapers, have dwindled into a simple and humble statement that the lady's contingent fortune is *two thousand two hundred pounds*. We hope that the treasure, so confidently anticipated by the friends of the scenic Apollo, may be found in the lady's accomplishments, temper, and affection.

Female passions.....	193	Character of Glenarvon.....	233
An amorous scene.....	194	Seductive descriptions.....	234
A murderous deed.....	195	THEATRICAL CRITICISM 235-240	



There's the curious beast!

Is it possible!!!

Shouting! Shooting!
you shall hear of this
soon — Speedy R. soon

Flog away bob, you have not
had two shillings worth yet!

I've had enough, you
hurt me -

I'll give him eighteen penny worth
he may depend, I'll make him
sing out.

OBEY THE KING THE QUEEN THE KING'S CAP

Printed by J. Jackson, Oldbathside
29th 1856

A Peep into the Blue Coat School !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE SCOURGE AND SATIRIST;

OR,

LITERARY, THEATRICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS

MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS.

To CORRESPONDENTS, see back	The PENITENTIARY.....	196
THE SPANISH MISTRESS.	Chastity in distress.....	197
Airings incog.	A HISTORY of SCANDAL....	198
ADVICE TO WITS.....	Pleasures of backsliding.....	199
Necessary cautions.....	Scandal began with Adam.....	200
Welch saying.....	The children of Cain....	201
JOE MILLER.....	Progress of slander.....	202
Divinity and Physic.....	Female manners.....	203
The Luxury of Soap.....	Diffusion of slander.....	204
Sacred Song, by Thomas Moore...ib.	A LATE DISCOVERY.....	205
Recipe for one of Lord Castle-	A strange discovery.....	206
reagh's Speeches.....	The NUISANCES of QUACK-	
The STATE of POLICE and MO-	ERY.....	207
RALS in the METROPOLIS... 169	Punishment of Quacks.....	208
Amount of beggars.....	A Fleet-street Quack Doctor....	209
Dormitories and places of resort.. 171	The DIABOLIAD.—No. II.....	210
Divisions of the gangs.....	Lady Hamilton.....	211
Their singular stratagems.....	A virtuous reformer!.....	212
Increase of gin shops.....	The RED BOOK.....	213
Change of manners.....	On public opinion.....	214
Begging with children.....	A list of places and pensions.....	215
Infant depravity.....	Produce of the King's Bench.....	216
On charity at home.....	Emoluments of Lord Lake.....	217
The UNCERTAINTY of HU-	A pension to the Duke of Rich-	
MAN TESTIMONY.....	mond.....	218
An extraordinary tale.....	ENGLISH BISHOPRICKS.....	219
A mysterious quarrel.....	PROGRESS of FASHION.....	220
A discovery.....	Prosecution of Christianity.....	221
Compunctions of a villain.....	Laws against long peaked shoes..	222
Innocent perjury.....	Luther.....	223
EXTRAORDINARY CASE of	The SPIRIT of the TIMES.....	224
SIR EYRE COOTE.....	To a young and unfortunate exile,	
Examination at the Mansion house 186	Lord Byron's companion.....	225
Interview between the Duke of	The COMPLAINT.....	ib.
York and the Lord Mayor.... 187	PROPHECY on REFORM.....	226
Evidence of the boys.....	The DISAPPOINTMENT.....	227
Intrusion of the nurse.....	LITERARY REVIEW.....	228
A flogging scene.....	Glenarvon, a novel.....	ib.
Attempt to prove Sir Eyre's de-	An evening prospect.....	230
rangement.....	A picture of depravity.....	231
A TRUE TALE.....	A portrait of Lord Byron.....	232
Female passions.....	Character of Glenarvon.....	233
An amorous scene.....	Seductive descriptions.....	234
A murderous deed.....	THEATRICAL CRITICISM 235-240	

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the numerous correspondents who have favored us with their contributions; and more particularly to those who complain of inattention, we beg leave to observe that all articles which meet with our approbation are immediately inserted; and those which do not accord with the nature of our work invariably destroyed.

The proposals of P. P. will be complied with.

The lines on the Regent's Bomb will find admission if the author will revise the offensive passages, and correct the concluding verse.

The *reply to Cobbett* would be an act of supererogation. He is read by none but those who are invulnerable to argument.

We have received innumerable complaints from various correspondents who have obtained from the proprietors of Vauxhall orders and free admissions, which on being presented at the doors are positively refused. A grosser species of imposition cannot be conceived, nor a greater injury. If the parties pay rather than return it is extortion; if not, it is an unpardonable insult.

THE
SCOURGE AND SATIRIST.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1816.

THE SPANISH MISTRESS.

AMONG the extraordinary circumstances of the present time, the repeated appearance in the Park and in all public places of a young and beautiful brunette, in a carriage ornamented with the * * * * arms, and attended by footmen in the same livery, has excited the curiosity of the vulgar, and occupied the conjectures of the fashionable world. It was at first supposed that the handsome foreigner might bear some affinity to the august family upon the throne, or to those who are related to the prince by matrimonial ties. It was next discovered that the stranger was an ambassadress from the Empire of the Nairs, a supposition supported by the *contour* of her face and the tinge of her complexion. Another report was confidently circulated that she was the Duchess D'Angouleme in disguise, but her youth and beauty were too evident to admit the momentary surmise. At length, however, the secret is disclosed, and she is found to be a Spanish lady; the early object of the ~~her~~ affection, and recently his mistress. Alarmed and astonished by the good fortune of her lover, the beautiful Mendezabal hastened to England from her residence in * * * * * and accompanied by her brother took lodgings in St. James's-street. A fortnight after the nuptials of her former protector to his exalted and wealthy bride, she determined to obtain redress, and, if possible, to recover his affections. She, therefore, dispatched her brother to

solicit an immediate interview, and in case that favour were refused to demand an ample and regular establishment. The negotiation was so far effectual, that though no positive promise of an interview was made, a handsome allowance was granted, for which the brother calls once a week, and is received with all the indications of respect. The lady in the mean time receives the visits of his *Lordship* every Sunday, when she takes him *incog.* an airing in her carriage. During the rest of the week she sports it through every part of the town to the astonishment of the passengers.

ADVICE TO WITS.

FEEL your ground before you take a single step, and adapt yourself to your company. You may find yourself among a set of wretches who never read Joe Miller, and yet have comprehension enough to understand him. This is fine! Make the most of such a situation, for it is a happiness not often to recur. If any aspiring member venture to oppose you, crush him without mercy. If you do not know what he is going to say, tell him you can help him out in that story, should he be at a loss; if you *do*, cut him short by snatching the sting of the tale from him, and turn it against himself. You will get the laugh, and the audience will be happy to reduce him to their own level by measuring him with you.

Never mind what smart you occasion, provided you can say a smart thing. Your enemy you have a right to wound; and with whom can you take a liberty if not with a friend? A pretty thing truly, if a jest were to be stifled because it might give pain. It would give much more to suppress it, and if others do not like the taste, how can they expect you to swallow it.

Latin *bon-mots* are safe if you are sure of the pronunciation, for they who understand them will laugh naturally; and they who do not, for fear of being thought ignorant. With women this rule will not apply; do not therefore in their society quote Horace, or confess yourself a freemason: for they mutually hate and suspect what they are excluded from.

It is a very successful and laudable practice to poach upon Joe Miller's premises with some poor dog, who is fain at night to start the game which you have marked down in the morning. At the given signal let fly, and you are sure to kill the prey, and perhaps some of the company with laughter. Be sure that your pointer is staunch.

When you launch a good thing, which is only heard by the person next you, wait patiently for a pause and throw in again. Your neighbour, possibly, will not renew his laugh, but will excuse you, well knowing that you cannot afford to throw away a good thing.

If your party be stupid, and you want an excuse for getting away, give vent to some double-entendres to distress the women. This will answer your purpose; for the men must be fools indeed, if they do not kick you down stairs.

In the want of other subjects for your raillery and sneers, personal defects form a tempting source of pleasantry. When your wit has not a leg of its own to stand on, it may run some time upon your neighbour's wooden one. At least, a dozen jokes may be indorsed on a hump back; and you may make a famous handle of a long nose, by inquiring of its proprietor whether he can reach to blow it, whether he can hear himself sneeze, &c. Take care, however, that while making fun with his nose, he does not make free with yours.

If your party be equal to yourself in their knowledge of the books, or their talent for extempore repartee, laugh loud at your own sayings, and pretend not to hear theirs. Laughing is catching, though wit is not.

If they be decidedly superior in both these requisites, have a bad head-ache and be silent. You could not speak to advantage, and it is better to be pitied for having a pain in the head, than for having nothing in it.

Mimicry and buffoonery are good substitutes for wit. Thus you may make some use of a prosing old poet, by listening to him with feigned attention, and, at the same time thrusting your tongue in the opposite cheek. This will amuse the company, and cannot offend the old gentleman, for he will be wise enough to wish your tongue kept where it is.

Beware of quizzing your host too severely, or he will not ask you again. Be merry and wise. A laugh is a tempting thing, I own: so is turtle soup. Always remember that a good dinner is in itself a good thing, and the only one that will bear repetition.

If you have once got a man down belabor him without mercy. Remember the saying of the Welch boxer, "ah! Sir; if you knew the trouble I had in getting him down, you would not ask me to let him up again."

Invariably preserve your best joke for the last, and when you have uttered it, follow the example now set you, by taking your leave.

HORATIUS.

JOE MILLER.

THIS person was an actor of dull capacity, and his dullness made it a good jest to call a book of jests by his name. He belonged to the theatre then in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and acted Irish parts; a circumstance commemorated in a print still existing of him in the character of Teague in the *Committee*. He died in 1738, at the age of 54, and was buried in St. Clement's Church-yard, with the following epitaph written by Stephen Duck.

Here lie the remains of
Honest Joe Miller,
Who was a tender husband,
A sincere friend,
A facetious companion
And an excellent comedian.

If humour, wit, and honesty could save
The humorous, witty, honest from the grave,
The grave had not so soon this tenant found,
With honesty and wit, and humour crowned:
Or could esteem and love preserve our breath,
Or guard us longer from the stroke of death;
The stroke of death on him had later fell,
Whom all mankind esteemed and loved so well.

Divinity and Physic; or, D. D. and M. D.
How D. D. swaggers, M. D. rolls;
I dub them both a brace of noddies:
Old D. D. has the cure of souls,
And M. D. has the cure of bodies.
Between them both what treatment rare
Our souls and bodies must endure;
One has the cure without the care,
And one the care without the cure.

The Luxury of Soap.

Let it not raise the vulgar herds' surprize,
That Courtney reckons soap-men luxuries;
For well the experienced statesman understands
How hard in office 'tis to keep clean hands.

*A Sacred Song, composed for the music of Haydn,
by Thomas Moore, Esq.*

"He healeth the wounded in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."
Oh thou who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world must be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee:

The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes are flown,
 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.
 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.
 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And even the hope that threw,
 A moment's spark o'er our tears,
 Is dimmed and vanished too!
 Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy wing of love,
 Come, brightly wafting thro' the gloom,
 On peace-branch from above.
 Then sorrow touched by thee grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray,
 As darkness shews us worlds of light
 We never saw by day.

Recipe for one of Lord Castlereagh's Speeches.

Two or three facts without any foundation ;
 Two or three charges of party vexation ;
 Two or three metaphors warring on sense ;
 Two or three sentences ditto on tense ;
 Two or three knocks the table to hammer,
 Two or three rants in defiance of grammar ;
 Two or three vows on economy's plan ;
 Two or three hours ending but where you began ;
 Two or three novels in favor of tax ;
 Two or three hints about turning your backs ;
 Two or three boasts of venal majorities ;
 Two or three groans on dismal minorities ;
 Two or three cheers, from two or three creatures ;
 Two or three fundaments, two or three features ;
 Two or three meanings which nobody reaches,
 Will be certain to make one of Castlereagh's speeches.

THE STATE OF POLICE AND MORALS IN THE METROPOLIS.

IN every well-regulated government, the establishment of an effectual system of police for the maintenance of good order, and of public as well as private safety and tranquillity, has been considered from the earliest times, as an object of the first importance. The arrangement which subsists in this country, established by the great king Alfred, boasts a duration of one thousand years. For a long period after it was formed, its effects were such, that robbery and depredation were scarcely known; but the alteration of manners, the increase of commerce, and the diffusion of wealth and luxury, with other circumstances, have rendered some supplementary regulations necessary; and the original principle itself, admirable as it is, has in many respects become obsolete. If the effects were so beneficial at that time, may we not indulge a hope that its revival would be attended with equal advantages? To restore to their original purity and efficacy those regulations, would not be an arduous task: no subversion of one measure to substitute another, is required; but to re-kindle the embers of that, which though fallen in many respects into disuse, is still known and acknowledged in every part of the kingdom, with such amendments only, and additions as are called for by the alteration of times and manners. No diminution or sacrifice is necessary of that personal liberty, which should never be infringed further than may be indispensably requisite, to afford general and individual security and happiness to the community.

Judge Blackstone observes, that when the shires, the hundreds, and the tythings were kept in the same admirable order, that they were disposed in by the great Alfred, there were no persons idle; consequently, none but the impotent that needed relief. When none are idle, few will be found guilty of depredation; and when the inhabitants of each tithing were free pledges, or sureties

for each other, every individual was interested in the good behaviour of his neighbours, and in assisting the execution of the laws against offenders. The objects of king Alfred's regulations, as well as the 43d of Elizabeth, are the punishment of the dissolute and the criminal, the relief of the sick and the impotent, and the supply of employment for those who are able and willing to work. How little the last of these provisions is observed, and how feebly the exertions of the officers of police operate on the morals of the lower orders of society, is fully testified by the report of the Committee of the House of Commons on Mendicity. From this document it appears, that on the lowest estimate the number of beggars amounts to 15,283 individuals, and that in all probability their actual number is not less than 22,000. The sum required for their maintenance, and extorted from the public by their importunities, is not less than £180,000 annually, allowing a shilling a day for the food, clothing, and lodging of the adults, and three pence a day for the children. The Irish beggars exceed in number and depravity all the rest: Montague Burgoyne, Esq. honorary member of a society originally intended to relieve the Irish families residing in Calmet buildings, Mary-le-bone, stated to the committee, that on personal inquiry, he found more than 700 poor Irish living, or rather vegetating amidst filth and infection, in *twenty-four* small houses; three or four families often residing in the same room. The court was totally neglected by the parish, and was never cleaned: people were afraid to enter it from dread of contagion, and it became a perfect nuisance. The number of Irish poor actually ascertained, amounts to 6876 grown persons, and 7288 children under twelve years of age. In the parish of St. Giles alone there were found 1210 grown persons, and 1138 children. Of the 32,000 a year raised in the parish, £20,000 goes to the maintenance of the lower Irish, who are not parochial. In George-yard, leading from High-street, Whitechapel, from thirty to forty houses are the abode of *two thousand*

people, presenting an awful, but disgusting scene of misery and dissipation. One half of these inhabitants subsist by prostitution and beggary: the other half are generally labouring Irish. In Wentworth-street adjoining the above yard, there is a private house (No. 58) containing 100 beds, which are let by the night or otherwise, to beggars and loose characters of all descriptions.

In Nicolas-court, Rosemary-lane, there are about twenty beggars male and female, of the very worst description, great impostors, drunkards, blasphemers: their rendezvous, *the City of Carlisle*, Rosemary-lane. In Mill-yard, Church-lane, about ten female beggars, in White Horse-court and Blue Anchor-yard about fourteen beggars. In Dobridge-street, New-street, and St. Catharine's-lane about thirty female beggars. In Angel-gardens, and Blue-gate-fields, about twelve beggars, four of them blacks. In Chapel-street, Commercial-road, six beggars affecting blindness. In the neighbourhood of Shoreditch, and Bethnal-green, about 35 families may be computed at 150 members, who subsist by begging and plunder. There are about thirty Greenwich pensioners who hire instruments of music, and go out in parties. There are two public-houses in Church-lane, St. Giles's, whose chief support depends on beggars: one called the *Beggar's Opera*, which is the Rose and Crown public-house, and the other, the Robin Hood. They are divided into companies, and each company is subdivided into what are called *walks*, each company having its particular walk. If this walk be considered beneficial the whole company take it by turns; each person keeping it from half an hour to three or four hours. Their receipts at a moderate calculation cannot be less than from three to five shillings a day each person. They cannot be supposed to spend less at night than half a crown, and they generally pay sixpence for their bed. They are to be found in these houses throughout the day, but in great numbers from eight to nine in the morning, and late in the evening. It is their custom to

sally out early in the morning, and those who have any money left of the preceding day's earnings, treat the rest with spirits, before they have begun the operations of the day. They have a kind of committee to organize the walks, to be frequented by each person, and they generally appropriate the best walks to the senior beggars in rotation. At many of the houses the knives and forks, the snuffers and the fire-irons, were chained to the place, while the voluptuous guests were indulging in the luxury of fowls, and ham, and sausages. From the Fountain, King-street, Seven Dials, the beggars set out in a morning, some with knapsacks on their back, some without any. The former take any thing they can collect; old clothes, and old shoes, which they carry to a place near Monmouth-street, where they "translate" old shoes into new ones, and make sometimes three or four shillings a day by old shoes only. Their mode of exciting charity for shoes is invariably to go bare-footed, and scarify their feet and heels with something that may cause the blood to flow. They are the worst of characters; get violently drunk, and quarrel and fight over their plentiful repasts of ham, beef, and turkey, for none will condescend to touch a morsel of broken meat. There are houses frequented by forty or fifty of these beggars, where the porter as in a gaol, stands at the door and takes the money. For threepence they have clean straw or something like it; for those who pay fourpence, there is something more decent; for sixpence they have a bed. They are all locked up during the night, lest they should take the property. In the morning there is a general muster below. At Mrs. Macarthy's lodging-house in Saint Giles's, about forty persons usually "roasted." A large candlestick stood on the table containing pieces of rushlight. As each came in she asked them "double or single?" If they said single, they laid down fourpence, which she put into her sack, and then they took a bit of rushlight and went to bed.

All the evidence coincides in its testimony to the ge-

neral depravity, the imposture, the drunkenness, and the gluttony of the mendicants. The jolly farmer-looking beggar, seen every day in the neighbourhood of Holborn and the Strand, who is apparently cut down to the trunk, and fixed on a kind of wooden bowl or sledge, which he shuffles along by two short pieces of wood, rivals the epicures and bacchanals of Long's Hotel in his repletion and his potations. Having enlisted while sitting at table with a recruiting officer, the latter finding himself imposed upon, endeavoured to take back by force the money he had given to him, but received a complete thrashing from this trunk of a man. There is a man cleanly dressed like a sailor who infests St. Paul's church-yard, led by a dog with a string carrying a hat in his mouth. This man has been in Bridewell a dozen times. When taken up he says the dog is the beggar, not he: and a good beggar the dog is, for Mr. Holdsworth the city marshal said it could be proved, and the fellow himself confessed, that he could get on an average 30 shillings a day. A young man goes about half naked, with flowers in his hand; he is said to have money in the funds; he calls himself an independent beggar, and is reputed the best boxer in St. Giles's. Another of the same description without a hat, and his naked arms thrust through a tattered waistcoat, limps and crawls along as if scarcely able to move, yet he is a great boxer and fencer, and walks quickly off the ground, as quickly as most people, on the appearance of a beadle or a Bow-street officer. One *Granne Mannoo*, a stout athletic man, goes about almost naked, so as to be an object of disgust, but is scarcely out of gaol three months in the year. The beadle of St. George's was about to take up an impostor with his leg in a wooden frame, but on laying hold of him he threw away the frame, and scampered off with a better pair of legs, than those of the beadle. There is a fellow of the name of Harding, a Greenwich pensioner, a most depraved character and gross impostor; he lives by collecting old clothes, shoes, &c. and says that he is *allowed but a*

bloody seven pounds a year for a pension, but that he can make a day's work in an hour, in any square in London. A man of the name of Butler, who walked with a stick, led by a dog and hitting the curb-stone as he went, affected blindness, but could see so well that in the evening he wrote letters for his brother beggars. A fellow in Russel-street, Bloomsbury, never takes less than a quartern of gin at a draught, and may be found daily rolling in the kennel, at three or four o'clock. The opulent of the mendicant tribes, notwithstanding the success of these depredators are extremely few. One instance is that of a negro beggar who three years ago, used to stand by Messrs. Elliot and Robertson's tea warehouse near Finsbury-square, who retired to the West Indies with a fortune of 1500*l.* obtained by begging. It is not unusual, as in this instance, for beggars to have a permanent station, and even to advertise them to be sold on their *retirement* from business.

Much of the facility with which the arrangements of the mendicants are carried into execution, and an immediate cause of mendicity itself, is the increase in number of gin-shops and petty public houses, sanctioned without consideration by the authority of the magistrates, and multiplied by the rapacity of brewers, who have at once become the landlord and the merchant. The original intention of public houses, was for the purpose of supplying victuals and drink to strangers, travellers, and single persons, in great cities, who having no means of dressing victuals at home, must necessarily resort to a house of entertainment for their sustenance. It certainly never was the intention of the legislature that such public conveniences should be prostituted to the purpose of harbouring thieves, beggars, pick-pockets, or lewd and profligate people of every description; neither was it intended that they should become receptacles for whole families (men, women, and children) of many of the labouring people, who unhappily for themselves and society have gradually formed the habit of resorting to public houses, where all their little earnings are spent in eating

expensively and drinking beer and spirits: these earnings with proper management and by remaining at home in their own dwellings might have procured a sufficiency of victuals and drink, besides the necessary cloathing, education and other comforts, which this unhappy change of habits and manners, oblige them to deny to themselves and children. It is a lamentable circumstance, which cannot be too forcibly impressed, that the existing generation of labouring people are initiated in these public houses, into every kind of profligacy, cursing, swearing, and prostitution. Profligacy and vice are always in some degree to be corrected by placing difficulties in the way of criminal pursuit. If publicans were prevented from forming an asylum to persons of both sexes, who meet in their houses for purposes of lewdness and debauchery, prostitutes would remain at their own homes, the number would be greatly reduced, and many young men and women would be saved from misery and ruin, by the abolition of those lures which must continue to entrap them while the present corrupt and relaxed system of police with regard to common prostitutes infesting the streets, is suffered to exist.

In the reign of George the second, it was thought disgraceful for a woman to be seen in an alehouse; and those who would venture to sit down in a tap-room among men, were considered as infamous prostitutes. But at the present period this sense of obloquy and shame has totally disappeared; the husband, the wife, and the children of all ages resort to the ale-houses, and with respect to the latter, *there*, it may be truly said that their education is begun and ended. But pernicious as these establishments are found to the morals of the people, their deleterious influence is far surpassed by the contagious poison of the gin-shops. These sources of immorality, disease and misery, are more cheaply and easily established than a respectable victualling house; they operate in a peculiar manner, against the efforts of the magistrates to make the public houses regular and respectable; and instead of proving

a convenience to the public, they are the worst of all nuisances, by promoting secret dram-drinking, and by initiating young men and women into this abominable practice deeply affect the health and the morals of the younger part of the community. In every point of view, therefore, the suppression of liquor shops becomes necessary, not only as an act of justice to the victuallers, but as the first step to that reform which is so much wanted; and wherever it shall appear that the chief view is to sell spirits, and that the ale or porter is only a secondary object, held out as a pretext, to obtain a license, such houses should certainly be suppressed. More than one third of the crimes perpetrated in the metropolis, even the late atrocious conspiracy of the servants of the police, have been conceived and planned in the lower order of alehouses, in the gin-shops; and the evil can only be remedied, by suppressing the one and diminishing the number of the other. Were the number of brewers' houses limited by law, and the number of licenses reduced, the really respectable proprietors of houses of entertainment would be placed on a better footing, and be relieved from the injustice of struggling for a bare subsistence with a number of vulgar, criminal and profligate rivals. An arrangement of this kind would not in any material degree affect the revenue: nearly the same quantity of spirits would be drank, and an incalculable benefit would arise from the operation of such a principle in the prevention of sensual licentiousness. The reports of the committee of mendicity contain many important, and melancholy statements of the influence of those pernicious receptacles, gin-shops, on the morals of the lower order of females. It is chiefly to this cause that the most profligate and abandoned beggars are the women. Wherever a woman is seen begging with twins, she may almost certainly be pronounced a drunkard and an impostor. They match on these occasions their own children with those of other members of the community, and take them out by turns. Mr. William Hale, of Spitalfields, states that the paupers of the workhouse

are allowed to go to a place of worship on Sundays, and that one woman used, as she said, to go to a chapel in the City-road. One of the overseers coming out in the evening after service, heard a voice exclaiming, "Pray remember a poor blind child." Recognizing the voice, and turning round, he knew her to be one of the paupers, who had borrowed or hired this blind child for the purpose of exciting pity. "I have known," says Mr. Hale, "a woman sit for ten years with twins, and they never exceeded the same age." A man and his wife in Charlotte-street, Drury-lane, lived by begging; when the woman was about to lie in, a benevolent neighbour perceiving that she had neither bed nor bedstead, furnished her with both; but he soon found that the bedstead had been cut up and made into a rabbit-hutch, and on inquiring the reason was told by the beggar, that charitable persons would occasionally visit them, and finding that they had neither bed nor bedstead, would be more disposed to give them money. The acquisition of *eleven* suits of clothes on fictitious pretences, compassion excited by apparent pregnancy, produced by stuffing the body with a wisp of straw, and the *sending out* of young children who sometimes return with from three to eight shillings, which is consumed in gin by their abandoned mothers, are facts authenticated by the enquiries of the committee. Mrs. O'Keefe, one of these depraved wretches, received from her little wretched urchin, eight shillings a day, yet he is always naked and dirty, and almost every day in a state of intoxication. An old woman of the community kept a night-school for the sole purpose of teaching the children the street language. They had fictitious names: one child was to act Mother Barlow, and another Mother Cummins; and in these characters the old wretch instructed them in all the manœuvres of scolding, making use of the most infamous expressions, and clapping their hands at each other in agonies of rage. The most disgraceful scenes ensued; and if Mother Barlow, on the following day,

happened to infringe on the limits of Mother Cummins, they were each prepared to defend themselves and to excite a mob. Such scenes as these are surely more interesting and more imperative on every class of the community, than the visionary schemes of the Missionary and Bible Societies; and we intend occasionally to suggest in our future numbers the expediciencies most likely to effect the *repression* at least of drunkenness, prostitution and mendicity. In the mean time we beg leave to conclude in the language of an acute and able writer: "Before we go out of the way to seek for objects of misery abroad, it would be wise and humane to relieve those which we have at home. One would think that the general distress in the agricultural and manufacturing classes; the state of the poor, the prisons, the hospitals and the mad-houses, would supply us with abundant objects to relieve the plethora of philanthropy with which we seem to be bursting; but the truth is that with all our humanity we are a strange and whimsical people; and at the moment it is avowed that the churches of the metropolis are insufficient to hold one twentieth part of the inhabitants, we are supplying money to build a church for the Danes at Copenhagen!" How little these simple but important truths are regarded or understood, may be deduced from a comparison between the subscriptions for the Russian sufferers, with the paltry and scanty *amount* of the contributions to alleviate our own distress. Something indeed must be attributed to example. Her gracious majesty, from her store of four millions has imagined that she fulfilled the duties of her station by a gift of three hundred pounds; and who is the courtier, the placeman, or the pensioner, who would surpass the wife of his sovereign in generosity? From Lord Wellington we had expected better things: he has been treated by the English nation with unexampled generosity, at a moment when the pressure of our former burthens, alarmed the bold and exasperated the distressed. A return like that which he has made, is more injurious to himself than beneficial to the public.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN TESTIMONY ;
Exemplified by a singular History.

SIR,

THE execution of Owen and Haggerty for the murder of Mr. Steele, under circumstances so suspicious as those developed by Mr. Harmer; the untimely end of the unfortunate Eliza Fenning; and the recent horrible discovery of a long, connected, and atrocious conspiracy among the agents of the police, who have been repeatedly thanked and rewarded by the recorder for their villainous and malignant zeal, are circumstances well calculated to repress the confidence of the advocates for judicial infallibility, and to alarm the conscientious. It is a maxim in almost every civil government, that it is better that ten persons really guilty should escape, than that one being innocent should suffer. Upon this principle, it has been usual, till lately, to require positive and direct proof of every fact for which capital punishment has been inflicted, and in some countries no criminal is executed, if besides this proof he does not himself confess the fact. Circumstantial evidence may amount to the utmost degree of probability, but can go no further, and it has generally been thought insufficient to convict any person of a capital offence. Yet when the crime has been very great, it has been lately usual to punish the accused upon more slender evidence than when the crime has been less; a custom contrary to reason, since we should be more cautious in imputing twenty degrees of guilt than ten. If we are mistaken, the wrong is proportionably greater: an impatience to punish, is always commensurate with the indignation excited by the crime; and rather, as in a recent instance, than the accused should escape if guilty, some chance is incurred of punishing him if innocent. By positive evidence is meant that of a witness who was present at the fact, and swears to the person, who did it; but if a man be robbed on the highway of twenty-one guineas, and is shot dead

upon the spot, and a person within hearing of the pistol rides up, finds the man dead, hears the trampling of a horse, and following the sound, overtakes and seizes the man in whose coat pocket are just twenty-one guineas, one pistol that has been loaded and one that has been just fired; who appears terrified and confused, and had made his utmost effort to escape; this evidence, however strong, is only circumstantial, and it is possible that the person against whom it appears may be innocent, though the evidence be true. Of this assertion there have been many instances; and as it might be deemed invidious and unnecessary to refer more minutely to those recent verdicts which have excited so much horror and amazement, and which possibly implicate the names of living individuals, I shall content myself with adducing a decisive and singular testimony of the fallibility of human evidence, from the Secret Annals of Charles II.

In 1672, Jaques Moulin, a French refugee, having brought over his family, and a small sum of money to London, employed it in purchasing lots of goods that had been condemned at the custom-house, which he again disposed of by retail. As these goods were such as having a high duty, were liable to be smuggled, those who dealt in their sale were commonly suspected of increasing their stock by illicit means, and smuggling or purchasing smuggled goods under pretence of dealing only in goods that had been legally seized by the king's officers and taken from smugglers. This trade, however, did not in the general estimation impeach his honesty, though it gave no sanction to his character, but he was often detected in uttering false gold. He came frequently to persons from whom he had received money, with several of these pieces of counterfeit coin, and pretended that they were among the pieces which had been paid him; his assertion was generally and stedfastly denied, but he was always peremptory and obstinate in his charge. He fell into disrepute, and gradually lost his business and his credit. Having sold a parcel of goods

which amounted to seventy-eight pounds to one Harris, a person with whom he had before done no business, he received the money in guineas and Portugal gold, several of which he refused, but Harris having assured him that he himself had carefully weighed and examined those very pieces and found them good, Du Moulin took them and gave his receipt.

In a few days he returned with the pieces, which he averred were of base metal, and part of the sum which he had received a few days before for the lot of goods. Harris examined the pieces, told Du Moulin that he was sure there were none of them among those which he had paid him, and refused to exchange them for others. Du Moulin as peremptorily asserted they were, alledging that he had put the money in a drawer by itself, and locked it up till he offered it in payment of a bill of exchange, and then the pieces were found to be bad. Harris now became angry, and charged Du Moulin with intending a fraud; the latter appeared to be more surprized than intimidated by the charge, and having sworn that these were the pieces he received, Harris was obliged to make them good. But as he was confident that Du Moulin had injured him by a fraud, supported by perjury, he told his story wherever he went, exclaiming against him with great bitterness, and meeting with many persons who made nearly the same complaint, and told him that it had been a practice of Du Moulin for a considerable time, Du Moulin now found himself universally shunned, and learning the aspersions of Harris and his circulation of injurious reports, he brought his action for defamatory words. Harris, irritated to the highest degree, stood upon his defence, and in the mean time having procured a meeting of several persons, who had suffered in the same way in their dealings with Du Moulin, they procured a warrant against him, and he was apprehended on suspicion of counterfeiting the coin. Upon searching his drawers a great number of pieces of counterfeit gold were found in a drawer by themselves, and several more

were picked from other money contained in his escrutoire. Upon further search, a flask, several files, a pair of moulds, some powdered chalk, a small quantity of aqua regia, and several other implements, were discovered. No doubt could now be entertained of his guilt, which was apparently aggravated by the methods he had taken to dispose of the money he had made, the insolence with which he insisted that it had been paid him by others, and the perjury by which he had supported his claim. His action against Harris for defamation was also considered as greatly augmenting his guilt, and every one was impatient to see him punished. In these circumstances he was brought to his trial, and his many attempts to put off bad money, the quantity found by itself in his escrutoire, and above all the instruments of coining which upon a comparison exactly answered the money in his possession, being proved, he was upon this evidence convicted, and received sentence of death.

It happened that a few days before he was to have been executed, one Williams, who had been bred a seal engraver, but had left his business, was killed by a fall from his horse. His wife who was then pregnant and near her time immediately fell into fits, and miscarried. She was soon sensible that she could not live, and therefore sending for the wife of Du Moulin, she desired her to be left with her, and then gave her the following account.

That her husband was one of four whom she named, who had for many years subsisted by counterfeiting gold coin, which she had been frequently employed to put off, and was therefore entrusted with the whole secret; that another of these persons had hired himself to Du Moulin as a kind of footman and porter, and being provided by the gang with false keys had disposed of a very considerable sum of bad money by opening his master's escrutoire, and leaving it there instead of an equal number of good pieces, which he took out; that by this iniquitous practice Du Moulin had been defrauded of his business, his character,

and his liberty, to which in a short time his life would be added if application was not immediately made to save him. By this account, which she gave in great agonies of mind, she was much exhausted, and having given directions where to find the persons she impeached she fell into convulsions and soon after expired. The woman immediately applied to a magistrate, and having related the story she had heard, procured a warrant against the three men, who were taken the same day and separately examined. Du Moulin's servant steadily denied the whole charge, and so did one of the other two; but while the last was under examination a messenger who had been sent to search their lodgings arrived with a great quantity of bad money and many instruments for coining. This threw him into confusion, and he confessed that he had long been associated with the other prisoners and with the man that was dead; he directed where other tools and money might be found, but could say nothing as to the manner in which Du Moulin's servant was employed to put it off. Upon this discovery Du Moulin's execution was suspended, and the king's witness swearing positively that his servant and the other prisoner had frequently coined in his presence, and giving a particular account of the process, they were condemned to die. Both of them, however, still denied the fact, and the public were still in doubt about Du Moulin. In his defence he had declared that the bad money which was found together was such as he could not trace to the persons of whom he had received it, that the parcels with which bad money was found mixed, he kept separate, that he might know to whom to apply if it should appear to be bad. Yet the discovery of the moulds and other instruments in his custody was a circumstance not explained; he only alledged in general terms that he knew not how they came there, and it was doubted whether the impeachment of others had not been managed to save him who was equally guilty, there being no evidence of his servant's treachery to his master, but that of a woman who was

dead, reported at second hand by the wife of Du Moulin, who was manifestly an interested party. He was not however charged by either of the convicts as an accomplice, a particular circumstance, which was strongly urged by his friends in his behalf: but it happened that while the public opinion was thus held in suspense, a private drawer was discovered in a chest that belonged to his servant, containing a bunch of keys, and the impression of a key in wax. The impression was compared with the keys, and that which it corresponded with was found to open Du Moulin's *escrutoire*, in which the bad money and implements had been found. When this particular, so strong and unexpected, was urged, and the key produced, the servant burst into tears, and confessed all that had been alledged against him. He was then asked how the tools came into his master's *escrutoire*; and he answered that when the officers of justice came to seize his master, he was terrified for himself, knowing that he had these instruments in his chest which the private drawer would not contain; and fearing that he might be included in the warrant, his consciousness of guilt kept him in continual dread and suspicion. That for this reason when the officers went up stairs he opened the *escrutoire* with a false key, and having brought his tools from his box in the garret deposited them in the *escrutoire*, which he had just locked when he heard them at the door. On this discovery the servant and one of the three confederates, were tried and convicted, the third being admitted as king's evidence, and Du Moulin was restored to his liberty, but passed the rest of his life in abject poverty.

In this case even the positive evidence of Du Moulin, that the money he brought back to Harris was the same he received from him was not true, though Du Moulin was not guilty of perjury either wilfully, or by neglect, inattention or forgetfulness. And the circumstantial evidence against him would only have heaped one injury upon another, and have taken away the life of an unhap-

py master, from whom a perfidious servant had taken every thing else.

If this authentic statement, Sir, receives insertion in the *SCOURGE*, I may probably transmit you several instances of testimony equally strong, falsified in the same manner by decisive and unexpected evidence. So uncertain is human testimony, even when the witnesses are sincere, and so necessary is a cool and dispassionate enquiry and determination with respect to crimes that are enormous in the highest degree, and committed with every possible aggravation.

PHILANTHROPOS.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF SIR EYRE COOTE.

A ^{VERY} extraordinary pamphlet has appeared, entitled "A plain Statement of Facts relative to Lieutenant General Sir Eyre Coote." It has been avowedly compiled by the friends of the individual who has of late been the subject of so much conversation: it is intended as a defence, but though several documents are with that view suppressed, it contains evidence of improper and indecent conduct on the part of Sir Eyre Coote sufficient to justify the steps lately taken by the executive government respecting him. From the testimony of several boys, a nurse, and other persons belonging to Christ's hospital, it appears, that on Saturday the 25th of November last, Sir Eyre was found in the mathematical school at Christ's hospital, under suspicious circumstances, and taken before the Lord Mayor on a charge of improper and indecent conduct in the school. It was also stated that two years before he had twice entered the school, and spoke to the boys in a very foolish manner, and conducted himself with the utmost indecency. No particular notice, however, was taken of his extraordinary behaviour until his last visit in November, when he went

into the school-room, where several boys were assembled, entered into conversation with them, prevailed upon some of them by bribing them with money, to be whipped by his (Sir Eyre Coote's) own hand, and afterwards persuaded them to inflict the same discipline upon himself. On this latter occasion it happened that Mrs. Robinson, one of the nurses, entered the room, expressed her surprize and indignation, and sent for the porter of the lodge, who took him. He was afterwards taken before the Lord Mayor on a charge of improper and indecent conduct in the school. As time for further inquiry was necessary, he was allowed to depart on promising to appear at the Mansion-house on the following Monday to meet such charges as might be preferred against him. In the mean time the most minute investigation took place of all the circumstances connected with the charge; and on Sir Eyre Coote's re-appearance at the Mansion-house on the Monday, it *appeared* to the Lord Mayor, to Sir Wm. Curtis, and Mr. Corp, the chief clerk of the hospital, that though an act of egregious folly had been committed, there was not the *slightest ground* for supposing it to have proceeded from any *vicious* or *criminal* intention or propensity. Sir Eyre declared that he was heartily ashamed of his frivolous conduct, and his lordship concluded that by concealment of all the circumstances, as far as laid within his power, he should upon the whole best consult the interest of the hospital, the honor and dignity of the army, and the public feeling. He reflected that the Lieutenant-General had frequently distinguished himself in the service of his country, and was connected with an amiable family, and that under such circumstances to expose mere folly would be an act of severity, where tenderness and forbearance would be more becoming and expedient. He therefore dismissed the case altogether.

It was then suggested by Sir Wm. Curtis, president of the hospital, that as Sir Eyre acknowledged himself to have committed an act of great folly and impropriety, he

Interview between the Duke of York and the Lord Mayor. 187

ought to atone for his offence by making a present to the institution, and a thousand pounds was named as the proper sum. A more indelicate and improper compromise of the character of the hospital cannot be conceived, and the proposal was even objected to by Sir Eyre Coote, on the supposition that it would have the appearance of a *hush-money bribe*. But on its being represented that as the case had been already formally dismissed by the Lord Mayor, a gift could not be supposed to proceed from any improper motive, and as the one in question was certainly not considered as a compromise, he reluctantly acquiesced, and gave his draft for the money. The committee, however, entertained different ideas of delicacy and propriety from their portly president, and returned the money received for the draft, as having been improperly demanded. All these facts were afterwards stated, at the express request of his Royal Highness, in a letter from the Lord Mayor to the Duke of York, dated April 10, 1816, which led to a personal interview with the Commauder in Chief, in which the former explained verbally such particulars as he had from a feeling of delicacy but slightly noticed in writing. His Royal Highness after considering the circumstances in every point of view, conceived it necessary, for the honour of the army, that they should be more fully investigated, and accordingly he appointed three general officers to enter into a fresh inquiry. They met at the Mansion-house on the 18th of April, and on examining several witnesses a very different impression was produced on their minds from that previously formed by the Lord Mayor. In the mean time a long correspondence took place between Colonel Bagwell, brother-in-law to Sir Eyre Coote, and Sir Henry Torrens, Secretary to the Duke of York, in which the Colonel endeavoured to prove that the extraordinary conduct of Sir Eyre had proceeded from temporary insanity. This assertion was attempted to be justified by a mass of evidence containing the testimony of between sixty and seventy persons, including many noblemen and mem-

bers of the legislature, who declared their knowledge of Sir Eyre Coote's infirmities, and their firm belief that insanity alone had led to the acts of folly detailed in the copy of the examination.

How far the opinion of Sir Wm. Curtis and of Mr. Corp, that the conduct of Sir Eyre was only distinguished by egregious folly, proceeding from no vicious or criminal intention or propensity, can be justified, will best be determined by a reference to the following extraordinary evidence.

Mansion House, 18th April, 1816.

Lieutenant-General Sir John Abercromby, G. C. B.

Major-General Sir Henry Fane, K. C. B.

Major-General Sir George Cooke, K. C. B.

HAVING met at the Mansion House, in obedience to the orders of the Commander in Chief, conveyed to them through His Royal Highness's Military Secretary, they proceed to collect and record evidence on the subject to which their instructions relate.

Edward Deane, aged 15 years, 7 months—a scholar in Christ's Hospital (in the Mathematical School)—On a Saturday before Christmas, between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon—the gentleman came into the school—he asked if we would let him flog us, and he would give us so much money—after he asked me several questions, he asked if he should flog me—I consented—he said he would give me 1s. 6d. for six stripes—I let down my breeches, and he flogged me—after he flogged me, he flogged another boy—then he asked if any more would be flogged; they said no—and he asked if we would flog him—after some boys flogged him—I held his watch whilst he was flogged—he pulled down his breeches when the boys had flogged him—the Nurse came in just as he was pulling up his breeches—she sent me for the Beadle—I could not find him—another boy found two of the Beadles; they took him to the Steward—Seagrim was one that flogged him—I believe there were two other—he flogged us with a rod—he gave me 1s. 6d.—I had seen him go into the school with other boys about two years ago, twice on Saturday afternoons.

John Mears, aged 15, last December—(in Mathematical School.)—I was standing in the ward, one of the boys came and told me there was a gentleman in the school sketching—I

went down the school, saw him sitting on a form at second table—some time after I heard him ask if there were any rods—Mathews went and fetched one from the cupboard—he asked if the master was severe, whether he flogged much; one of the boys answered no—he then asked if any of us would be flogged—I said I would—he agreed to give me 2s. if I would let him have eight stripes—I stood by the side of the table, and he gave me four—he then put his hand and lifted me on the table, put his hand between my legs—my breeches were down—after he gave me the other four, he called me to the fire, and asked if he had made any mark; he put his hand between my legs, put me across his knee, gave me two slaps on the back-side with his bare hand—he gave me 2s. and asked if any other boy would be flogged—no one answered at first—he asked Deane, he was the largest boy there, if he would like to be flogged—Deane said he did not care, did not mind—he agreed to give 1s. 6d. for six stripes—he flogged him—he then gave 3s. between the boys in the school—after that he said he would be flogged himself—he pulled his breeches down, and it was either me or Bailey, I don't recollect which, gave him two lashes with the rod—we both gave him two, don't recollect which first; he pulled up his shirt behind, not in front—Deane held his watch—Seagrim hit him another stripe, and in pulling up his breeches Nurse came in—she sent for a Beadle—he asked her to let him go, you had better let me go, you don't know who I am—he then went out of the school, Nurse with him—he stood against the door on the outside with the Nurse—he pulled something out of his pocket and offered it to her—she said take your detested hand away; at that time the Beadle came up, and he was taken to the Steward's Office—I have heard him say his name was Best, but the boys saw Eyre Coote on his seal, sometimes said Churchill, have seen him before, was flogged by him once before, just before the August vacation, believe it was a Saturday; the former time he desired the door to be locked, remained about three quarters of an hour; he was flogged himself at that time—I was let in on condition I would be flogged—Gordon it was, he is gone to sea.

Henry Seagrim, aged 14 last March.—Remembers the gentleman coming, was in the school at my business, Bailey was sitting at second table, was door-boy—a gentleman came in,

said it was one of the best schools for writing, and desired Bailey to let him look at his writing, and asked how often the master flogged, and if we had any rods—Mathews went to the cupboard, got one out—he asked if they liked being flogged, if any of us would be flogged, he would give us some money—he asked Deane in particular, he is the biggest boy; whilst he was talking to Deane, Mears came in, and asked him how he did, and shook hands with him—he asked Mears if he would be flogged, would give him 1s. 6d. Mears would not for less than 2s. he flogged Mears and Deane—he asked me to flog him, (Mears was on the table, Deane standing) Bailey first, Mears second, and myself third, the same rod, his breeches down, and shirt up behind, he held it up himself—he said he would give 3s. between us all—the Nurse came in when he was buttoning up his breeches, and asked what he came for, she thought he came for no good purpose, and sent a boy down for a Beadle and locked the door, and locked him in—he asked her if she was the mother of a family, she said yes, and he asked her to let him go, said several times upon my word and honour I was doing no harm—he offered her something—she said take your detestable hand from me and all its contents. The Beadles came and took him—had never seen him, but heard of him before that he came to flog the boys and give them money; he went by a number of names, some boys said it was Sir Eyre Coote.

Paulette Mathews, aged 14, last March—I was sitting writing, the gentleman came in, sat down at second table, looked at some of the boys writing, said it was the best school in England—asked if the master punished often—told him, no—he asked if they had any rods—I told him there was one, and shewed it to him—he then asked Mears if he should flog him—he did, and Deane likewise—gave Mears 2s. and Deane 1s. 6d., and 3s. between the rest to let the boys punish him themselves (he said, flogged)—Mears gave him 2 stripes, and whilst he was doing it Deane held his watch, Enner and myself hit him on the backside with our hands. He was buttoning up his breeches when Nurse came in—asked what business he had there—he began to make several excuses, saying it was the best school he ever saw; the Nurse sent for a Beadle and had him taken to the Steward's. Coote put his hand to her with something in it, the Nurse said, take that cursed hand from me—I don't know if the door was

locked. I had heard of him coming, but had never seen him to know him—came to flog the boys—came once in about two months—came by the name of General Sir Eyre Coote, Smith, and names I don't recollect; he had a seal the boys had seen, which he said he had taken from the battle of Egypt—have stood outside the door twice when he has been there—they used to turn the little boys out. I understood he was the same person—he put Mears and Deane on his knee, one hand on Mears's private parts, and with the other on his backside, which he rubbed with his hand.

The final report of the officers in a careful examination of the evidence perfectly coincides with our own opinion, and is not in the least affected by the declaration of the Lord Mayor that he and other persons present were convinced of Sir Eyre's derangement. The reasons adduced by his lordship for entertaining that belief, only prove that his manners were eccentric and his agitation extreme. "Although," says the report, "there is ample testimony of very eccentric and incoherent conduct, amounting perhaps to derangement of mind, yet at the period when the aforesaid discovery occurred he seems to have had such possession of himself, as to be fully sensible of the indecency of the proceeding and capable of adopting the most grounded and prudent means to avoid further disclosure." The evidence and opinion by which this conclusion is opposed, and the testimonies of Drs. Monro and Blain, are of the most vague and general character. Scarcely one of the witnesses can adduce a proof of actual insanity before the occurrence of the present charge; and they merely argue that because he has committed the fact, and was eccentric before its perpetration, he must have been insane. If an unsettled disposition, eccentricity of manner, and levity of conduct, render guilt unamenable to law, or a criterion of insanity, who that is of sound mind shall escape the imputation, or who that is guilty be punished for the violation of every social tie and the grossest outrage on virtue and humanity?

On the 21st of May Lieutenant General Sir G. Lowry Cole was appointed colonel of the 34th regiment of foot,

vice General Sir Eyre Coote. Under all the circumstances of the case we think it impossible that his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, Sir H. Torrens, and the other individuals connected with the investigation could have acted with more exemplary discretion, tenderness, and propriety. They were evidently reluctant to enter more fully into the details of Sir Eyre's conduct, than was absolutely due to the army and to the public; and the anxiety of Colonel Bagwell to prolong and to multiply the proceedings and correspondence on so unpleasing a subject, though creditable to his affection, was singularly indiscreet. We lament as deeply as he the decline of general's health, and the anguish he endures; but are certain that no possible combination of circumstances, is so likely to prolong and to augment the repentant feelings of his relative as the publication of this indiscreet and desultory pamphlet.

A TRUE TALE.

*(From a Series of Essays printed but not published by
Dr. Scandelo.*

ISABELLA was at one time celebrated as a woman of extraordinary beauty, and though possessed but of a moderate fortune, received the addresses of noblemen of the greatest distinction in the country. She had a pride much above her situation in life, and the consciousness of her own charms taught her even to treat the proposals, or advances of her superiors with contempt. She took great pleasure in increasing the number of her suitors, and always gave most encouragement to the latest, except when she perceived any of them deserting her in despair. By a whimsical preference at a ball or a party, affected towards some of them, she never failed to torture the rest: in short, was a complete coquette: her bosom was free, her heart was light, and in every circle of pleasure

she might be found, the life and spirit of merriment, the gayest of the gay!

Among many whom she had deluded was a young nobleman by name Alonzo; he was elegant and accomplished in his manners, and attractive in his person; and indeed Isabella regarded him as her chief favorite, though her vanity overcame her affections and led her to trifle with his passion. He was, however, a youth of a gay and easy disposition, and by changing his attentions and addressing them to Maria, Isabella's cousin, he soon effaced the remembrance of his former attachment, with all the uneasy sensations that accompanied it. Isabella's pride was not a little hurt at the coldness and indifference which, for the first time in her life, she now experienced from one in whom her heart was really interested. She felt offended, yet knew herself to be the cause of her misfortune; and at last contrary to all the dictates of vanity she was humbled to the most painful condescension. Alonzo could not but remark the altered demeanour and familiarity which she observed towards him; but those attentions which a short time before would have filled him with delight were now painful: he therefore endeavoured to avoid them by every means in his power. Isabella plainly perceived how much she had been the dupe of her own folly, yet being a woman of violent passions, and not accustomed to be slighted, she tried to attract him by all those allurements of which she was so much mistress, throwing herself upon every occasion in his way, and sparing neither looks nor words to shew the intensity of her attachment.

One evening on her return from the gardens, she found Alonzo alone in her apartment. He had called accidentally, and was awaiting her return. Isabella immediately embraced the opportunity, to upbraid him with his neglect and want of affection to her, whose life entirely depended upon him, acknowledging that she had always loved him with the greatest sincerity, and expressing her inability to account for his coldness and reserve, unless it was to be

attributed to her liveliness of temper. Alonzo replied by acquainting her how totally inconsistent with his honour, an engagement would be with any but her cousin, to whom his vows were now solemnly plighted; that he had once loved and admired Isabella, but she had treated him with a cruelty of which he was undeserving; since which time he had attempted to overcome a passion that he feared would delude him to his ruin; and at length his heart was irrevocably consigned to another. Isabella felt too severely the truth of what he had offered; she now saw little to afford the least gleam of hope, and overcome by the vehemence of her feelings burst into tears. She vowed that whatever her conduct might have been, her affections were always in his favor; she ever loved and admired him, and the remembrance that those feelings were once reciprocal, was the only consolation she expected to receive during the years of misery which she was destined to endure. She would now take a last farewell, hoping that the memory of the unfortunate Isabella would never afflict his bosom with a pang.

Here the power of utterance failed her, and she sunk exhausted upon the couch. The scene was too much for Alonzo, who really retained some degree of remaining affection. He placed himself beside her, offering every consolation in his power: he pressed her hand to his, while she bathed him in her tears; and as she reclined upon his arm for support, was even tempted to kiss the drops straggling down her cheeks. He soothed her with the softest language, and pressed her thoughtlessly in his arms, but it was to be a last embrace—and he indulged his emotions. The evening passed away and they parted not—night came only to hide the shame of Isabella.

In the morning Alonzo felt quite shocked at his own weakness. Honor still bound him to fulfil his engagements with Maria, and its dictates he determined to obey. Whatever the consequences of his conduct towards his cousin might be, he considered that the responsibility rested not with him, as he had before-hand informed her that

he was plighted to another. The distraction of Isabella, when he thus refused to make the reparation due to her injured fame, is indescribable. She raved and poured the most violent imprecations on him as a villain and a monster, and invoked all the powers of heaven to shower down curses on his head—but his heart was inflexible. Isabella's fame became the sport of the world, and her father sunk into the grave after beholding the ruin of his child.

Of all those suitors who had suffered from the contempt of Isabella, in better days, the most persevering was Sir Vivian Vivian, a baronet of large fortune. He entertained for her a violent affection, and was not a little piqued at the success of Alonzo: yet hearing that she had been deserted, he considered that the moment presented a most favorable opportunity to renew his addresses, even in a dishonorable point of view, as the fair one had no reputation to lose, and was still burning with indignation against her seducer. Isabella listened to his vows with horror and disgust, notwithstanding her fallen state; yet as he flattered her passions she did not think fit altogether to discourage him, hoping he might one day become the instrument of her revenge. The time at length arrived on which the nuptials of Alonzo and Maria were to be celebrated. Isabella was almost driven to madness, and Sir Vivian never failed to impress the idea of her wrongs and of the villainous conduct of Alonzo; offering to rid the earth of such a monster if she would only return him some marks of favor. Isabella's hatred, however, was now of a more malignant nature; it was not to be satiated by the uncertainty of a duel, by which her object might escape and triumph in his villainies: she therefore gave Sir Vivian intimation of a darker design. He at first shrunk with horror at the idea, but at last urged on by promises and reproaches, mingled poison with the wine of the bridegroom on the day of marriage, and Isabella received a murderer to her bed!

How bitter are the joys of the guilty! They both

awoke but to upbraid each other. Isabella, goaded by all the pangs of remorse, tortured the unhappy Sir Vivian with the most taunting language. The revenge on her seducer, which but a few hours before had thrown her into extacy little short of delirium, now appeared to her in the most abominable colours. She accused Sir Vivian of murdering the best of men, and asserted that she never could have consented to so base a deed had not he stimulated her to madness. Why had he not fought him honorably, instead of administering the poisonous draught? Driven to desperation by these unexpected accusations and reproaches, and remembering that he had sacrificed his safety, his honor, and his peace of mind, to execute for her sake the crime with which he was now upbraided, he seized a breakfast knife, and plunging it in the bosom of the unfortunate woman, immediately disappeared and set out for Switzerland.

Isabella still lingers on a bed of mental and bodily torture, and is silently hastening to the grave; first rendered miserable by vanity, and lastly infamous by revenge. Such is the fate of her who was the life of every circle, the fair, the once innocent Isabella, the gayest of the gay!

THE PENITENTIARY.

SOME folks of late, by pious views inspired,
 By godly grace, and holy ardor fired;
 Beneath the sanction of the Virgin Mary,
 For little angels who delight in shades,
 And pretty penitential maids,
 Had built a famous *penitentiary*.

Ind ed these gentlemen deserve renown,
 And yet they might depopulate the town,

Of these fair Cyprians in these hungry times,
At a much cheaper rate, if conscience clear,
From virtue's eye they'd cease to force the tear,
And build confinements for their own black crimes.

A rosy maid some days had been in town,
In search of service wandering up and down,
But like her betters often disappointed ;
And hearing of this celebrated place,
Where nought was wanting but a want of grace,
She flew, among the nymphs to be appointed.

A lady of some charity and grace,
Governed this very venerable place,
No abbess could such strict discipline boast,
No pampering there, as temperate as nuns ;
Plain bread and water served them ; buttered buns
Were left to saints, with coffee, tea, and toast.

Unto this dame the simple girl repairs, '•
Describing well the state of her affairs,
With artless tongue and most engaging smile ;
Praying that she might be allowed,
Among the penitential crowd,
To rest her aching frame a little while.

“ My dear,” the matron cried, “ this house of fame,
Was meant for maidens who have lost that name ;
If you are virtuous still”—“ La ! Ma'am,” said Bet,
With cheeks that glowed in cherries' deepest die,
And timid modesty's retiring eye,
“ Upon my life I've not been ruin'd yet.”

“ Well, my dear girl, this house was built for wives,
And women frail to weep their sinful lives ;
But none repent or weep who never sin,
And if they could, alas ! small is the gain,
We go to heaven by fasting, prayer and pain,
And Lord knows ! seldom taste a drop of gin.

“ Yet, if we lived like very aldermen,
 We dare not ask you to our fowls or pigs ;
 Heavens ! with what rage, what awful fury then,
 Our gentle governors would shake their wigs.

“ So go, sweet girl, but to abate your woes,
 Here’s my poor offering, all that I may part,
 ’Tis but a little, take it whence it flows,
 A widow’s trifle, from a willing heart.”

This said the lady wished the girl good night
 Her bosom filled with virtuous delight ;
 Yet never dreamt she’d see that face again ;
 When, lo ! next night before her wondering eyes,
 The same young damsel for the place applies,
 Confounding much her penetrating brain.

“ Good Lord, did not I tell you when you went,
 We do not here admit the innocent ?”
 Half angry thus the dame began to chide,
 “ Yes, ma’am,” the girl replies, “ you bade me go,
 As being, alas ! too virtuous (you know)
But since last night I have been qualified !”

Reader, believe ’tis no uncommon case,—
 How many part with honour for a place!

A HISTORY OF SCANDAL.

By an Amateur.

As all sciences should be systematically explained, when we mean them to be well understood, I consider it most essentially my duty to arrange and lay down the grand elements of scandal in regular order. I shall also endeavour to be as concise on every subject as its nature will allow, because I should not desire that to be observed of my book, which Montesquieu has said of orators,

“*Ce qui manque aux orateurs en profondeur, il vous la donnent en longueur.*” Their want of profundity is atoned by their loquacity. Knowledge when administered in a certain degree of strength is the most pleasant and palatable beverage of sound minds; but it is so often mixed and diluted as to appear nauseous and disagreeable.

Scandal is the glorious science by which we are enabled secretly to injure a fellow-creature by defamation or destruction of reputation, from whatever motive it may be employed.

It is almost needless to mention the advantages it possesses over all other sciences that tend to the injury of our neighbours. One of the most obvious, and which has attracted every person's notice, is that it is generally unattended by danger: we may employ it at all times; at the noon of day, as fearlessly as at the dead of night: we may soothe the very groans which our own invisible pinches extort. To torment by other instruments than the tongue, a man must be an open enemy; but here he may murder and be a *friend*.

The pleasures of backbiting are also very pre-eminent: for as the most dreadful scenes of misery afford us the highest delight, here we may have our glut indeed. Direct death is but a momentary pain; cruelty will have an end, and the object is pitied. But he whose reputation is blasted, has no longer a wish to make life desirable: scorned and despised, an outcast of society, pitied by none and detested by all, he drags out his miserable existence, praying for that death which alone could heal the wounds of his injured fame. The extacy of a slanderer is unbounded, when he hears his objects, grown desperate, exclaim in the words of the poet—

“Me miserable, which way shall I fly,
Which way I fly is hell—myself am hell,
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.”

It has always been considered as necessary at the com-

mencement of an explanatory treatise, to trace the origin of the science back to the remotest ages of the world, and give the reader a clear history of its progress from its birth. Although I hold this practice to be in a great degree useless, inasmuch as authors generally repeat the tales of their predecessors, who have written upon the same subject, respect to others, and the originality of this attempt, invite me to comply with the custom, by giving a slight sketch of the origin and progress of scandal and slander.

All authors who treat on sciences are, I have observed, very ambitious to trace the origin of their particular subjects to the time of Adam; but whether this arises from the glory which attends every thing that is antient, or from the folly that whispers people, they look learned, when they tell others what they only fancy themselves, I believe it would be difficult to explain. Prompted neither by the one nor the other of these motives, I should have been quite content to commence the history of scandal from the time of Abraham; but some of my friends have hinted, that it is so well ascertained and generally known, that the science was practiced in the time of our first parents, I might be accused of ignorance should I neglect to give some account of it. Nay, further, that it is necessary to prove its existence in the time of Adam by direct and plain evidence: for though the majority of mankind believe the fact, nothing can be more pleasing to them than to find that belief supported by able and undeniable argument. We shall attempt to prove therefore that scandal took its rise with the first inhabitants of the earth, by considering the faculties, powers, abilities, and qualifications of Adam on his first creation. In meditating on this subject, a Rev. Irish Doctor took it for granted that Adam was fifty years of age at the period of his birth, which he supposes to be the age of discretion in those days; yet even upon this datum he could not decide whether that ancient personage was as wise and learned as a gentleman at the age of discre-

tion, in the 18th century. After his fall his nature must have approximated to that of mankind in these days; his judgment became weaker, his desires stronger, and all his powers less able to contend with the frailties of human nature: for when once we commit a fault, reason and virtue like two beaten enemies, are too feeble to restrain our passions in future. Hence in those times Scandal among many others, finding the barriers weakened, arose in rebellion, and escaped the iron reign of these despotic governors; and from this period I date the origin of the science. Adam loved Eve, yet remembered his former happiness, and looking back with regret on the joys and pleasures of paradise, he cursed the fatal hour in which he left it, and whispered reproaches to the winds, that broke upon the dreams of his children. Through the medium of scandal, the sad tale of the weakness of woman, descended from thence to future generations; a fact, indeed, which is almost the only one we know respecting our first parents, and proving the truth of Shakspeare's remark,

“The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is often buried with their bones.”

The children of Cain were the next propagators of the art, and by their industry they propagated the infamy of their sire among their descendants. One of the sons of Noah seems to have been very conversant in the science, which I infer from his sobriety, having laughed at his father when intoxicated. This species of temperance is well worthy the pupils of scandal, for I have observed that the most proficient in these days occasionally refrain from all the luxuries of the table, that they may enjoy the pleasure of reproaching others with gluttony. Moses furnishes us with numerous instances of the progress which scandal made; but that which chiefly struck me was the manner in which Pharaoh's wife practiced it to ruin Joseph. It kept its stand in Egypt, for some centuries, improving but little:

and was at last imported into Europe, where its practice was then imperfect and confined.

The Grecian and Roman histories afford us numerous examples of the improvements which it soon attained in these countries. Every page abounds with the murder of emperors and kings originating in the science, and the performers on those occasions seemed so proud of their own proficiency that they scorned to employ their talents on the vulgar. A curious instance of this happened in Venice: the people stimulated by envious scandal condemned one of their magistrates to death, because he had suddenly appeased a very dangerous sedition, alledging as a reason, that he who could so easily pacify such an insurrection was able to raise one at any time.

Hence, likewise, it happened that the greatest men were always in the greatest danger, both at Athens and at Rome. This fact some profound philosophers have ascribed to simply envy: but envy is very powerless without the aid of scandal. The former produces the flame of discontent; the latter is the gale by which it spreads and propagates.

In England, we have not fallen much below our predecessors in the science; for if we examine the annals of our country, we find that scandal was the resting staff of the ins and the outs, the whigs and the tories, and that the same cause which dethroned a king exalted a minister. Indeed in the 12th and 13th centuries, we began to excel the French in this, as well as in many other sciences; and had not the reformation, which occurred shortly after, embroiled the kingdom in troubles, it might have obtained a greater degree of perfection. It was seldom employed except to forward the grand and favorite schemes of ambitious men, or merely from motives of malice or revenge. It had not yet acquired the polish, which we have given it in later times, having various and numerous sects to contend with, and struggling for a considerable time with difficulties which its Herculean strength alone could have surmounted. After the pre-

sent religion was completely established, England, in a great measure freed from the convulsions by which she had been wearied for a number of years, began to contract her finances, until by successes abroad and good management at home, she enjoyed a degree of happiness likely to last long. Commerce lulled in the luxurious lap of peace, began to flourish extensively, and at length our people became rich and our ladies idle.

I have now no longer to regret the stupidity of those people by whom our system of female education was contrived; and who counselled and ordained that every woman should learn some art or manufacture. These little occupations used to engage the mind's attention, and prevents the intrusion of scandal, who loves to steal upon it when unemployed. That perverse writer, Zimmerman, often expressed great pleasure in beholding ladies thus engaged. "For my part (said he) whenever chance brings within my observation a knot of misses busy at their needles, I consider myself as in the school of virtue; and though I have no extraordinary skill in plain work, or embroidery, look upon their operations with as much satisfaction as the governess." Thank heaven, the ladies of our times, having learned the pleasure of doing nothing, (a frequent consequence of riches) treat these moral remarks with merited contempt, and idleness, with her numerous train of attendants, is now admitted into all polished societies.

Even the most industrious of the fair sex indulge their solitary moments at times with idleness, without ever meditating upon the many-headed monster it begets: fears, fancies, desires, and passions, with scandal at their head, ensnare the soul before the objects are aware of their danger, and they gradually become excellent pupils in the science. Idleness is at all times equal to ignorance, and those who will not work, are as liable to improve in the art as those that *cannot*.

Nourished in the bosom of idleness scandal spread extensively and began to triumph in her success. No lon.

ger confined to the service of the passions, she boldly appeared in the drawing-room and the masquerade, claiming her place as the agent of our pleasures and amusements. People no more consulted their consciences; a wish or dream gave her employment, and reputations were daily sacrificed to overcome the ennui of a tea-table.

————— At the tea-table,
 How pleased with her malicious gabble !
 There misses in their teens review
 The conduct of their friend Miss Prue :
 There wives are brought upon the carpet,
 Old maids or widows shew their sharp-wit,
 Each action wears the worst construction ;
 As if by virtuous friends' destruction
 They snugly in their pockets tossed,
 Excisemen like, what others lost.

We are now arrived at the refinements of the present day, but though our improvements have been numerous, I do not mean to affirm that we have attained perfection. I consider it both vain and injurious to limit the progress of any science, when we observe every one with which we are acquainted, except the art of money-getting, daily improving, and when every succeeding year produces new proofs of ignorance, and new advances in knowledge. To those philosophers, however, who contemplate the rise and fall of sciences from their first spring, it must have been extremely gratifying to behold the quick progress which scandal has made since the 13th century, so powerfully confirming the observation of Cicero, that "nothing is so swift in its progress as calumny, nothing is more readily sent forth, nothing is sooner received, and nothing can be more widely diffused."

A LATE DISCOVERY.

I.

Ye Templars approach and I'll tell you a story
Of a barrister bold, of W ——— the glory ;
Of Vansittart the dread ; a senator sage,
Formed by nature the battles of freedom to wage.

II.

So severe was his blame of incontinent passion,
So pure his abhorrence of profligate fashion,
And so deeply the crime of seduction he dreaded,
You'd have sworn that he never would dare to be wedded.

III.

On purity, constancy, conjugal bliss,
The husband's endearments, and matron's chaste kiss,
He lectured the prince and harangued the King's Bench,
Till we thought he would blush at the sight of a wench.

IV.

But I fear that in life, it too frequently seen is,
That the grave are best versed in the mysteries of Venus,
And those who commit to Bridewell a score
Of prostitutes, hasten to make twenty more.

V.

From the battle of tongues, to the battles of love,
From the *bench* to the boudoir is one short remove,
And—leaving the speaker to drowse o'er *his* mace,
He hastes with his own to Bolsover-place.

VI.

Of all the fair matrons and free-loving doxies
Who solace the absence of husbands by proxies,
Dame Emily most desired a preventative
To night aches, and chose him her lord's representative.

VII.

Well vers'd in the science of printing and scribbling,
No wonder at *night-work* he'd always be nibbling,
His ——— were in hand till the morning had shone,
And the *devil* stood by while his *press-work* went on.

VIII.

She vowed that in *sheets* he was *Capital Roman*
 And in stereotype standing was equalled by no man ;
 As for his *long primer* she'd ne'er seen the like, ah !
 But preferred it by much to her husband's *small pica*.

IX.

A critical disputant fam'd for his quibbling,
 With essays on mind, and ethical dribbling ;
 He taught her to prove before nine months were gone,
 That one is the product of one into one.

X.

He convinced her the head which produced such fine
 speeches,
 Was by no means so long as the poke of his breeches :
 From the first a political bouncer might spring,
 The latter presented a much better thing !

XI.

But transient the pleasures of love, on the stair
 A footstep was heard, for the husband was there ;
 From the bed the fond couple most agilely jumped,
 While the unwelcome visitor sturdily thumped.

XII.

In vain were his claims to admission ; the door
 Was bolted and locked for ten minutes or more,
 Till the lady was dressed, and the ladder suspended,
 And madáme to a carriage in waiting descended.

XIII.

To Clapham she hastened impatiently waiting
 The lover's arrival, to learn from his stating,
 His mode of escape ; what *Cornuto* had said,
 And whether he'd left her dear husband for dead.

XIV.

The *Cornuto* enraged forced the door, and soon enter'd ;
 On the carriage below his first glances were centred ;
 He peeped in the curtains, he ranged thro' the room,
 And under the tester-piece found but a *Broom*.

XV.

Odd things have occurred in this period of wonder,
 And Cornuto has reason to wail his last blunder,
 For 'tis true as 'tis strange that easily, neatly,
Broom pulled from its station, beat *blockhead* completely.

THE NUISANCES OF QUACKERY.

SIR,

THE extraordinary and pernicious advertisements issued by various soi-disant physicians, surgeons, and *medical boards*, demand the serious attention of the higher authorities, and claim the early notice of parliament on its next session. The proprietors of newspapers, influenced by that mercenary spirit, which sacrifices every principle of rectitude, and every feeling of virtue to the gratification of their avarice, are culpable participators in the diffusion of poison and indecency; and for the sake of these advertisements, insult the public feeling, injure its morals, and corrupt its health.

How is it possible that the advertisements of G. and C. and O. should be laid upon the breakfast-table of a father, or the toilette of a wife! The description of secret vices, and disease obtained in a moment of indiscretion, is wanton and luxuriant. The virgin is awakened to ideas of the most revolting character, weakness is alarmed and deluded, and vice encouraged to persevere in its bold and licentious career.

If ever the pillory could be properly employed, it would be in the punishment of those miscreants, who, without the slightest knowledge of pharmacy or nosology, come forward with the annunciation of infallible remedies for the disorders of the unwary, multiply by their mal-practice the evils to which humanity is subject, and while they vitiate the morals of society at large, aggravate the evils to which their unfortunate patients are exposed. Nor ought the participator in these atro-

cious transactions to remain unpunished. If the advertisements for places under government were justly prohibited, ten times more justly would be the preclusion of every line that could promote the insidious and mercenary purposes of empirics. It is melancholy to peruse, in the vehicles of political, literary, and dramatic information, their infamous violations of decency, their outrageous puffs, and profligate inuendoes.

In former times the case was different. Quackery received its just reward, and the impertinence of pretended surgeons and physicians, as well as the delusions of itinerant practitioners, were repressed by the terrors of the law.

In Edward the sixth's reign, one Grigg, a poulterer in Surrey, was set in the pillory at Croydon, and again in the borough of Southwark, during the time of the fair, for cheating people out of their money by pretending to cure them by charms, by only looking at the patient, or by examining his water.

In the reign of King James the first, the council dispatched a warrant to the magistrates of the city of London, to take up all reputed empirics and bring them before the censors of the college, to "examine into their qualifications, and how far they were to be trusted with the limbs or lives of his majesty's subjects."

Dr. Lamb, a most noted quack, and one who had acquired a large fortune by his pretended medicines, was at last obliged to confess that he knew nothing of physic.

Read and Woodhouse, two other contemporary quacks, were likewise brought to justice, and made the same acknowledgment.

In Stowe's Chronicle we meet with a relation of a water-doctor being set on horseback, his face to the horse's tail, which he held in his hand; with a collar of urinals about his neck, led by the hangman through the city, whipped, branded, and then banished.

Fairfax was fined and imprisoned in the reign of King William for severely injuring several people by his Aqua

Celestis. One *Antony*, with his *aurum potable*; *Arthur, Dee*, for advertizing medicines which would cure all diseases; *Foster*, for selling a powder for the green sickness; *Tenant*, an urine-doctor, who sold his pills for six pounds each; *Aires*, for selling purging sugar-plums; *Hunt*, for pasting bills in the streets announcing the cure of all diseases; *Phillips*, a distiller, for selling strong waters, with bills of their virtues and directions for their use, were all fined severely and long imprisoned.

Were the same severity exercised at the present moment, when vice and disease are diffused with ten-fold prevalence, the results would be destructive to the wretches who poison and delude the public, and highly favourable to the cause of virtue and humanity. Independently of the corruption of morals, by the indecency of their advertisements, the actual injury sustained by their patients, and the loss of money expended in obtaining relief from disorders which are only augmented, the practice of the regular and intelligent physician is materially affected, and his utility prevented by his irregular and murderous rivals. The claims so fully justified by the expence and toil of a professional education, the hopes inspired by a confidence of talent, are blasted and disappointed by the popular stratagems of empirics, and the boasts of individuals who possess not even the degree of knowledge which is necessary to the composition of their advertisements. Of the deception and infamy, connected with the artifices of quackery, I shall relate an instance within the sphere of my personal observation. A quack doctor, residing not far from Fleet-street, in a fit of repentance for the injuries he had inflicted on mankind, cut his throat, and left his widow entirely destitute. His brother, who had never rolled a pill, or looked in a dispensatory, found the concern too valuable to be lost, married in a few weeks the afflicted widow, and now conducts the business with "the skill, the secresy, and the attention for which the establishment has been so long remarkable."

It may be suggested, indeed, that government would

refuse to countenance any plan for the suppression of empirical advertisements, on account of the deficiency which such a measure would occasion in the revenue; but this supposition I can by no means be induced to believe, for it is certainly an outrage to humanity, and must be a libel upon any government, to suppose they would countenance a regular and public system of poison, merely to obtain the paltry accession of revenue which now arises from this disgraceful and pernicious source.

P.

THE DIABOLIAD.—No. II.

FROM the palace of the Duke of ———, Belphegor was driven in a coach and six to the mansion of Sir Joshua Suckling, a gentleman renowned for his taste in that mysterious science, once denominated by the appellation of *virtù*; a connoisseur in bronze; the irritable and conceited enemy of original genius, yet blind to all the beauties of ancient art. In his efforts to obtain the reputation of an amateur, he violated all the laws of decency and morality; and his ambition to be distinguished as a critic of Pindar and of Plutarch, led him to mutilate the one, and falsify the other. Voluptuous without elegance, effeminate but destitute of feeling, he corrupted the morals of the artists whom he affected to honour by his patronage, and dispersed the poison of literary calumny, wherever he could purchase or command a vehicle for the diffusion of his baleful influence. Thus virtue vanished at his touch, talent was depressed, genius defamed, and industry discouraged; while the corruption of taste, and the indulgence in solitary sensuality were promoted by his example. In the midst of lascivious statues he formed his school, and from Grecian marbles, exhibiting in all their protrusion the worship of the *phallus*, indited his appeals to the basest passions of our nature. His nearest relative, though a

sister, could scarcely be numbered among the softer sex. In her youthful days she had displayed a masculine spirit of independence on those forms and restraints, which usually guide the feelings and demeanour of less ambitious females. The lessons of Angelica Kaufman were received with a gusto partaking of her brother's peculiar propensities; the naked figure was the favourite subject of her pencil; and if report speak truth, not even the experience of Lady Hamilton herself, was more prolific in practical inquiry. Tall of stature, and muscular in limb; having more resemblance to a raw-boned Scotchman, than to Venus or any of the graces, she seized upon the trembling person of one of her brother's amanuenses with the ardor of a Jupiter, and atoned for the assault, by obtaining his appointment as a librarian to a literary institution. Her face in all its lineaments, in the expression of the eye, the formation of the nose and mouth, and the curvature of the lips, resembled the countenance of Mrs. Siddons, when she performed the character of Macbeth. Malignity was the predominating passion of her features, and physiognomy never displayed a prouder or a more striking triumph. To seduce the young, to corrupt the virtuous, to watch the irresolution of the wavering, and determine it on the side of vice, to render even the profligacy of the aged more hateful to itself, were the purposes which engaged the nightly dreams and the daily thoughts of this second Urganda. The peculiar studies and propensities of her brother, gave peculiar facility to her merciless designs. They hated each other sincerely, but their very hatred arose out of circumstances that they were conscious might tend to their mutual gratification. Under the pretence of inviting her visitors to look at her portfolios, the sketches of her brother on peculiar subjects, were casually exhibited to her victims, and while the malignity of the sister was gratified by corrupting the innocence of her unsuspecting protégées, *he* was enabled to embellish his splendid but licentious productions by their united talents.

The wife of Sir Joshua had long been dead, but had left behind her two hopeful infants, who were now arrived at maturity: the son inherited the vices of the father, with greater activity of mind and energy of body; the daughter possessed the cunning, the malignity, and the strong discrimination of her aunt, with a feminine form, and a fascinating countenance. Beautiful as an angel, she imbibed from her relative her selfish antipathy to mankind; her resolute and blasphemous defiance of all that Newton adored, or Milton sung; the fatal and insidious venom, which like the Indian poison is diffused from a snake of exquisite beauty, while the unsuspecting spectator is fascinated by its gaze. To blast the hopes of those youthful friends whom she accompanied to the altar, was the object, that when successful, thrilled her frame with more transporting joy, and more exquisite delight, than the raptures of that mutual love which she embittered. To the gratification of her personal jealousy and revenge, she resigned her person, uninfluenced by any sensual attachment to the lover, and thus occasioned irremediable jealousies and suspicions in the families of her friends. An action for crim. con. which comes on in the course of the present year, will more fully develope her insidious attentions to those whom she estranged to ruin.

On the character of the son, it will be unnecessary to expatiate minutely after the preceding delineation; but some conjecture may be formed of his habits and principles, from those of his tutor and companion. This person was a magistrate in the county of ———, who finding that the adoption of his father's principles, and even the regular performance of his duties as *Custos Rotularum*, and Under Sheriff, was a much more laborious task, than flattering the turbulent and democratic principles of the freeholders, and much less profitable than circulating the compositions of others, in imposing octavos at one guinea each, adopted the trade of swindling, and with the aid of a notorious captain, well known at the Compter and the Mansion-house, contrived to bring

out two of the most popular and extensively circulating works that have hitherto been produced on the subject of reform. No wonder that the publication sold, it was a compilation from the best parts of Blackstone and De Lolme, elucidated by notes, which produced in the country of which he was a magistrate, the most pernicious effects. Murder, disaffection and consequent distress, prevailed among every class of the community, beneath his jurisdiction. This paragon of reformists, during the violence of popular commotion, secluded his chaste frame in the purlieu of Gray's Inn, with the two daughters of a baker whom he alternately enjoyed. Nor was he content with the merits of revolutionary principles and licentious practices; he aspired to the praise of blasphemy, and became a worthy coadjutor of the Houstons and the Eatons. His practice and his theory fully corresponded; and the vicinity of N—— bears testimony to his expertness in the arts of profligacy and of fraud. With this worthy kinsman of Sir Joshua and Lady Emily Belphegor took an excursion into various parts of the country, and obtained access to the palaces and mansions of many celebrated men. The results of these visits will be recorded in the regular order of their occurrence.

X.

THE RED BOOK.

IN England, where so much freedom of discussion is indulged, both in and out of Parliament, and where the people are not influenced by a very superstitious veneration for ancient establishments, it may seem singular that many obvious abuses should still exist, and that the spirit of a wise and temperate reform, has not long ago removed all the grosser evils at least which are inseparable from the institutions of an early age. The causes, however, which have in many instances retarded improvement

may be discovered without difficulty. Those who are invested with the higher offices of government are, generally speaking, so much occupied with the discharge of their official duties and the defence of their conduct against the attacks of their enemies, that it is seldom they have leisure to become reformers, and project improvements. The task of reform, therefore, is naturally abandoned to the members of opposition, who do not always come to the discharge of a duty so delicate, with the views and feelings which are necessary to success. It is soon discovered that plans of reform are not always brought forward with a view to any solid advantage which may arise from their adoption, but from a wish to embarrass the administration, and to seize by violence upon the government. Grievances are selected not with reference to their true magnitude and importance, with a view to the effect which noisy discussions may have on the party politics of the day: and even when the subject of complaint is wisely chosen, the manner in which it is urged is commonly but little calculated to raise those who support it in the scale of virtue and patriotism. The ministers feeling that their conduct is unjustly assailed, and their characters wantonly traduced, are naturally provoked to resist measures, by which their enemies may seem to gain an undue advantage over them; and by an obstinacy which is rather to be pardoned than approved, are apt to carry their resistance further than the acknowledged dangers of innovation will justify. If a reasonable plan of reform in any department of the state is proposed by their opponents, they will lend their whole influence to check for the present the triumph which would arise to their enemies from the success of their plans; and thus it happens that many beneficial measures are unwisely postponed, some are abandoned altogether, and the interests of the country are sacrificed to the struggles of faction. In this dilemma the force of public opinion, when decidedly formed, if it do not accomplish the object in view, promotes its discussion, and keeps it

perpetually alive in the recollection of the people. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we have witnessed the publication by Mr. Johnston, of Cheapside, of an important and valuable work, entitled the Red Book, and containing a list of all pensions, sinecures, unnecessary expences, princely endowments, and ambassadorial emoluments. It will enable every individual out of parliament to judge for himself with respect to the possibility of retrenchment, and of the liberality of those exalted individuals who so profusely share the revenues wrung from an exhausted nation. To state within a moderate compass the various and innumerable items which constitute the sum of pecuniary oppression would be impossible within the limits of a periodical journal; but the following lists are deduced from an examination of the contents of Mr. Johnston's valuable work, and present ample materials for deep and serious reflection.

A List of some of the Places and Pensions held by Members of the House of Lords, &c.

	£.	s.	d.
Abergavenny, Earl of, Inspector of Prosecutions in the Customs.....	2,000	0	0
Amberst, Lord, Pension.....	3,000	0	0
----- Lord of the Bedchamber.....	1,000	0	0
Arden, Lord, Registrer of the Court of Admiralty	10,000	0	0
----- Registrer of the Court of Appeals for Prizes.....	2,500	0	0
Athol, Duke of, Pension.....	5,217	0	0
Athlone, Earl, Pension.....	2,000	0	0
Auckland, Lord, Pension.....	2,300	0	0
----- Vendue Master at Demarara..	1,400	0	0
----- Auditor of Greenwich Hospital	100	0	0
Bathurst, Earl, Secretary of State (War and Colonies).....	6,000	0	0
----- Joint Clerk of the Crown.....	1,610	0	0
----- Commissioner for the Affairs of India.....	1,500	0	0
----- Teller of the Exchequer (Deputy and Clerks paid out of it).....	23,117	0	0
Braybrook, Lord.....	2,100	0	0

Boston, Lord, Lord of the Bedchamber.....	1,000	0	0
Buckingham, Marquis.....	23,093	0	0
Bute, Marquis of, Pension.....	7,000	0	0
Caledon, Earl of, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.....	12,000	0	0
Camden, Marquis, Teller of the Exchequer (De- puty and Clerks paid out of it).....	23,117	0	0
Campbell Lord F., Lord Register of Admiralty.	2,026	0	0
Cardigan, Earl of, Governor of Windsor Castle..	1,118	0	0
Carleton, Lord, late a Justice of Common Pleas.. (Ireland).....	2,700	0	0
Carysfort, Earl of, Commissioner for Custody of the Rolls.....	1,307	0	0
Cathcart, Earl, Ambassador and Plenipotentiary at Petersburg.....	13,000	0	0
----- for Acting Minister.....	364	0	0
----- Lord Admiral of Scotland.....	1,000	0	0
Chatham, Earl of, Pension.....	4,000	0	0
----- Governor of Jersey.....	800	0	0
Chichester, Earl of, Joint Post-Master General..	5,000	0	0
Cholmondeley, Marquis of, Lord Steward.....	1,540	0	0
Clancarty, Earl of, Joint Post-Master General..	5,000	0	0
Cornwallis, Marquis, Master of the Stag-Hounds	2,000	0	0
Courtoun, Earl of, Captain of Band of Gentlemen Pensioners.....	1,000	0	0
Donoughmore, Lord, Second Remembrancer....	550	0	0
----- Searcher of Stangford.....	1,071	0	0
----- Searcher, Packer, and Gau- ger (Donaghadee).....	1,506	0	0
Drogheda, Marquis of, Joint Muster-Master General.....	2,000	0	0
Dundas, Lord R., Lord Chief Baron of the Ex- chequer.....	3,000	0	0
Effingham, Earl of, Treasurer to the Queen....	500	0	0
Eldon, Lord, Lord Chancellor.....	15,000	0	0
----- Speaker of the House of Lords	3,000	0	0
Elgin, Earl of, Pension.....	2,000	0	0
Ellenborough, Lord, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench.....	6,500	0	0
----- Chief Clerk of the Court of King's Bench, (held in trust for his Lordship, by O. Markham, and F. Le Blanc).....	*7,591	0	0
Erskine, Lord, late Lord Chancellor.....	4,000	0	0
Fitzharris, Lord, Governor of the Isle of Wight..	1,379	0	0

* The real value of this office, though estimated at only 7,591*l.* is 117,800*l.* Also, as Marshal of the King's Bench Prison, he derives emoluments little short of 5,000*l.* per annum.

	£	s.	d.
Gambier, Lord, Admiral and Commander of the Channel Fleet.....	1,825	0	0
Gardner, Lord, Pension.....	2,000	0	0
Glandore, Earl of, Commissioner for the Custody of Rolls.....	1,307	0	0
Glenbervie, Lord, Surveyor-General of the King's Woods and Forests.....	3,900	0	0
Gordon, Duke of, Keeper of the Great Seal.....	3,500	0	0
Gordon, Lord W. Deputy Ranger of Hyde and St. James's Parks.....	700	0	0
Grafton, Duke of, Pension.....	6,870	0	0
----- Seal Officer of King's Bench and Common Pleas....	2,886	0	0
Grenville, Lord, Auditor of the Exchequer.....	4,000	0	0
Gwydir, Lord, Deputy Great Chamberlain of England.....	3,000	0	0
Hardwicke, Earl of, Clerk of Common Pleas, in Exchequer (Ireland).....	11,094	0	0
Harrowby, Earl of, President of the Council.....	4,000	0	0
Headfort, Marquis of, Lord of the Bedchamber.	1,000	0	0
Heathfield, Lord, Pension.....	1,500	0	0
Henley, Lord, Pension.....	2,000	0	0
Hertford, Marquis of, Lord Chamberlain.....	4,000	0	0
Hereford, Lord, Pension.....	1,500	0	0
Hood, Lord, Pension.....	1,500	0	0
Kinnoul, Earl of, Pension.....	1,000	0	0
----- Lion King at Arms (Scotland).	578	17	0
Lake, Lord.....	10,650	0	0
Lawarr, Earl of, Lord of the Bedchamber.....	1,000	0	0
Liverpool, Earl of, Constable of Dover Castle...	4,000	0	0
----- First Lord of the Treasury..	4,000	0	0
----- Commissioner for the Affairs of India.....	1,500	0	0
----- Clerk of the Pells (Ireland).	3,500	0	0
Macclesfield, Earl of, Captain of Yeomen of King's Guard.....	1,000	0	0
Malmsbury, Earl of, Pension.....	2,300	0	0
Manchester, Duke of, Captain-General and Governor of Jamaica.....	14,000	0	0
Mecklenburgh Strelitz, His Serene Highness the Prince of, Pension.....	2,000	0	0
Melville, Lord, Keeper of the Privy Seal.....	2,894	3	0
----- Additional Salary.....	1,447	0	0
----- Annuity, as Keeper of the Privy Seal.....	1,500	0	0
----- First Lord of the Admiralty....	5,200	0	0
Melbourn, Lord, Lord of the Bedchamber.....	1,000	0	0
Minto, Lord, Pension.....	1,000	0	0
Moira Earl of, Governor of, the Tower.....	1,000	0	0
Montrose, Duke of, Master of the Horse.....	1,266	13	0

	£	s	d
Montrose, Duke of, Lord Justice-General, in Scotland	2,000	0	0
Morton, Earl of, Chamberlain of the Queen's Household	1,200	0	0
Mount-Edgecumbe, Earl of, Capt. of Band of Gentlemen Pensioners	1,000	0	0
Mulgrave, Earl of, Master-General of the Ordnance	3,160	0	0
Nelson, Earl, Pension	7,000	0	0
Onslow, Earl of, Lord of the Bedchamber	1,000	0	0
Petersham, Lord, Lord of the Bedchamber	1,000	0	0
Poulett, Earl, Lord of the Bedchamber	1,000	0	0
Redesdale, Lord, late Lord Chancellor (Ireland)	4,000	0	0
Richmond, Duke of, Pension	12,666	13	4
Rivers, Lord, Lord of the Bedchamber	1,000	0	0
Rochford, Earl of, Pension	1,000	0	0
Rosslyn, Earl of, Director of Scotch Chancery	1,712	0	0
Sidmouth, Lord, Secretary of State (Home Department)	6,000	0	0
----- Commissioner for the Affairs of India	1,500	0	0
St. Albans, Duke of, Hereditary Grand Falconer	1,372	10	0
----- Hereditary Registrer of the Court of Chancery	640	0	0
St. Vincent, Earl of, Pension	2,000	0	0
Sydney, Lord, Ranger of Hyde and St. James's Parks	1,732	0	0
----- Lord of the Bedchamber	1,000	0	0
Teignmouth, Lord, Commissioner for Affairs of India	1,500	0	0
Thurlow, Lord, Clerk of the Custodies of Idiots and Lunatics	698	0	0
----- Office for executing Laws concerning Bankrupts	5,720	0	0
Torrington, Lord, Pension	1,684	0	0
Wellesley, Marquis (with W. W. Pole), Chief Remembrancer	4,201	0	0
Westmorland, Earl of, Lord of Privy Seal	3,000	0	0
Westmeath, Earl of, Auditor of Imprest Accounts	2,000	0	0
----- Clerk of Crown and Hanaper	900	0	0
----- Annuity out of Consolidated Fund	1,000	0	0
Whitworth, Lord, Pension	2,300	0	0
Winchester, Marquis of, Groom of the Stole	2,000	0	0

ENGLISH BISHOPRICKS.

The following is an accurate statement of the value of the different sees, according to the present rentals; the inequality among them is generally little known.

POSSESSORS.

Canterbury.—The Duke of Rutland's cousin (Dr. Cha. Manners Sutton)	20,000
York.—Lord Vernon's and Lord Harcourt's brother, (Dr. Edw. Venables Vernon)	14,000
Durham.—Lord Barrington's uncle (H. S. Barrington)	24,000
Winchester.—Lord North's brother (Hon. B. North)	18,000
Ely.—The Duke of Rutland's tutor (Dr. Sparke)	12,000
London.—Dr. Howley	9,000
Bath and Wells.—Duke of Gloucester's tutor (Dr. R. Beadon)	5,000
Chichester.—Duke of Richmond's tutor (Dr. Buckner)	4,000
Litchfield and Coventry.—Lord Cornwallis's uncle (Dr. J. Cornwallis)	6,000
Worcester.—Dr. Cornwall	6,000
Hereford.—Dr. Huntingford	4,000
Bangor.—The son of the Queen's English master (Dr. J. W. Majendie)	5,000
St. Asaph.—Duke of Beaufort's tutor (Dr. Luxmore)	6,000
Oxford.—Brother of the Regent's tutor (Dr. Jackson)	3,000
Lincoln.—Mr. Pitt's secretary (Dr. G. P. Tomline)	5,000
Salisbury.—Princess Charlotte's tutor (Dr. Goodenough)	6,000
Norwich.—Dr. Bathurst	4,000
Carlisle.—Duke of Portland's tutor (Dr. Fisher)	3,500
St. David's.—Dr. Burgess	5,000
Rochester.—Duke of Portland's secretary (Dr. King)	1,500
Exeter.—Lord Chichester's brother (Hon. G. Pelham) ..	3,000
Peterborough.—Dr. J. Parsons	1,000
Bristol.—Mr. Percival's tutor (Dr. W. L. Mansel)	1,000
Landaff.—Dr. Marsh (late Dr. Watson)	900
Gloucester.—Hon. Dr. H. Ryder	1,200
Chester.—Lord Ellenborough's brother (Dr. H. Law) ..	1,100

The preceding lists are calculated to shew what an excellent opportunity the Regent's ministers have of effecting that retrenchment, which, in his speech at the commencement of the last session, was so strongly urged and recommended, by a reduction of those enormous sums which are swallowed up by a few individuals, and an abolition of sinecures for which no services are performed. Two other lists, equally curious, will be given in our next number.

THE PROGRESS OF FASHION.

CHAP. I.

Religious Fashions.

THE general influence of fashion on the manners, habits, and tempers of mankind, may render it not an unentertaining employment to inquire, how the world differs so widely on a subject, the centre of general attention, and the source of passions so various and opposite. When we hear one person exclaim that the fashion and the world are synonymous terms; and that to be out of existence, and excluded from the beau-mondé, are objects of equal consequence; when we see another shrink from fashion as from a monster, widely gaping to devour and to destroy, we are naturally led to ask from what disorder in the optics or the intellects, so striking a contradiction can proceed. The word *fashion* has, like many others, been corrupted from its meaning, and erroneously taken to signify, strictly, a certain mode of dress or conduct in the little ceremonies of life; which has been adopted by caprice, and nurtured by vanity; a certain exclusive colour or cut of the face or the garment, to which the world should implicitly conform, regardless of the dictates of nature, and the calls of convenience. In this light fashion has justly been held to be the empire of fools; and men of reason, finding that common sense, and common appearance bore so little affinity, were willing to renounce the kindred of the one, for the sake of the other.

The world at large has considered the matter superficially; and the gravest of us all, while censuring fashions, have forgotten that there was a fashion in their very censure, which exacted as strict a compliance from its proselytes, as the head-dress of the Princess Charlotte, or the Cobourg boot. From the mitred prelate of fourscore, down to the giggling girl of sixteen, look at the conduct of mankind through all the regular gradation from second childishness to first, and by all the progres-

sive steps from wisdom to folly, and from wit to dulness; and you will find that fashion in different shapes, exercises an unbounded sway. It extends from the church to the conventicle, from Windsor-place to the bible society, from Madame Jaymonde's to the Mansion-house. Search the records of history, rummage the mouldering annals of neglected antiquities, and every revolving year will bring you the account of a change; a fashion in thought, in actions, in manners, as well as in dress and in dancing. Religion, law, physic, philosophy, morality, politics, taste,—every moral attribute of man has revolved in the circle of the fashionable system. Aristotle and Locke, Arius and Athanasius, Galen and Darwin, Jefferies and Gibbs, Sydney and Brougham, have mutually had their hour of rule, as well as Pompadour, Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the Marchioness. The mind of man has been cramped and limited by creeds and confessions, by dogmata and axioms, by aphorisms and maxims. He has been obliged to yield to the direction of fashion, not only in his actions, but in his thoughts, as much as in the make or the color of his coat or stockings; and even the eternal Father of Mercy has been made to fluctuate with all the variable inconstancy of female weakness.

While polytheism was the easy vehicle in which every pagan worshipper could rest and pay his homage, unmolested and unmolested, and there were almost as many godheads as there could have been creeds, still a fashion prevailed to direct the mode of worship. We find that the divine Author of our religion was reviled and persecuted, and his apostles and followers branded with infamy, and consigned to punishment, because they introduced an innovation on established forms. Pliny, whose gentle spirit revolted at the fashionable persecution, who could not reconcile it with the dictates of a just conscience, to exterminate a race of men that preached and practiced the most amiable doctrines of Christian morality; and with a trembling hand suspended the terrible

judgment of the law over obstinate superstition, until the irrevocable mandate of his sovereign enforced the irksome necessity of its infliction; Pliny himself was forced to yield to the fashion, which was sanctified by power, though not by reason, and to lead the fluctuating and dubious to the altars of his gods and the images of his emperor, where the incense and the libation were to prove their faith. But the power of divine revelation and the internal evidence of the christian religion soon effected their purpose, and the example of Constantine set the Roman world the fashion in christianity. Newly exalted by the hand of frail mortality from dishonour to glory, and from weakness to power, the disciples of Him, whose kingdom was not of this world, followed the example of their oppressors, and assumed at once their power and their habits. The spirit of persecution, which when exercised against the christians raised so many saints and martyrs, wielded in its turn the sword and the torch in the cause of infinite goodness, and levelled paganism prostrate with the dust. Arius and Athanasius clothed their principles in the garbs that suited their respective tenets, and supported their different fashions with more zeal, though less charity, than the parliament of Richard the Second shewed, when that sapient body enforced by a penalty the wearing of a short-peaked shoe. The ever-wandering mind of man shifted its tenets with the season, and the councils of Tyre and Sardic, of Nice and Rimini, bear testimony to the erring instability of human weakness. Orthodoxy at last rose triumphant amid the ruin of dejected rivals, and carried the sceptre of a fashionable creed in one hand, while with the other she shook the fire-brand of religious persecution.

Ambition, that leading principle of human actions, soon wrought upon a fashion which was too general to distinguish the individuals of its followers; and the pontiff of Rome claimed a decided power over the minds of men as the descendant of an humble fisherman of Galilee. Fashion, with her usual inconstancy, shifted in favor of a claim the more entitled by its weakness to the all-power-

ful sanction of opinion, and the concordant world paid the offering of its reverence to the fashionable supremacy of the Roman bishop.

This was the most durable and extensive rage that had long possessed the world. The soothing doctrines preached by the vicar of Christ, for so the usurper of the papal throne affected to style himself, gained the passions of the weak, and shook the reason of the strong. The pecuniary remission of sins, which opened the gates of heaven to believing sinners, and which was wisely calculated in the twofold consideration of the offender's rank and the quantity of the offence, kept that road well-thronged, on which men could travel with so much facility to eternal happiness. That way to heaven, so dark and intricate, so puzzled in mazes, and perplexed in error, if permitted to the indiscriminate examination of every common capacity, was wisely shut up from the eye of the curious; and the guide-posts to salvation were marked not by the indelible hand of divine revelation, but by the arbitrary finger of human reason, corrupted by prejudice, and biassed by interest. At length the love of novelty and change conspired with discontent and heresy to restore the European world to the original simplicity of gospel truth. The dissatisfaction of an insulted and injured disciple detached Luther from a system which his fathers had followed and himself approved. Every part of the Romish doctrine presented an error, and every act of its practice an impiety, to one who had a capacity to discover, and a will to expose its deformities.

A new mode of thinking took place. A system unamiable in its cause, though glorious in its ends—the system of reformation, occasioned to the agitated world, a continued scene of bloody persecution; and the demons of civil and religious discord erected their theatres in Italy, France, Spain, Germany, and England, where the best friend to Christian unity, the hangman, exercised his odious office to effect the dissolution of a sect, whose freedom of inquiry has generated all the blessings which liberty and philosophy have bestowed upon us.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES ;

OR,

*Monthly Repository of Anecdotes and Jeux d'Esprits,
original and selected.**A New Song.*

A prime minister once, who with care was nearly crazy,
 Long looked for a journeyman to make the drudgery easy ;
 For a poetaster, paragraphist, snarler, and dry joker,
 And he found all he wanted in his dear Alley Croker.

Give me odes, epistles, paragraphs, my precious Alley Croker.

This obliging young lad piping-hot from Dublin schoolery,
 Had been scribbling about actors and other such-like foolery ;
 When the tories in the north just to worry and provoke her,
 Hummed the Marchioness's member, and slipped in Alley Croker.

Come, &c.

Then he voted, oded, paragraphed, bang up to the mark, Sir ;
 He lauded my Lord Wellington and cross-examined Clarke, Sir,
 He baited all the treasury traps with bacon rank and fat, Sir ;
 And one night caught George W—r—d—r, a most inveterate
 rate, Sir ;

Come, &c.

When retrenchment for awhile was the order of the day, Sir,
 He coquetted very briskly with his darling Castlereagh, Sir ;
 But Tierney was a match for the rat-catcher and peer, Sir,
 And poor Alley became minus just one thousand pounds a year,
 Sir.

Come, &c.

But cheer ye up, my pretty lad, threet housand yet remains, Sir,
 And the Courier still will issue the coinage of your brains, Sir ;
 So utter while you can all your thinly plated brass, Sir,
 For when the genuine coin comes out not a word of it will pass,
 Sir.

Come, &c.

And now advance, ye brazen faces, poetasters, smatterers,
 Who can gabble any given time on any given matters, Sir ;
 Do you long that fortune draw your car ? you have only now
 to yoke her,

And labour for the treasury bench like our precious Alley Croker.
 O brow-beat me the doxies, fire your squibs, my Alley Croker,
 And give your lords their pap and bibs, most renowned Alley
 Croker.

To a young and unfortunate Exile, the Friend of Lord
Byron, and his present Companion.

You vowed by the gale on Avon's gay stream,
That breathed its balm in thy evening bowers;
You vowed by the wandering moon's chaste beam,
That warmed your bosom in softer hours;
But some fair maiden with smiles more bright,
Has charmed thee over the billows by night,
And thy snow-white sail, now breathes that gale,
And thy course is steered by that grey moon-light.

Yet when in the sweetness of eve, thine ear
Shall list to the gale in a distant land;
'Twill tell thee of her who was once so dear;
Of her who now weeps thee on Avon's strand.
Oh! then if thy charmer's caress should try,
To hush the sound of thine inward sigh
Shall its fondness light, the thought on that night,
When I kissed the dew from thy sleepless eye.

And when night's mantle shall clothe the bower,
Where pleasure may sooth thee to soft repose;
The grey moon-beam in that raptur'd hour,
Shall whisper thy bosom of distant woes;
Shall whisper of vows that its silver light
Beheld that bosom with fervor plight,
Shall tell of the tear, that lingers here,
And break thy slumbers that joyless night.

ELIZA.

THE COMPLAINT.—To *Eliza*.

Hark! what was that sound, full of madness and fear,
That broke on my dream, and that sigh'd on my ear;
The moon has sunk low and tempestuous the night,
And the billow of Avondale roars with affright.

Ah me! for the pillow of peace and repose,
Where the tear leaves the bosom at rest as it flows;
But 'tis only simplicity's sorrow that sleeps,
Or loses the keenness of woe while it weeps.

A wonderful prediction.

Thrice happy Eliza, thy slumbering eye
 Forgets the moist tear, or the heart-broken sigh,
 Each grief like the wave of gay Avondale's stream,
 In the even of summer, subsides in thy dream.

Sleep on then, fair maid, 'tis the boon of the blest,
 The wind or the rain shall disturb not thy rest,
 The storm to mine ear that breathes vengeance divine,
 With the voice of a seraph shall whisper to thine.

But could my deep sighs but sooth the sad day,
 Or my bosom but weep all its sorrows away,
 No midnight explosion should chill me with fear,
 Nor a pang rend this heart unreliev'd by a tear.

Hark! how dismal that sound! All is darkness and
 dread;

Save when lightning by fits wanders over the mead,
 Oh when shall these terrors of midnight decrease,
 Or thy billows, sweet Avondale, slumber in peace!

ALTAMONT.

 PROPHECY ON REFORM.

WHEN a lawyer sheds tears while he's striking a docket,
 When assessors heave sighs while they empty your pocket;
 When reviewers feel pangs like the authors they cut up;
 When conscience for sale shall no longer be put up;
 When placemen unasked, throw up sinecures;
 When any quack medicine performs any cures;
 When women of eighty confess they're in years;
 When they make such confession without shedding tears;
 When poor curates thrive while fat bishops get skinny;
 When a note with a shilling is preferred to a guinea;
 When there's peace because tyrants are weary of killing;
 When a good thumping loaf is to be had for a shilling;
 When voters no longer like cattle are sold;
 When tea-scandal ceases, and fish-fags don't scold;
 When true taste shall suffer no more like a martyr;
 When Shakespeare's preferred to Timour the Tartar;

When ale's made again from good malt and hops ;
When corn-Jews are found to rejoice in good crops ;
When butchers, *dear* souls ! low'r the price of their chops ;
When truth shall no longer be deemed a foul libel ;
When men follow precepts they preach from the bible ;
When symptoms like these shall be seen thro' the land,
They'll seem to portend "*a reform is at hand.*"

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

I.

A model of the love-inspiring sex,
A lady fair, of age not fifty-three ;
From every irksome marriage tie set free,
By absence hoped her royal lord to vex.

II.

Mistaken wish ! no higher joy he knew,
In the high course of pleasure's long career,
Nor e'er had felt a rapture more sincere,
Than that which hailed his consort's last adieu.

III.

The story of his spouse's expedition,
With laughter loud and long he heard ;
He snatched his goblet and he stroked his beard,
And drank good fortune to his consul's mission.

IV.

England had seen a public functionary,
Expressly formed for amatory sport,
Sent by the Dey, the idol of the court,
The whisker'd, potent, plenipotentiary.

V.

"How different now the times, my consort hies
To meet the sable courtiers of the Dey ;
In Algier's haram rules with royal sway,
Or in the swift Polack to Tunis flies.

VI.

“The empire of the east will soon receive
This object of my hatred and my shame,
Where she will raise the bearded Mufti’s flame,
And for the Turk her favorite Grecian leave.”

VII.

“Oh! did I but possess the Mufti’s power,
Of matrimonial spells to break the charms,
Sophy of Gloster soon should fill my arms,
And soon an infant bless the nuptial hour.”

VIII.

So saying, heaving, panting and opprest,
His form along the Ottoman extending,
And B— with the Curaçoa attending
He stretched his princely legs and went to rest.

IX.

The morning came, but ah! no grateful sense,
Of welcome information strikes his ears,
For strange to say the consul to Algiers
Had fled that city influenced by his fears,
And come to town, without the *evidence!*

 LITERARY REVIEW.

Glenarvon, a novel, in three volumes. Colburn.

WE have risen from the perusal of these volumes with the same sensation that attends the contemplation of actual scenes of folly, meanness, and atrocity. The picture of fashionable vice is drawn with a coolness of discrimination and an accuracy of detail that while they deeply affect the feelings, prove the authoress to be a heartless and perverted being. She analyzes the crimes, and expatiates on the follies of her friends with the same indifference that the connoisseur tortures the butterfly, or the anatomist galvanizes the dissected frog. She searches the records of her memory to recal the tales of forgotten scandal, which but for *her* officious interference had been

buried in oblivion. Cool, acute, discriminative; intimately acquainted with all the workings of the human heart, and all the modifications of fashionable manners; her malignity, if we may judge from the pages before us, is a torment to herself and a terror to her friends.

Of the unnatural and inconsistent fable we shall not attempt to trace the mazes or to simplify the arrangement; nor does it appear that on this part of her novel she rests her claim to public approbation. The delineation of characters in high life is evidently the object of the tale, and in the execution of her design she possesses at least one great requisite of correctness; she regards neither the feelings of her friends nor of the reader, but luxuriates in the exposure of female frailty, and in the minutest sketches of human depravity and pollution.

Lady Margaret is described in the most glowing colours. "With all the gaiety of apparent innocence, and all the brilliancy of wit, which belong to spirits light as air, and a refined and highly cultivated genius, she was sailing, accompanied by a train of admirers, selected from the flower of Italy, once again to visit her native country." Yet this charming lady is represented as sacrificing her honor to a base Italian, on condition that he strangles or poisons her nephew, the only infant of her brother the Duke of Altamonte. It is evidently the intention of the authoress, to represent her own feelings and opinions, under the assumed appellation of Calantha; and some estimate may be formed of her morals, her manners, and her principles, from the extraordinary scenes in which she takes the leading part. After being married to Lord Avondale, a brave, intelligent, and accomplished nobleman, she absolutely confesses her passion for Glenarvon, and discusses the metaphysics of love with that personage in the presence of her husband with a *sang froid* and indifference that imply the total absence of religion, morality, and decency. Yet the introduction of his name is attended by circumstances little likely to influence in his favor a young, aspiring, and

volatile girl of fashion. "The young man you call Glenarvon has no claim to that title: his grandfather was a traitor; his father was a poor miserable exile, who was obliged to enter the navy by way of gaining a livelihood; his mother was a woman of very doubtful character; and this young man, educated nobody knows how, having passed his time in a foreign country nobody knows where, from whence he was driven, it seems, by his crimes, is now unfortunately arrived here, to pervert and mislead others, to disseminate his wicked doctrines among an innocent but weak people, and to spread the flames of rebellion, already kindled in other parts of the island. Oh! he is a dishonour to his sex, and it makes me mad to see how you all run after him, and forget both dignity and modesty to catch a glimpse of him." "What sort of a looking man is he, dear aunt?" said Calantha: "frightful, mean," said Mrs. Seymour. "His stature is small," said Lady Mandeville, "but his eye is keen and his voice is sweet and tuneable." She is favored, however, by an unexpected interview with this extraordinary character, under circumstances so romantic as to leave upon her mind an indelible impression.

"While gazing on the western turrets, and watching the shadows as they varied on the walls, she again heard the soft notes of music. It seemed like the strains of other times, awakening in the heart remembrances of some future state long passed and changed. Hope, love, and fond regret answered alternately to the call. It was in the season of the year when the flowers bloomed; it was on a spot immortalized in ancient history for deeds of prowess and of fame. Calantha turned her eyes upwards, and beheld the blue vault of heaven without a cloud. The sea was of that glossy transparency, that shining brightness; the air of that serene calm that had it been during the wintry months, some might have thought the balcyon was watching upon her nest, and breathing her soft and melancholy minstrelsy through the air." "Calantha endeavoured to rouse herself; she felt as if in

a dream, and hastily advancing to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, she there beheld a youth, for he had not the form or the look of manhood, leaning against the trunk of a tree, playing at intervals on a flute, or breathing as if from a suffering heart the sweet melody of his untaught song. He started not when she approached:—he neither saw nor heard her; so light was her airy step, so fixed were his eyes and thoughts. She gazed for one moment on his countenance; she marked it. It was one of those faces which having once beheld we never afterwards forget. It seemed as if the soul of passion had been stamped and printed upon every feature. The eye beamed into life as it threw up its dark ardent gaze, with a look nearly of inspiration, while the proud curl of the upper lip expressed haughtiness and bitter contempt. Yet even mixed with these fierce and characteristic feelings an air of melancholy and dejection shaded and softened every harsher expression. Such a countenance spoke to the heart, and filled it with one vague yet powerful interest, so strong, so undefinable, that it could not be easily overcome. Calantha felt the power, not then alone but evermore. She felt the empire, the charm, the peculiar charm, those features, that being, must have for her. She could have knelt and prayed to heaven to realize the dreams, to bless the fallen angel in whose presence she at that moment stood, to give peace to that soul upon which was plainly stamped the heavenly image of sensibility and genius. An emotion of interest, something she could not define, even to herself, had impelled Calantha to remain till the song was ended; a different feeling now prompted her to retire in haste. She fled, nor stopped, till she again found herself opposite the castle gate, where she had been left by her companions.”

What a horrible picture of impiety and depravity! The wife of a virtuous and devoted husband, she would have knelt and *prayed to heaven* to realize her adulterous visions, to bless the being for whom she was about to sacrifice her own honor and every social and nuptial tie,

and to violate the most obvious restraints of decency and morality. Was blasphemy more heinous, or irreligion more presumptuous, ever obtruded upon the public in the writings of Voltaire, Helvetius, or Tom Paine!

Notwithstanding the deviations from truth in the narration of his history, it is evident that the portrait of Glenarvon is intended for Lord Byron. But love is a flattering painter, and though her ladyship is fully sensible of his lordship's frailties, she describes his expression of countenance, and his accomplishments in terms of enthusiasm that are but little justified by the reality. A lady who had the desperate courage to point a dagger to her own bosom, in an agony of despair arising from Lord Byron's indifference, may well be supposed to view his actual virtues and attainments with fervent admiration, and his frailties with indulgence; but subdued as the picture evidently is, it presents a series of dark, and gloomy, and terrific prospects. Yet the sketches are drawn with a skilful, and we wish that we could add (if even we might use the epithet) a virtuous pencil. In the following passages, exaggeration may well be forgiven in consideration of the animation and energy of which it is productive.

“It was amidst the ruins of ancient architecture, and the wild beauties of Italian scenery, that his splendid genius and uncommon faculties were first developed. Melancholy, unsocial, without a guide, he had centered upon himself every strong interest and every aspiring hope. Dwelling ever in the brilliant regions of fancy, his soul turned with antipathy from the ordinary cares of life. He deeply felt the stigma that had been cast upon his family in the person of his grandfather, who from the favorite of a changing prince had become the secret accomplice of a bloody conspiracy. The proofs of his guilt were clear; his death was a death of shame; and the name of traitor was handed down with the coronet to which his surviving heir so eagerly aspired.

“By his nearest friends he was since called Glenarvon, and so jealous did he appear of his rank that he preferred

disguise, straits and difficulties to a return to his country without those titles and that fortune which he considered as his due. One object of interest succeeded another; a life of suspense was preferred to apathy, and the dark counsels of unprincipled associates, soon led one already disloyal in heart to the very brink of destruction. Flushed with the glow of intemperate heat, or pale with the weariness of secret woe, he vainly sought in a career of pleasure for that happiness which his restless mind prevented him from enjoying.

“ He gave up his days and nights to every fierce excess, and soon the high spirit of genius was darkened, the lofty feelings of honor were debased, and the frame and character sunk equally dejected under the fatigue of vigils and revels, in which reason and virtue had no share. Intervals of gloom succeeded, till stimulated again his fallen countenance betrayed a disappointed heart, and he fled from unjoyous feasts and feverish hopes, to loveliness and sullen despair. He had been wronged, and knew not how to pardon: he had been deceived, and he existed henceforward but to mislead others. His vengeance was dark and sudden—it was terrible. His mind from that hour turned from the self-approving hope, the peace of a heart at rest.

“ That which was disgusting or terrific to man’s nature had no power over Glenarvon. He had looked upon the dying and the dead; had seen the last tears of agony without emotion; had heard the shriek of despair, and felt the hot blood as it flowed from the heart of a murdered enemy, nor turned from the sickening sight. Even the storms of nature could not move Glenarvon. The rushing winds best seemed to soothe his perturbed spirit, and the calm of his brow remained unaltered in every change of scene. Yet it was the calm of hopeless despair, when passion too violent to show itself by common means, concentrates itself at once around the heart and steels it against every sentiment of mercy.”

Yet warned as Calantha had been against the insidious

artifices of this depraved and atrocious character she admits him beneath the roof of her husband to take every familiarity but the last ; and her attachment becomes the subject of easy and playful discussion. If many of the fashionable circles be pervaded by the manners and feelings here delineated, the profligacy of the French court in the reign of Louis the 15th, was decency itself compared with that of society in England. Calantha very gravely argues with Glenarvon on the probability of her own seduction by the latter. " You love your husband," says his lordship : " I respect you too well to attempt to change your affection ; but if I wished it your eyes already tell me what power I have gained : I could do what I would." " No ! no !" she answered, " You are too vain." " None ever yet resisted me," said Glenarvon ; " do you think you could ?" " Calantha scarce knew how to answer." In other words, Glenarvon tells Calantha that he has seduced all the women he has met, and is determined to add her as an adultress to the number of his conquests. If such a delineation be taken from real life, the manners of Windsor-place are equally pure, less dangerous, and more sincere, than those of the more exalted harlots who figure in our squares, and pollute our palaces.

The description of seductive scenes, and the development of vicious intrigue, are thus defended. " I cannot think that to describe them is either erroneous or unprofitable. It may indeed be held immoral to exhibit in glowing language, scenes which ought never to have been at all ; but when every day and every hour of the day, at all times and in all places and in all countries alike, man is gaining possession of his victim by similar arts to paint the portrait to the life ; to display his base intentions and their mournful consequences, is to hold out an admonition and a warning to innocence and virtue." This is the usual cant of many popular writers, who with very little knowledge of the manner in which vicious thoughts obtain possession of the heart, but with a misplaced confidence in their own powers, persuade themselves that the

most effectual way of encountering depravity is to set before the young scenes of possible temptation, the better to guard them against its influence when it actually arrives. But while our better nature is deducing from these amorous conflicts, glowing scenes, and amiable struggles, maxims of speculative wisdom, prurient curiosity is on the tiptoe, the thoughts are idly busy, and the sensibilities after being so often carried to the verge of forbidden pleasure, begin at last to feel something like disappointment at the escapes of chastity and the triumphs of innocence. Unchaste images are forced on the mind of the female reader, and while she is told what it is her duty to shun, she is at the same time well-informed of what she loses by her abstinence. Poor Calantha is wantonly assailed, and as frequently rescued from seduction. She is presented to us in all the fainting, dying, and dissolving predicaments which the warm imagination of the writer could invent; but the effect is dry, tedious, and sometimes revolting, and the reader closes the volumes with mingled weariness, disappointment and abhorrence.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

THE HAYMARKET.

THE performances at the summer theatres, however productive of entertainment, and however creditable to the individuals by whom they are conducted, present but a barren scope for critical observation. It would be perfect bathos to analyze a farce with metaphysical precision; and we have seldom an opportunity of contemplating, during this short and sultry season, the loftier efforts of the dramatic muse. Among the memorable things, however, of the present month, the performance of Mr. Megget, as Mr. Oakley, in the *Jealous Wife*, is deserving of applause, as exhibiting a degree of talent, and

of feeling, requiring only the lessons of the dancing-master to raise him to a high degree of eminence. We do not think, that because he is tall he must never stand upright, but always protrude his abdomen, or crouch his shoulders. Let him walk, and wave his hand, and regulate his attitudes, as if he were not conscious that nature has made him above the usual stature of mankind. The scene in which Mrs. Oakley falls into hysterics was admirably played by Mrs. Glover, Mr. Terry, and Mr. Megget. Mr. Terry (we speak of his comedy) is one of those actors who improve upon the opinion of the public by every repetition; and in *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, and in the *Major of the Jealous Wife*, he seems to have arrived (a rare circumstance) at the summit of perfection.

The comedy, in three acts, of *Exit by Mistake*, continues to attract applauding and crowded houses. If the laughter excited be a test of the merit of a farce (for *that* should be its name,) *Exit by Mistake* may claim precedence over nineteen out of twenty that have been represented within the last fifty years. To detail the plot of a piece so whimsical, and from the pen of a writer so remarkable for the number and rapidity of his incidents as Mr. Jameson, is a task of difficult and superfluous labour. The business principally arises from the circumstance of a rich old gentleman arriving from India (Terry) who is supposed to be dead, and who finds his will, which he had transmitted to his attorney, in a fair way of being executed rather sooner than he could wish. An American actor who has found his way to England, about the same time, to raise recruits for the theatres on the other side of the Atlantic, is mistaken for Mr. Rowland, and received in that character by the lawyer, Jack Straw; and consequently when the real Mr. Rowland sends word to him that he is in England, the communication is received in a way that induces the old gentleman to believe that he is about to be cheated out of his property, and he prepares to take his measures accordingly. While matters are in a doubtful state with respect to his wealth, he finds his

way to Miss Benson, a young lady in whose welfare he is deeply interested, and who is one of the attorney's inmates; but Mr. Rowland's irritated feelings are not greatly soothed by this meeting, as from his enthusiastic professions of affection he is suspected by her lover Absent of amorous designs. Absent is the nephew of Mr. Rowland, and had been sent by his mother to procure a reconciliation between her and her long absent brother. He takes upon himself to turn his uncle out of doors. Mistake accumulates on mistake, but in the sequel Rowland has the happiness to see cause for being reconciled to his sister, is pleased with his nephew, whom he unites to the object of his affections, and is satisfied of the honesty of his lawyer.

It would be impossible to do sufficient justice to the merits of the performers. Jones, as Young Absent, one of those hasty, dashing, affected fops whom he so effectively represents; Russel, as Rattle-trap the American actor, and Tokely, who represents a servant, rendered comfortless by the improvement of the times, regrets the narrow streets, and mourns over the disappearance of parish lamps, were admirably performed. The author would have rendered the latter of these characters still more effective had he even augmented the number of complaints, and rendered it a more prominent feature in the servant's character. The piece has been received with loud approbation.

August 24. One of those dramatic trifles intended for the amusement of a summer audience, was performed for the first time under the title of the *Fair Deserter*. It consists but of one act, and is the production of Mr. Langsdorf, the author of *How to Die for Love*. The plot, which is extremely simple, is as follows: Timothy Harts-horn (Mr. Watkinson) is guardian to Lydia, a young lady of large fortune, (Miss M'Alpine) whom notwithstanding he is old, he determines to marry himself, and gives directions to Snap an attorney (Mr. Burton) to prepare the marriage writings without delay, intending the ceremony to take place immediately. The girl very na-

turally gives the preference to a young officer, Lieutenant Dashall (Mr. Duruset) and lends her willing aid to the furtherance of a plan for her escape from the custody of her guardian. This plan is contrived by Trap, Lieutenant Dashall's servant (Tokely) who gains admission to the house in the disguise of old Hartshorn's cook, and taking in with him a bundle which Hartshorn supposes to be victuals and provisions for the ensuing festivity, but which actually contains a suit of regimentals in which Lydia disguises herself. Hartshorn is afterwards locked out of his own house by a trick of Trap's, and in the attempt to gain admission by the window with his silver candlestick in his pocket, is seized by Lieutenant Dashall and two soldiers as a thief. On announcing his name he is accused by the Lieutenant of harboring a deserter; this he denies, but the door being burst open, Lydia is led forth in her military disguise, and to the astonishment of Hartshorn is stated to have been found in his ward's room, where he is supposed to have been concealed for a fortnight. Hartshorn is then terrified by the prospect of being shot for secreting a deserter, and at length by way of compromise agrees to give his niece in marriage with the Lieutenant, a course which he takes the more willingly from the supposition he entertains that the young soldier has been so long concealed in her apartment. The piece concludes with Lydia avowing her disguise, and the happiness of the lovers.

On a trifle of this kind it would be ridiculous to exercise the severity of criticism. Two pretty airs, composed by Mr. Lanza, the singing of Mr. Duruset, and a humorous song by Mr. Tokely in the character of a blacksmith, had a risible effect in cherishing the good humour of the audience, and the piece was announced for repetition with general applause.

Of *My Landlady's Gown* it will be sufficient to say that during the few minutes which it occupied, it kept the audience in a humour very different from ours; and that the impression of its excellence upon our minds is so ex-

tremely faint, that we do not remember one of the puns which told, or one of the situations which excited the risible muscles of the audience.

ENGLISH OPERA.

August 22d. The Beggar's Opera was played to a crowded house. Mr. Incedon played Macheath, but he did not play it well. He was too serious, but his looks convinced us that he had never been too sober. He is a great deal too corpulent and sedate for Macheath, who even in prison ought to be as careless and genteel as ever. A performer in this part should always betray a want of principle, but never shew a want of gaiety. Macheath is a man who would be hung with silk stockings on his feet, and a belcher handkerchief over his face: he would die game and genteel. Miss Kelly acted Lucy with infinite spirit, and assumed the vixen to the life. We never saw a more insolent, pettish, charming little wench; she seemed to have passed all her days in Newgate in the society of convicts and turnkeys, and never to have passed outside the doors except when a man was to be hung or pilloried. Her manner of singing "Why how now, Madame Flirt!" was glorious. Billingsgate could not go beyond it; and her mode of offering a glass of prepared strong waters to Miss Polly in the prison, was a fine specimen of St. Giles's politeness.

Miss L. Kelly completely ruined the character of Polly. She did more in one night towards spoiling that sweet and interesting character, than all the villains and vagabonds of London could do in an age. Her action is a tissue of affectation, and she sings worse than a peacock. She is no singer, and she ought to be no player; and we began to wish that the part of Polly had been left out, as Hamlet had once been at an Irish theatre. "Any thing is better than murder."

The talents of *the* Miss Kelly have been put to the test in a manner equally unexpected by her friends and advantageous to her professional reputation. Miss Merry

having been announced for Mandane was seized with indisposition, and Miss Kelly at a moment's notice assumed her place. It will surprize the admirers of Miss Kelly, who did not hear her in Mandane, to be assured that she displayed a compass of voice, a flexibility of execution, and a knowledge of music, of which she had not been suspected, and scarcely surpassed by any female singer of the age. It may be justly said of Miss Kelly as of Politian, that she attempts all things, and does all things well. Her pathos is the most affecting on the stage, not excepting even that of Miss O'Neil; if it be not so refined and poetical, it is more natural, unsophisticated, and irresistible. The deepest distress of Miss O'Neil in Juliet or Isabella, never affects us with the intensity of anguish excited by the efforts of Miss Kelly in Rich and Poor. In the lighter business of the drama, other performers may claim the title of elegant women, and may command our cold approval; but it is the peculiar excellence of Miss Kelly, that we forget the actress, and see before us the character itself; that the delusion is so complete as to seduce us into a momentary conviction of reality, and to absorb every reflective power in convulsive grief or heartfelt risibility. The triumph of talent over the disadvantages of frame was never more proudly exemplified.

The Surrey Theatre, by the number, the excellence, and the variety of its exhibitions, and particularly by the extraordinary evolutions of Mr. Peters on the slack rope, continues to attract the most crowded houses, and will amply repay the exertions of the proprietor and manager Mr. T. Dibdin. The elegance of the house, the excellence of the band, the beauty of the scenery, and above all, the merits of the performers, do equal credit to the manager's talents, to his activity, and to his honourable ambition.

Well my boys I think now we shall succeed & a fine
 evidence from the states of Barbary (if that cursed Judgehog
 dont get hold of it . the very man that says he acted as Broochair
 I have got over every thing as clear as the Sun at noon day, I know
 what follows those Turks were . only once get her over there & the
 thing was accomplished . now for a divorce as soon as
 possible . I have a tit bit in my eye & if I dont yet get a score .
 say that I am not a step of the old Block ."

"I'll stick to your highness through
 thick and thin . or never call me Old Bags
 again as long as I live ."

"I have my doubts and qualms of conscience your highness .
 what say you Van ?"

"Oh my Lord I have some strange notions of
 feeling on the subject !"

"Don't put me in a passion with your qualms
 in your touches . they are all false . false
 as hell . I'll blow you all to the D . if
 you dont stick to your Master manfully ."

"I'm an unmatched negotiator
 and I'll enter into a treaty with the
 House of commons to secure your suit"



PAVING the WAY for a Royal Divorce.

Pub^d October 1st 1766
 by Johnston 98 Cheap side



Pub^d October 1st 1816
by Johnston 98 Cheap-side

THE
SCOURGE AND SATIRIST ;
 OR,
 LITERARY, THEATRICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS
MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS.

To CORRESPONDENTS, see back	Illicit love.....	283
THEATRICAL INJUSTICE 243	Whitehall scenes.....	284
Meeting of Keanites..... 244	A curious discovery.....	285
Eloquence..... 245	An untimely death.....	286
Shakespeare's Richard..... 246	System of licences.....	287
Love Epistle..... 247	Suggestions of Mr. Sheridan....	288
Pudding!..... 248	Mr. Robson's evidence.....	289
The PROGRESS of FASHION ... 249	Curious examination.....	290
Rage for fanaticism..... 250	Conduct of Mr. Merceron.....	291
Restoration of Charles II..... 251	Mr. M. alters the parish books... 292	
Riots in 1765..... 252	Mr. M. falsifies the rates.....	293
Doctrines imputed to the Catholics 253	Retribution recommended.....	294
Continental toleration... .. 254		
Number of Methodists..... 255	ADVICE to all YOUNG CLER-	
Habits of the Clergy..... 256	GYMEN who ASPIRE to PRE-	
DIVORCE of the PRINCESS of	FERMENT	295
WALES 257	Modes of enjoyment.....	296
Publication of the Book..... 258	Clerical manners.....	297
Cabinet Councils..... 259	Roads to preferment.....	298
Condemnation of the Princess.... 260	PUBLIC PENSIONERS	299
Determination of the Prince Regent 261	Places and Pensions.....	300
His wish to have a son..... 262	Foster's Sinecure.....	301
Claims of the Duke of York.... 263	Thomas Knox's £10,000.....	302
Character of the family..... 264	£6,250 to Lord Seymour.....	303
Habits of the family..... 265	National Debt.....	304
The RULES and VARIETIES of	Public expenditure.....	305
FEMALE SCANDAL 266		
Female Education..... 267	POLITICAL and RELIGIOUS	
Early antipathy..... 268	HINTS	306
Maiden aunts..... 269	Princely retrenchment.....	307
The art of tormenting..... 270	The Church and Chancery.....	308
A neighbouring conversation... 271	Delays of equity.....	309
Female activity..... 272	LITERARY REVIEW	310
Character of Mrs. Backbite..... 273	The Hanoverian question.....	311
The DIABOLAD .— No. III.... 274	Powers of Regency.....	312
Intrigue upon Intrigue..... 275	Miseries of a court.....	313
A delinquent..... 276		
A terrible scene..... 277	THEATRICAL CRITICISM ... 314	
A scheme of revenge..... 278	Monody on Sheridan.....	315
Love and distress..... 279	Namby pamby verses.....	316
Medical alarms..... 280	Mrs. Knight and Mr Bengough... 317	
Splendid misery..... 281	Spanish dancers.....	318
EXTRAORDINARY INSTAN-	Mr. Macready, jun.....	319
CES of DEPRAVITY 282	Mr. Connor.....	320

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot comply with the wishes of S. L. unless he will transmit the manuscript for previous perusal.

Much as we are indebted to our correspondent Evangelicus, we are unwilling to resume the subject of Methodism, convinced that if the observations inserted in previous numbers of this work, on the prevalence of fanaticism, have failed in their object, further argumentation would be worse than useless.

The epitome transmitted by a Gloucestershire correspondent, of the Agricultural Report, is under consideration.

“Nash the architect, and Beazely the sub-architect,” requires to be authenticated, as far at least as regards the former gentleman.

If Captain H—y, and the author of the Empire of the Nairs, be in town, they will gratify the Editor, by a private note addressed to him,—to the care of the publisher.



Important erratum in our last $\frac{1}{2}$ page 168, line 11; for a moment's *spark* read a moment's *sparkle*.

THE
SCOURGE AND SATIRIST.

OCTOBER 1, 1816.

THEATRICAL INJUSTICE.

THE public are probably aware that at an obscure tavern or *auberge* in the vicinity of Drury-lane, a club has for some time been established, of which the avowed purpose is the support of MR. KEAN AGAINST THE CLAIMS *and pretensions of all other performers*. That a meeting assembling on principles so unjust, and with an intention so absurd, should in the slightest degree receive the sanction of Mr. Kean, we are too well acquainted with his magnanimity, and his liberality towards his brethren, to believe for a moment. We are confident, therefore, that he will thank the correspondent who transmitted us the following description of the scene exhibited by these pretended defenders of his reputation. In our next number, we hope to communicate the names of the members, and by means of our engraver to identify their persons.

THE KEANITE CLUB, IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

Conamur tenues grandia.—Horace, Hem!

Now o'er the day in sable tincture clad,
Night rolls her awful clouds; her misty veil
Hangs black'ning 'fore the eye, whose visual orb
In vain attempts to penetrate the gloom.

Condensed, save where the cotton mersed in oil
 Within some glassy concave yields its flame,
 Twinkling, and save where in some servile hand
 Behind a rattling coach some *tædal** stick
 Held waving glimmers on the face of things,
 Free from the business of a bustling world,
 This interval indulging, to the club
 Of Keanites I repair, where mortal form
 Ballooned upon the feathers of conceit,
 Rise into air, while puffing blasts of wind,
 Bursting from loosely flying fancy's care,
 Blow them to regions where Thalia reigns.
 Here o'er the summit of a chair I loll;
 My circumspective eyes explore the room,
 Which soon presents a groupe of objects rare,
 Features distinct and various, while upon
 The table's oval the resplendent cups
 Their pure contents, and frothy surface boast
 Invigorant: Virginia's plant matured,
 Lies in the centre: with the clay-formed tube,
 Each member graces his extended hand.

Above the rest with lordly looks erect,
 Deputed sits the regent of the night,
 In elbow-chair preeminent. His arm
 The silence-knocking hammer yields. Before
 His optic balls are placed two shining orbs,
 Betwixt whose pewter confines interspersed
 With glittering pieces of argental coin,
 Lie wide-spread halfpence jingling at the touch.
 There great he sits with glee magnificent,
 The strong potation quaffing. On the slate
 The numerous pots he marks with aspect keen.
 So with superior power invested sits
 A constable elate in dome rotund,
 Imbibing solid porter. With an air,
 Self confident, he scrolls the captives' names,

* A link-boy's light, from *tæda*, a torch.

Who're taken by the guardians of the night,
 And lets them not escape till bribe is paid.
 Now moves around with circulation quick
 The tankard lessening, but it soon receives
 Its due completion. Like the changing tide
 It ebbs and flows alternate. Curling spires
 Ascending paint the papered canopy
 Fuliginous. The vapour dims the sight,
 And through the smoky veil the candles burn
 Azure. But lo!—a Roscian stands erect,
 Stentorophontos. Him long time I marked,
 Saw meditation hover o'er his brow,
 And all his faculties absorbed in thought.
 He bends his head addressive to the board,
 And thus harangues, “ Why sit we here so mute,
 And frustrate all the purpose of our meeting?
 Already has the hoarse-tongued watchman bawled
 Past ten o'clock.” Thus saying forth he stalks
 With steps theatric. Now the signal given
 All lend their eyes on him. No longer, then
 Pauses the youth, but storms in wild Macbeth.
 Lo! now apparent on his horrid front
 Sits grim distortion. Every feature's lost,
 Screwed horrible, unhumanized. On stage
 Of quack itinerant I thus have seen
 An Andrew wring the muscles of his face,
 Deforming nature, and extort the grin
 And wonder of the many-headed crowd.

He spoke, when straight a loud applauding noise
 Ensues, the clap of hands, the thump of feet,
 Commingling, knuckles on the tables' verge
 With fury beating, and the thwack of sticks
 Junctive confirm the rattle of applause.
 Tremble the pewter vases, and within
 The fluid fluctuates: the surging pipes
 Roll from their beds of tin; the wooden plain
 Is strewed on all sides with the clattering ruin.

Lo! now another of theatre mould

Rises in clouded majesty, yclep'd
 Rantwell. Forth issue from his foaming mouth,
 No longer prisoned there, huge hills of smoke
 Riding upon the bosom of the air.
Him had his cruel inauspicious fate,
 Destined to oil, to dress the flowing curl,
 And with nice hand to weave the yielding hair.
 But each revolving, rising, setting sun,
 Beheld this hero looking on his trade,
 With eyes indignant. His exalted soul,
 Tired of the limits of the shaving trade,
 And fraught with noble notions of the stage,
 Forsook the strap, the razor, and the wig,
 And for the buskin laid aside the apron.
 His boldly daring mind, the drama's laws
 Sole occupied, yet through the texture strong,
 That bound his intellects, sense could not pierce,
 But floated on the surface of his brain.

The lofty tonsor now assumes the port
 Of tyrant Richard, and with awkward strut
 Affects majestic air. So have I seen
 At jovial country fairs and merry wakes,
 Roger begin the dance, but wanting skill,
 Betray himself unequal to the task.
 Thy graceful intonations so admired,
 Divine, inspired Shakspeare on his tongue
 Imperfect die away. His laboured speech
 Sounds guttural like the hoarsely croaking race,
 Upon the banks of some pellucid stream.

Scarce has he finished when salutes his ear
 The mingled noise upon the dusty floor
 Reverberated. Down the shaver sits
 Well-pleased, and next upstarts Hibernia's son,
 Like some enthusiast on a tripod raised,
 To catch each child of folly. Now the cork
 Intruded swift into the candle's blaze
 Is *nigrified*, and marks the aspiring youth
 With whiskers black. Ferocity now darts

From either eye her broad unmeaning stare,
 In Bajazet he raves, and lowering bids
 Defiance: mocking his idol's ample power,
 He rants elaborate. His roaming voice
 Calls echo forth responded. On the mart
 Of piscine Billingsgate I thus have heard
 A harsh ear-cracking noise, not much to this
 Dissimilar. He ended, but the tribe
 Withheld the expected tokens of applause,
 And down he sat with shame and aspect dull.

*An epistle from W. B. Esq., Barrister and M. P. to his
 Love: written at the commencement of the long vacation.*

My Lord now quits his venerable seat,
 The six clerk on his padlock turns the key,
 From business hurries to his snug retreat,
 And leaves vacation and the town to me.

Now all is hushed, asleep the eye of care,
 And Temple Court a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the porter whistles o'er the square,
 Or *Pompey* barks, or basket-woman scolds.

Save that from yonder pump and dusty square,
 The moping shoe-black and the laundry-maid,
 Complain of such as from the town repair,
 And leave their little quarterage unpaid.

In those dull chambers, where old parchments lie,
 And useless draughts, in many a mouldering heap;
 Each for parade to catch the client's eye,
 Salkeld and Ventris in oblivion sleep.

In these dead hours, what now remains for me,
 Still to the bar or to the desk confined;
 Debarred from autumn shades and liberty?
This, this remains, my loved *Cleora's* kind.

Woman beloved! how does thy presence gild,
 The brow of care and mitigate my pains!
 With thee (such extacies thy beauties yield)
 Bondage is free, and hugs thy pleasing chains.

Blest in thy love, sincerely I despise,
 The quibble warmly urged with many a frown,
 Hear each opinion of the learn'd and wise,
 Nor envy Cato's wig, nor Tully's gown.

Haste then from Brighton to thy lover's arms,
 Bound as he is in Cupid's silken ties,
 Grant him once more to rifle all thy charms,
 And Temple Court shall be a Paradise!

*Pudding! a sublime poem, in humble imitation of Mr.
 Polwhele, and his disciples.*

Rotund or oval in whatever form,
 My jocund eyes thy pleasing presence meet,
 Hail! beauteous pudding, hot or cold, all hail!
 Whether my blue-eyed Kate, with lily face,
 In simple neatness eminent, whose smile
 Is love ineffable into thy lap,
 Infused store of eggs and spicy sweets,
 Whose fragrance is inferior to herself;
 Or whether Joan in woolly vestment clad,
 Dwelling in straw-thatched cot, with busy glee
 Thy composition kneads, and fills thy cave
 With golden pomes profuse, or leaves thee coarse;
 Of suets, butter, or aught else devoid,
 That tends to flavour: served in wooden bowl.
 Oh! welcome thou, mine appetite's best guest;
 Whether the oven's heat embrowns thy crust
 With sugar frised, crumbling at the touch,
 Or whether thou in ragged clout enwrapped,
 Hast felt the boiling tempest of the pot;
 But chiefly come and deck mine humble cloth,
 With all the rich magnificence of plumbs;
 Most gorgeously arrayed while down thy sides
 Hot melted butter rolls its golden wave,
 As amorous of thy charms. Here might the sons
 Of luxury depraved look on with eyes
 That envied while they gazed. Give me but this,
 And let the bloated alderman devour
 Turtle, that boasts diversity of food,
 And rarest dainties still more dainty made
 By being tortured from their native taste.
 I shall not grudge their feast. Be pudding mine.
 And I can pass yon celebrated stall,
 Where the firm salmon tempts the greedy eye,
 Of gaping passenger, and where the trout,
 And ruddy prawn lie swelling in the sight,
 Nor cast one "longing lingering look behind."

THE PROGRESS OF FASHION,

CHAPTER II.

(Religious fashions, continued from p. 223.)

IN polemics, fashion, differently from every other case, gathers strength by persecution. The savage cruelty of Charles and Philip, which depopulated the Netherlands; the unrelenting bigotry of Mary, which pursued the same conduct in England; and the fanatic enthusiasm which dictated the massacre of Bartholomew; all conspired to confirm the oppressed and persecuted protestants, in the doctrines to die for whose support was the highest earthly glory. They arose amidst the flames that were kindled around them, and yet wounded from the stake, prepared to inflict upon their enemies the most ample retaliation. The roasting of Huss, at Constance, which has been complained of as an unpardonable outrage, was justified by the burning of Servetus at Geneva, and the protestant shewed the papist that he could follow an example which he reprobated. In this country particularly the rage of religious persecution assumed the more dreadful, because more steady, shape of law; and the writ for burning heretics remained till a modern period of our history, to testify that in the change of opinions, as in the quarrels of brethren, the acrimony was increased by the kindred. The zeal for reformation hurried even moderate men into the most unwarrantable excesses. When the beautiful but unfortunate queen of Scots was doomed to death in a country of whose laws she was not a subject, and by a sovereign whose protection she came to implore, she experienced how far the influence of fashionable opinion will silence the cries of nature, and stifle the struggles of humanity. The passions of the zealot will overcome the feelings of the man; and it was therefore less wonderful that the Bishop of Peterborough should forget the charity of his functions, and openly exclaim in the hearing of his royal victim, that he rejoiced in seeing her sacrificed to the interests of religion.

When the misfortunes of Charles I. had thrown the state into disorder, the political empirics thought that the church too might derive advantage from their labours; and the discipline of rank and order, in the hierarchy, which had hitherto been thought essential to the sacred character, now yielded to the popular form. The independents having completely conquered protestantism as well as popery, thought that they might allow themselves a power the exercise of which they had arraigned in their antagonist. As the papists had withheld the cup from the laity, so the new reformers restrained all ranks from the use of the prayer book. Political abuses begot reformation in religion, and religion in its turn caused a revolution in government. The rebellious hand that tore the crown from Charles was impious enough to bestow it on Christ, and the God of all the earth was profanely elected sovereign of a spot of it. This was fanaticism; the fashions which succeeded it we shall now describe.

The rage for fanaticism was of permanent duration. The Independents, Presbyterians, Anabaptists, and other dissenters, affected the cant and whine, and dissimulation of hypocrisy, that were likely to catch the vulgar, and threw aside calm reasoning as an unnecessary instrument of conviction. The opposite party purposely avoided even the most natural eloquence, lest they should resemble their antagonists. While one side used all the gesticulations of a player, the other affected all the apathy of a statue. The consequence was obvious. During the usurpation, the puritanical cant bore undisputed triumph. On the restoration it was universally cried down, and that sort of pulpit eloquence came into fashion, which professes not so much to persuade mankind to the doing of right, as to instruct them in what is fit to be done: a plan which entirely neglecting the heart, goes solely to the head; and instead of warming the feelings in the cause of conviction and of virtue, leads us into the fields of speculation and controversy. Of this cast were the

sermons of Shaftesbury, Watts, Sherlock and Hoadley. Their argumentative and tedious recapitulations found admirers and followers, as well as the strong reasoning of Barrow, whose strength gave way to the tinsel of Sterne. The discourses of these eminent men were consigned to oblivion, when Dodd and Hill had succeeded in rendering the pulpit a vehicle of theatrical display, and on the same principle of novelty, that changes a Wellington bonnet for a Cobourg hat, rendered a preacher of the gospel as fashionable as a courtesan.

Since the reformation was established, the weapons which the reformers had used against popery, were handled with equal dexterity by Deists, Atheists, Unitarians, Socinians, Anabaptists, Quakers, and all the various sects of protestants, until the garb of religion has been so pulled and stretched, so darned and fine-drawn, and patched together in such a variety of forms, that it is difficult to say what fashion she preserves. Statutes, it is true, have been dragged into the service of religious uniformity; but the trinity has not been the less impugned, nor the divinity of Christ himself more secure from the insinuations of the sceptic, and the attacks of the deist. The restoration of Charles II. was followed by a marked and general relaxation of the Presbyterian authority, and dissoluteness became the fashion. Careless of all religions, while policy forced that monarch to profess one mode of faith and worship, his disposition prevented him from being the partizan of any. But the national animosity against popery was at too high a pitch to be restrained by Charles. The name of papist was sufficient to stifle the voice of reason, and argument, and common sense, and common humanity. His reign was a reign of religious plots, in the punishment of which that unoffending sect were constantly involved, without participating in the guilt. So high did the general appetite for plotting run, that even Dangerfield, a fellow who had been burnt in the hand for crimes, transported, whipped, pilloried, four times fined for cheats, outlawed

for felony, convicted of coining, and exposed to every species of public infamy, found means by flattering the prevailing prejudice, to load the papists with the Meal Tub plot. Titus Oates took advantage of the general temper, and deluded the world with another fabrication, which deservedly brought disgrace on the national credulity.

With James returned all the rage of authoritative persecution, but it was the persecution of a bigot, and would ill deserve a place among the fashionable enormities, but as it leads to the temper of the times. When that weak prince deserted his throne, the spirit that directed him fled to his people, and the same system was followed, with this variation only, that it was directed by different agents against different objects. From his day to our own, a systematic and cold-blooded persecution against papists has disgraced our statute books. The boast of modern refinement was contradicted by the bloody and unequivocal massacre of Glencoe, when the flame of religious frenzy raged with all the violence of superstition in the frozen regions of the north: a soil at all times peculiarly favourable to the propagation of religious madness. The bigotry of the age of Knox has been revived in the persecutors of Leslie, and the high church has surpassed the inquisition in the selfish cruelty of its decrees.

Even thirty-six years ago, when toleration had revived in England, and a liberality of spirit began to pervade men's religious and civil conduct in every other part of the world, Lord George Gordon, trembling for the ark of Israel, and turned apostle at twenty-three, occasioned an insurrection, which threatened the very existence of the state. Prisons were emptied of their fettered inhabitants, the machine of government was impeded, and the capital of the British empire was in flames, because an exemplary quiet of fifty years had obtained for the Roman Catholics the repeal of one, and that far from being the most rigorous of those sanguine and oppressive statutes, which

disgrace the code of our country's laws. The friends of candour and liberality were doomed to reflect that the excesses of the fifteenth century lost much of the apology which the ignorance and superstition of that age could plead in their excuse. The friends of humanity observed with horror, that the bigotted protestant of the most enlightened day, could wield the weapon of persecution with as wide and as heavy an arm, as the bigotted papist of the darkest ages.

The doctrines imputed to the Catholics, and which seem once to have been acted upon by a part of them, that faith is not to be kept with heretics, and that under the sanction of religion, princes may be deposed and murdered by their subjects, or that their spiritual head may release them from their oaths, are disclaimed by all Catholics who understand what they profess. It is true no general council has rejected these imputed doctrines, but those societies wherein the learning and theology of the Catholics may be presumed collectively to reside, have formally, emphatically, and indignantly disclaimed them. It is much to be regretted that religious societies take up notions so much on trust in respect to each other, and that the picture is generally so much overcharged, which each presents of the other's observations. Infirmary clings to every thing human, and to every thing divine in human hands. If different religions would conduct themselves towards each other with that fairness which the interests of the common cause demands, the charge of idolatry and heresy would be more sparingly made. We should be less apt to call the Romanists Pagans, in allusion to their ceremonies, and they would be less prone to charge our church with heresy, on account of its rejection of works of supererogation, and traditionary doctrines. The prayers and forms indeed as they are directed by the canon of the mass, and may be selected from the missals and manuals of the Roman Catholics, are open to an unfavourable construction. They pray to the blessed Virgin, to saints, and guardian

angels; they adore the crucifix with the rite of genuflexion: but still if their catechism is attended to, we find them explaining their object in praying to the Virgin and saints to be, to obtain their mediatorial assistance, and the auxiliary aid of their more efficacious supplications; and that relics, crucifixes, and holy pictures, are venerated only as memorials.

In Germany the Protestants and Papists officiate in the same church; in France the order of the Legion of Honour is conferred upon both by a Catholic king. In Ireland the Protestant and Papist have stood in the same rank under the arms which they carried for the liberties of the country, and the presbyterian builds the chapel for his popish neighbour. The example should be taken, and the immunities already granted to the Catholics extended till no immunities were necessary. Religious contention and the jealousy of persecuted sects, only tends to advance the progress of deism. No man who reads the works, and considers the practices of the present day, can safely deny, though he must confess with regret and horror, that the deist is more in fashion than the divine. The boasted toleration which is beginning to shew itself towards the followers of every religion except the Catholic, arises in a great measure from a contempt for all. But fashions in religion, as in dress, have generally taken their rise from an imperfection or deformity.

By placing the Catholics on a level with other dissenters, the claims of the latter would be materially weakened. It would be politic to defeat the strongest of our foes by the conciliation of the weakest. The numbers, the wealth, and consequently the power of those who have separated from the church have rapidly increased. The various classes, divided as they are in their notions of doctrine, and of discipline, are united in one common sentiment of jealousy and hostility to the church of England. They have also their rallying points in various institutions, particularly the missionary society, which

enables them to take their measures in concert, and to arrange in secret, designs which may be ready to take effect before they are discovered. While a certain kind of union prevails throughout the whole of the dissenting interest, the methodists are bound together by ties of peculiar strength. The great founder of the sect, Mr. Wesley, united to unquestionable piety no inconsiderable portion of worldly wisdom. His talents were scarcely unequal to the government of an empire, and they were displayed in the formation of a system, which for its adaptation to the principles of human nature, its suitability to extend and maintain its influence, may bear a comparison with the well organized establishment of Loyola.

Of this system, itinerancy is the leading feature. By means of it, the bounds of the association are continually extending themselves: like the Indian banyan tree, every successive ramification takes root in the soil, and becomes the parent of a new plant, extending gradually the dominion of the primitive stem, till a whole district is overshadowed by its luxurious foliage. It appears from their own authenticated statements that the Methodists are rapidly increasing. At the conference held in July, 1814, their numbers in Great Britain alone, were stated at 138,000, being an increase of 6000 in the preceding year. These numbers, it must be recollected, include only the brethren admitted into the classes, while the chapel-going members, who are not in the lists, and who are as completely Methodists as the frequenters of the cathedral are members of the church of England, amount to many times the number. If we state the Methodists, therefore, at 1,380,000, we do not exaggerate their amount. Their advancement is rapidly progressive; and as the number of their chapels is augmented in proportion to that of their followers, we have every reason to believe that a large proportion of the population will be enlisted under their banners, not merely in

distinction from, but in opposition to the church of England.

The success of these itinerants, however, is less owing to the wisdom of their itinerant plan than to the indolence and inertness of the regular clergy. When they do not indulge in passive indolence, they are sure to fall into the opposite extreme, and in the country the same clergyman will attend two, three, or four churches. It may be easily conceived that his manner cannot be very devout and impressive, nor even his appearance such as decency requires. It is no unusual thing for the only duty which is performed on a Sunday, to take place at ten, and sometimes at nine o'clock in the morning, leaving all the rest of the day to levity and drunkenness, or what is now more common, to the itinerant enthusiast. The part of the duty thus performed is often not that which is enjoined by the rubrics. A clergyman who gallops to the church, gallops through the service, and gallops away again, is generally too unique in his ideas to conform to the dictates of others, though he has sworn to obey them, and has of course a liturgy and a rubric of his own. Some parts of the service he constantly omits; other parts he reads or omits, as time or inclination may suit. Having no conception or recollection of the solemnity of what he is about, he has no idea that the decalogue can derive any weight or importance from distinct and audible delivery at the altar; but that is generally hurried over in the desk with as little ceremony as the detail of a fox-chase. This remark, indeed, applies to the whole of the service, which seldom lasts even in the morning more than three quarters of an hour.

It is vain to tell us that the clergy are but men, and that they are subject to all the weakness of our nature. We are willing to grant all and much more than can be justly claimed on the score of human infirmity; but as there is no situation in life in which such errors and infirmities as we have described would be admitted, so

there is none in which they deserve so little respect. Sleep is natural and necessary to the human frame; yet if the Vidette be found sleeping on his post, military execution is instantly awarded. If your attorney neglects your suit, the court will saddle him with the costs, and perhaps prevent his repeating the offence. Skill is required of the physician, and for his ignorance he will be punished. In short, in no state of life is the plea of indolence and inactivity allowed; much less therefore ought it to avail in that which is instituted to conduct mankind to that eternity, in comparison of which all the wealth and all the enjoyments of life are but as an atom to the globe itself.

DIVORCE OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

AMONG many objects of domestic interest which have been forgotten amidst the groans and anguish of national distress, the character and conduct of the Princess of Wales, and the treatment of that illustrious female by her husband and natural protector, has never ceased to excite the most lively sympathy. The vagueness of the charges exhibited against her, and the mysterious and uncertain nature of the investigations to which she had been subjected, while they excited the suspicions of the people, and degraded the prince, gave additional confidence to the accusers of his consort. It was naturally concluded that imputations of such magnitude as those which had partially transpired, would not have been preferred or received but on the most unsuspected testimony, corroborated by the most substantial evidence: that if the charges had been proved to the satisfaction of her husband and her uncle they would have been excited by every motive of policy, and every honorable feeling to obliterate from her remembrance the wrongs she had

sustained, and by an open manifestation of their protection and confidence to restore her to all her domestic rights, and to all the honors of her exalted station.

But when the publication of the Book disclosed the evidence to the world, how changed was the language of her adversaries : how decided the revolution of sentiment even among the friends of her assiduous traducers ! One enthusiastic feeling of indignant sympathy burst into expression, and awakened the national spirit to avenge the injuries of insulted and persecuted innocence. Even the tools of power were compelled to join in the public reprobation of her accusers, to rejoice at the satisfactory manner in which she was able to meet their accusations, and to confess that notwithstanding her indiscretions, she was worthy of public love and private confidence.

It is impossible that we should estimate the motives of the Prince Regent for any subsequent act, but by those which directed his conduct in the original suspension of their nuptial intercourse. The reason assigned by His Royal Highness for their first separation was not that her conduct was marked by indiscretion, but that nature had not made them for each other. But if the alienation of his conjugal tenderness was the consequence of positive aversion, and not the result of previous attachment to another, a prudent husband would have sacrificed his peculiar feelings to that observance of decorum which is seldom banished from the palace of the prince without being accompanied in its flight by many of the noblest virtues. If the plea that nature had not made them for each other, be admitted as an apology for the termination of conjugal intercourse, it cannot be received as a justification of neglect. A man of generous feelings, or honorable principles, while he lamented the existence of a coldness that he could not overcome, would have endeavoured to soothe the disappointed hopes of a wife, whose affection for her husband is not denied, by every outward demonstration of respect and esteem. He would have regarded the impediments to their mutual happiness, as

the strongest claim to his courteous and assiduous attention, and the liberality of friendship would have been an honorable compensation for the solicitude of love. The spirit of generous gallantry natural to Englishmen, was still further inflamed into expression by the political connection of the princess with the popular orators, and by the occurrence of an event fully calculated to awaken the sympathy of the public. The Prince and his advisers had determined to withdraw the Princess Charlotte from all society with her mother. She was allowed to see her only at stated times, and it was finally intimated that the restriction would be extended. The respectful forbearance of the Princess yielded to the provocation of the moment, and a spirited letter of complaint, which was returned unopened, but immediately published, first disclosed to the world the precise nature of those dissensions which divided the royal house. The appearance of the correspondence caused the deepest sensation throughout the country, and a strong disposition was felt to sympathize with a mother of illustrious rank so peculiarly situated. The cabinet was thrown into considerable agitation; various meetings were held: and it was at length determined that some public proceeding should take place, in order to counteract the impression that had been made. With this view, as lenient measures were un congenial to the court, it was determined to open anew the enquiry, which it was supposed had been entirely closed; to derive from thence a justification of the steps taken against the Princess, and to inflict such a measure of mortification as might deter her hereafter from any presumptuous and offensive interference. In order to give the greater solemnity to this procedure, the cabinet ministers were associated with the heads of the church and of the law; the two Archbishops, the Bishop of London, and the presidents of the different courts of justice. The minutes of the former investigation which had been sealed up, and deposited in the office of the secretary of state, were opened and submitted to the perusal of these

venerable persons, and they were required to state their opinions, whether under all the circumstances of the case, it were fit and proper, that the intercourse between the Princess of Wales and her daughter the Princess Charlotte, should continue to be subject to regulations and restrictions. It was evident in every part of the proceeding, that the exclusion of the daughter from the society of the mother, was merely the pretext for a different kind of enquiry, and that the real grounds of the investigation was the possibility of divorce. Several days were spent in examining the documents, and in the consultation, and on the 25th of February, 1813, a report was produced, precisely of the tenor most desirable to those who instituted the enquiry.

So unexpected a sentence, excited the just indignation of the people. It was drawn up by the very men who in a former investigation had pronounced a formal sentence of unqualified acquittal. The Princess was condemned without a hearing, without warning, without knowing, unless by common report, that any proceedings had been instituted. The composition of the court was clearly exceptionable. A majority consisted of the cabinet ministers themselves, who advised the measures on which they were now sitting as judges. In this emergency, she appealed to the generosity of the parliament, and the publication of the Book augmented the number and enthusiasm of her friends, and confounded her enemies. The declaration of Lady Douglas betrayed throughout, the total absence of purity, delicacy, and feeling. Many of the other witnesses had been servants of the Prince: some of their conclusions are founded on surmises too ludicrous to be entertained but under the influence of prejudice: on many important points of testimony their assertions are disproved, and the utmost malice of the enemies of the Princess, even admitting the veracity of the witnesses, can only extend to convict her of levity and indiscretion. Thus Cole says, that he heard Bidgood's wife say, that she heard Fanny Lloyd say, that she heard Mary Wilson say, that she (Mary Wilson)

had one morning seen the Princess in such a position, as made her immediately to faint away. By a strange omission, the commissioners did not examine the original beholder Mary Wilson, and sufferer by this strange spectacle. Fanny Lloyd, however, the next link in the chain, was examined, and she merely stated that Mary Wilson had mentioned, that she saw Sir Sidney and the Princess in a public apartment, called the blue-room, but said nothing of the position in which they appeared, or of any disastrous effects which the spectacle had produced on herself. The only evidence that approaches to crimination, is that of Bidgood, who witnessed in a mirror the embrace of Captain Manby and the Princess: a mode of observation equally improbable and fallacious.

It is upon evidence of this kind, however, (for it does not appear that the reports of the conduct of her Royal Highness abroad, have the slightest foundation in reality) that the Prince Regent has determined to institute a process, which may relieve him from the bonds of matrimony. A moderate and sensible pamphlet, published by Ridgway, * places the consequences of such a proceeding, in the true point of view. It is argued, that the measure would be extremely tedious in its progress, extremely doubtful in its issue, hazardous to its promoters, and highly impolitic from the delicate questions which its success or failure may involve, and from the family secrecy which it must necessarily violate. The following are the writer's principal arguments on the subject. "Speaking of probabilities, it cannot but be suspected that many a member of parliament will be apprehensive lest any vote he gives may be laying up for himself a store of enmity, by assisting a measure which is not likely to succeed. Every man whose vote may influence the decision of this question either way, may be expected to reason thus:—The Princess is said to be guilty, and it is said there are proofs of it; but as long as she remained

* The pamphlet here mentioned is *not* that mentioned in our Review.

in this country, she defied all her adversaries, and stood the test of two most rigorous inquiries into her conduct. Up to the time of her quitting the country, she was innocent, though compelled to live in a state of celibacy and seclusion, almost from the moment of her marriage, and during the season of her youth; yet she resisted every temptation, and was unimpeachable up to the time of her leaving England. She was advised to go abroad, and some of these who advised her, are now to be her prosecutors for her conduct while abroad. If she has since erred, it little becomes them to cast the first stone; but at all events they must prove their case by other witnesses than profligate foreigners; for while she remained among Englishmen, no evidence could be procured against her." The writer then goes on to shew other considerations which would be likely to influence a member of parliament weighing the probable consequences of his vote, if the measure for which he might give it should not succeed.

Among others, he mentions the little necessity there exists for a divorce, even should the guilt of the Princess, while abroad, be clearly proved, because, from her being two years beyond sea, away from the Prince, the consequences of her guilt could not affect the succession to the throne. The writer then supposes one of three causes operating on the mind of the Prince in wishing for a divorce—to the first, that of wishing to get rid of a wife who has misbehaved towards him, he answers, that, "the Prince is not like a private individual whose character suffers by allowing his wife's frailty to pass unnoticed, and that nothing she does can possibly affect him."—To the second, that of the Prince's wishing to marry again, he says, "it is strange that twenty years of voluntary celibacy should have rendered that state so intolerable to a man of fifty-five."—To the third, the wish of the Prince to have a son, the writer replies, "but he has a daughter whom he tenderly loves, whom the country has for twenty years regarded as the heiress to the crown, and who has been educated as such."—The writer also adds

that the Prince would in all probability have had sons had he chosen to live with the Princess, but so far from sacrificing any feeling of his own to any wish for male children, he expressly in writing declared to the princess that 'should his daughter unhappily die, he never could, even in that case, ask her again to live with him.' "This new wish, therefore, to increase his family, is somewhat unaccountable; for no man can suppose his highness to be actuated by the mere desire of disinheriting his daughter." The writer then supposes the same member of parliament to reason with himself on the probability of the Prince marrying, having male issue, and of the possibility of a long minority, in which he asks "who will then be regent? Will there be no competition? Who are the competitors? The Duke of York on the one hand—the Princess Charlotte on the other;" and he adds, "how much better would it not be to have the princess succeed her royal father, when she may have obtained that maturity of years which from her excellent endowments may be fairly expected to bring with them maturity of wisdom."

The writer next proceeds to point out some considerations of a personal nature which might weigh with the member (any member) of parliament. These are chiefly of a personal nature, and are drawn from the great probability of the failure of a measure, and the natural feelings of a daughter for a mother. He insists that they who should support the measure would make the Princess Charlotte their enemy, and that if she should ever ascend the throne, she would not forget such conduct. From these considerations he concludes that any member of parliament maturely considering the subject, would be disposed to vote against it. He adds, "no man loves to entangle himself unnecessarily in a contest of this description, thankless if successful, hazardous in the extreme if it fails; and, upon the whole, much more likely to fail than to succeed."

The writer of the pamphlet next views and objects to

this measure, on the grounds of its necessarily involving the disclosure of those secret family anecdotes, which it were much more delicate to keep hid from public view. He says, "the business of parliament may be once more interrupted for a whole session with the private concerns of our princes. All those letters, those delicate and painful letters, may be extorted from the parties concerned, which sound advice and uncommon temper, as well as firmness, had upon former occasions steadily suppressed. The taste of the age, the feelings of the people, the decent observances of society, the chaste sentiments of well regulated minds, all that constitute public decorum, may be outraged by daily discussions, which no attempts of timid or time-serving men can keep within the walls of parliament; every frailty of all the illustrious persons, who should be the patterns of propriety, as of virtue, may be laid bare to the prurient gaze of vulgar curiosity, by the unsparing hand of judicial inquiry." After alluding to the injury which this exposure may do to the morals of the nation, as well as to the character and comfort of exalted individuals, the author of the pamphlet thus concludes: "But there is every reason to expect that the design of dissolving the existing marriage of the Prince Regent will fail; that the expectations of the Princess Charlotte will not be defeated; and that the country will be spared the countless evils of a long minority and a contested regency—evils scarcely differing from those of a disputed succession."

The discussion of this subject seems to afford a fair opportunity for making some observations on that degree of estimation in which the present royal family are generally held throughout the country. We know not if these distinguished personages are exactly aware of the light in which they are viewed; but the fact is, that there is scarcely a company in which they are mentioned with respect or approbation. Instead of being considered as the ornament and protection of society, they are seldom described otherwise than as mere burthens on the public, and it is

commonly insisted that had they been placed in any inferior rank of life, their own misconduct would soon have banished them from all virtuous society. We are sorry, from the regard we bear to the monarchical part of the constitution, that our princes should become the theme of reproach and ridicule. But the remedy is with themselves. We need not remind them that all the duties which are binding on the rest of mankind, are equally binding upon them. The obligation, indeed, becomes much stronger in the case of those whose conduct and example so widely influence the rest of their species. These principles it is the task of the moralist to inculcate, and we have never swerved from the duty of admonition. But there is something more that we must add. Scarcely will their best friends contradict us, when we say that they have not duly observed the signs of the times. The period is past when the mere possession of royal birth, was sufficient to secure respect and veneration. The doctrines of divine and sacred right have ceased to be an article even in the most courtly creed. The loyalty of the most loyal has become a very cool and calculating sentiment. Whether, indeed, from the real provocation that has been given: whether from the great multiplication of this august house, as men are apt to be the least grateful for the blessings they enjoy most abundantly; whether from one or both of these causes, certain it is, that their conduct is subjected to a more severe scrutiny than that of any other individuals in the nation. Peculiar caution, therefore, and circumspection in their words and actions are the only defence against so rigid an inquisition. But defying or despising the opinion of the people, their imprudence and immorality have kept pace with the national jealousy, and their trespasses on decency and propriety are deeply impressed upon the recollection of the public. By the incorrigible perseverance of some, notwithstanding repeated warnings, in their career of deliberate and ostentatious folly, they have alienated the affections of a brave, and generous, and loyal people, whose attachment can only be regained by substantial proofs of sincere and lasting reformation.

L.

THE RULES AND VARIETIES OF FEMALE SCANDAL.

What state, what sex, what excellence of mind,
Ere found an armor against calumny?
For give the monstrous slander but a birth,
Folly shall own and malice cherish it.

TRAGEDY OF JULIA.

Whose edge is sharper than the sword of slander,
Whose tongue——
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, *queens*, and states,
*Maid*s, *matrons*, nay the secrets of the grave,
This viper slander enters.

CYMBELINE.

I BELIEVE it is generally admitted that the ladies are vastly superior to the other portion of mankind in the practice of insincerity in conversation, whether in the more perplexing affairs of love, or in the common occurrences of life. Indeed, whatever may be their neglect in the studies of the learned languages, or the historians of their own or other countries, we cannot but admire the assiduity and perseverance with which they cultivate this enchanting art. On a topic so congenial they display an assiduity and perseverance of investigation that would do honor to the first mathematicians and philosophers of the age. One might imagine that they were afraid the harmony of their tones, their wit, their eloquence, and their brilliant liveliness of conversation, might be entirely lost upon their admirers, if they told them the plain truth; and I cannot but fancy that those admirers do actually give them credit for falsehood since the custom was introduced. If a lady should chance to be candid, she would entertain the same hope of being believed as the fox in his declining years who declared that he intended to reform. Mr. Nestor Ironside relates an instance of a young man, who never believed that his wife had charms until he overheard a conversation in which a

drawing-room full of ladies denied she had any: and I am myself acquainted with a gentleman who is so convinced that on every matter they speak contrary to what they think, that he always asks his wife's opinion in affairs of importance, for the purpose of acting directly opposite to her counsel. Mr. Tattle, in the comedy of *Love for Love*, instructing a young lady in the forms of courtship, desired her to deny that she loved him, "else he should not care a fig for her in a moment." And to the question "what, must I lie then?" he answers, "yes, if you will be well-bred: all well-bred persons lie; besides, you are a woman. You should never speak what you think; your words must contradict your thoughts, but your actions may contradict your words. So when I ask you if you can love me, you must say no! But you must love me too. If I tell you that you are handsome, you must deny it, and say I flatter you: but you must think yourself more charming than I speak you, and like me for the beauty which I say you have, as much as if I had it myself. If I ask you to kiss me, you must be angry, but must not refuse me: if I ask you for more, you must be more angry but more complying; and as soon as ever I make you say you'll cry out, you must be sure to hold your tongue."

The origin of this inclination to deceit, so prevalent among ladies in love affairs, puzzled me extremely, until the other day in turning over the leaves of that celebrated work, the history of Joseph Andrews, I met with the following passage:

"Thou wilt not (says Fielding) be angry with the beautiful creatures, when thou hast considered that at the age of seven or something earlier, Miss is instructed by her mother that Master is a very monstrous kind of animal, who, if she suffers him to come too near her, will eat her up and grind her to pieces; that so far from kissing and toying with her of her own accord, she must not admit him to kiss or toy with her; and lastly, she must never have any affection towards him, for if she should,

all her friends in petticoats would esteem her a traitress, point at her, and hunt her out of their society. These impressions being first received, are further and deeper inculcated by their school-mistresses and companions, so that by the age of ten, they have contracted such a dread of the above-mentioned monster, that whenever they see him, they fly from him as the innocent hare doth from the greyhound. Hence to the age of fourteen or fifteen they entertain a mighty antipathy to Master. They resolve, and frequently profess, that they never will have any commerce with him, and entertain fond hopes of passing their lives out of his reach : of the possibility of which they have so visible an example in their good maiden aunt. But when they arrive at this period, and have now passed their second climacteric, when their wisdom grown riper begins to see a little further, and almost daily falling in Master's way, to apprehend the difficulty of keeping out of it; and when they observe him to look at them often, and sometimes very eagerly and earnestly too, (for the monster seldom takes notice of them till at this age) they then begin to think of their danger, and as they perceive they cannot easily avoid him, the wiser part begin to think of providing by other means for their security. They endeavour by all the methods they can invent, to render themselves so amiable in his eyes, that he may have no inclination to hurt them : in which they generally succeed so well, that his eyes by frequent languishing soon lessen their idea of his fierceness, and so far abate their fears, that they venture to parley with him : and when they perceive him so different from what he hath been described, all gentleness, softness, kindness, tenderness, and fondness, their dreadful apprehensions vanish in a moment, and now (it being usual in the human mind to skip from one extreme to its opposite, as easily, and almost as suddenly, as a bird from one bough to another) love instantly succeeds to fear ; but as it happens to persons, who have in their infancy been thoroughly frightened with certain no-persons called

ghosts, that they retain their dread of those beings after they are convinced there are no such things: so these young ladies, though they no longer apprehend devouring, cannot so entirely shake off all that hath been instilled into them. They still entertain the idea of that censure which was so strongly imprinted on their tender minds, to which the declarations of abhorrence they every day fear from their companions, greatly contribute. To avoid this censure, therefore, is now their only care: for which purpose, they still pretend the same aversion to the monster, and the more they love him, the more ardently they counterfeit the antipathy. By the continual and constant practice of which deceit on others, they at length impose on themselves, and really believe they hate what they love."

The fair sex are generally educated on Mrs. Tattle's plan, which may be exemplified in every family where a maiden aunt and a lovely girl are to be found. If any such maiden aunt there be, who is not profoundly versed in the arts which lead to perfection in the exercise of scandal, let her implicitly attend to the following instructions. If you wish to injure the fame of a niece or an orphan, because nature gave her a greater proportion of charms than fall to the lot of yourself, or your sister, a simple insinuation, unconnected with any plot or design, will answer your purpose very indifferently: your best plan would be to lecture her in your dressing-room early in the morning about her forwardness and conceit; tell her vanity is unbecoming in handsome people, but that it appears quite ridiculous when ordinary misses affect it: and moreover, that you observed all her fine flirting with Lieutenant Lovewell yesterday; but you really cannot sanction such conduct, as there was no guessing at the consequences. If she attempts to defend herself against these charges, and has justice on her side, which is generally the case, appear quite astonished, fly into a furious passion, tell the impudent hussy you do not want to hear excuses, that you wonder at her assurance,

but you are not easily deceived, clever as she may be in her equivocations; and that if you had observed any of the other young ladies, so fond of the company of young men, you would have turned them out of doors at that instant. By these and such like hints, in which you give her an idea of her own dependance, you may at length succeed in causing her to burst into tears, and it is then your sport begins.

You must now speak more kindly: tell her to dry up her tears and be a good girl: that it was for her interest when you were advising her, and that you hope she may never bring your family into disgrace. Desire her then to come down and wait upon the company in the drawing-room, adding, "For by keeping yourself constantly engaged, my dear, in domestic concerns, or grave conversation, you will soon forget this foolish partiality for Lovewell." Continue advising her all the way down stairs, so that she will be compelled to enter the drawing-room, while her eyes are yet red with weeping. You may be certain the company present will soon enquire into the cause of her grief, to which you may answer, "Oh! I suppose she's grieving for Lieutenant Lovewell, who was ordered off to join his regiment this morning," at the same time looking with a furious frown towards the poor girl, as if you were in a violent rage because she dared to cry or let her tears be seen. The whisper of the party will soon throw her into confusion, and friendless and miserable she is forced to leave the room, without having the power to utter a syllable. You can descant largely on the sullenness of her temper the moment she is gone, and upon the imprudence of young women allowing the men to take too many freedoms, until the whole company are convinced by your hints and reproaches, that the Lieutenant has taken poor Mary's reputation with him to his regiment. I was very much delighted at an instance of this species of scandal which occurred at the tea-table one evening, while I was present, both on account of its ingenuity and its success.

The conversation happened to turn upon the blooming young widow Mrs. Prim, who had been invited to the party but had disappointed them. "A slight head-ache the cause," cried one of the ladies. "Oh! no, the poor woman has been afflicted with a dropsy for some months past, and while that disease continues indeed it would be only policy to keep within doors, and not *expose* herself. "Truly I think it would," exclaimed a second, "for she must appear a complete object." "Why, I understand," said a third, "that she has got rid of the complaint lately, and recovered her shape in a most surprizing manner! Indeed, I am certain I am correct too, as I saw her in the park on Sunday, as fine and shapely a damsel as you'd wish to see."—This set the whole company upon conjecture. The married folks whispered, and the misses tittered, until eventually, with a very bad disease, poor Mrs. Prim was *eased* of a very good reputation!

I recollect an instance of a young lady in London losing her character, through a slight cold, aided by the talents of the renowned Mrs. Tattle, so well known in the annals of scandal. Mrs. Careless, in a morning visit, mentioned that her niece Letitia, had been very ill lately, indeed so much so as to be confined for three weeks, but that she had partly recovered and would soon be abroad again. Mrs. Tattle said she felt very happy in the restoration of such an amiable girl to her usual health and spirits. After many compliments on both sides, Mrs. Careless departed, when Mrs. Tattle immediately ordered Betty to bring her cloak and bonnet, and trudged off to Mrs. Whisper, exclaiming the moment she entered the house, "have you heard the news?" "Yes," answered her friend. "How came you to hear of it so soon; it is not ten minutes since I had it from her own waiting-maid." "Ah," cried Mrs. Tattle, "but I had it from her own aunt." "Was she not an hypocritical little slut," said Mrs. Whisper, "to pretend to such chastity and religion, and so proud of my Lord too!"—"My Lord; Why I think you must be mistaken, Mrs. Whisper."—"What news do you mean?" "Hush,

don't speak so loud," said Mrs. Whisper: "the news is, that my Lady Flirt is kept by my Lord, and is no more married to him than I am to poor Mr. Whisper." "Pshaw!" said Mrs. T. "that's an old affair: I have something of much more importance to tell. The beautiful Letitia Somerville is just recovered from her confinement. I had it from her aunt this moment; but whether she had a boy or a girl I could not discover; for you know it would have been a delicate question in such circumstances. Poor Mrs. Careless is almost distracted; and though the same misfortune happened to herself once, she is not the less to be pitied; for you know, my dear Mrs. Whisper, though one has committed faults in one's younger days, it is neither merciful nor generous to be always recalling them to the tip of one's tongue. In communicating the misfortune of this poor girl, I rely entirely upon your secrecy; indeed, I would not have mentioned it by any means, Mrs. Whisper, had I not been perfectly aware it would go no further. No! No! Mrs. Whisper, I am not one of those wide-mouthed ladies, who publish every thing they hear. There's Mrs. Silent, who, to my knowledge, was familiar with her own footman, and yet the poor lady can never say I told it to any one from that day to this." "Oh, my dear Mrs. T.!" answered Mrs. W. "we have been many years intimate enough to confide the greatest secrets to each other without any apprehension. Indeed, as for myself, there are many affairs which I have concealed even from Mr. Whisper, for when the poor man suspected my fidelity, I often told him a secret was like a lump of lead, that always remained at the bottom, and that a woman's honour was a secret!"

"Very right, my dear," said Mrs. Tattle: "those men are impertinent fellows, but I fear I am detaining you too long: besides I have to call in Harley street, and as it is getting late, I wish you good morning."

Mrs. Tattle departed, and while she was going to Mrs. Chatter's in Harley street, with her secret, Mrs. Whisper

industriously set off to spread it among her own acquaintances, calling lastly upon Mrs. Silent and Mrs. Careless, to inform them of the happy and friendly portraits which Mrs. Tattle had just been drawing.

If any suspicious circumstances are attached to the marriage of one of your female friends, or if any malicious rumour has reached you, respecting the degree of intimacy subsisting between herself and her husband before their union, remember the first time that you meet with her in company to exclaim, "My dear Mrs. Lively, how do you find yourself! I declare it is a complete age since I had the pleasure of seeing you last. How have you left all our friends in Cheltenham? On my word the waters seem to have agreed with you: I never saw you look younger in my life: indeed, my dear, you might pass for a girl of eighteen." The conversation having thus turned upon her age, you may very naturally ask in the way of discourse how long she has been married, and the answer may probably be, *two years*. "Lord bless me, Mrs. Lively, only two years! Why your eldest boy seems only to be four years old!" If the lady be conscious of any ill report, though she may be innocent, it is probable that this observation will cause her to blush, which will immediately confirm all present in your suspicions. If, however, the lady should not be of a blushing disposition, you must laugh heartily at the idea, and compliment the little boy on his looks. Should she be bold enough to join with you in this kind of merriment, the moment she leaves the room, you may convince the company that your notion of the circumstance was correct, by many arguments and protestations, remarking as a most undeniable proof, "Did not you observe, how she attempted to laugh it off?"

Mrs. Backbite, an intimate acquaintance of mine, who is really a good sort of a woman, hearing that a friend of her's was arrested, without enquiring into the circumstances, very charitably ran home to preserve his reputation among his neighbours. Having informed them of his misfortunes, she added that "the Lord

knew for what he was taken up, though she didn't; and that she was certain there was not a better man in existence, but there is no knowing to what courses the best of us may be driven by desperation, when we have large families to support, and the times are so very hard." Some time after, when the unfortunate gentleman was released, all his friends began to congratulate him on his escape from Newgate, supposing he had been committed for highway robbery, though in reality he had only been arrested for a debt of fifteen pounds.

Making a loquacious defence for a friend, and afterwards designedly yielding, is an excellent method of practice in this species of scandal. 'Cede repugnanti, cedendo victor abibis,' is the advice given by the poet Ovid, and in most cases must be accounted a good one, whether employed in war, or in love, or in scandal. Praise is likewise an advantageous vehicle for friendly injuries. The poison is administered by intermingling our eulogiums with friendly condolence for the defects of the person we would injure. "Oh! Mr. Pratewell," exclaimed Eliza, when he was last conversing with her, "is not Miss Vermillion a heavenly woman! what a pity it is she should wear false teeth!"

W. W.

THE DIABOLIAD.—No. III.

THE Steyne at Brighton was the next scene of our hero's scrutiny, and he was initiated by his companions into an intimate acquaintance with all who were notorious for the commission of hateful crimes, or indecent errors. The most imposing of these votaries of depravity was Sir Edward, in whose family wisdom and valour seemed inherent, till this unworthy descendant gave a testimony to the contrary. Not any of his predecessors were rendered more conspicuous for bravery, magnanimity of mind, and

every virtue of humanity, than he has become for luxury, the most dissolute debauchery, and all the vices which corrupt mankind, and disgrace human nature. Early he devoted himself to the service of Beelzebub, and became a proficient in the arts of hell. His very name struck terror to the soul of ever modest maid, and at his presence the less guilty even of his own sex, withdrew themselves, afraid of the infection of his contagious conversation and behaviour. It was with deep regret that the noble lord his father observed in him this propensity to vice, and though he was the eldest of all his numerous offspring, and heir to his extensive possessions, he sent him to the Peninsula, hoping that the toils and dangers of a campaign, would correct those propensities which he had so much indulged in luxury and idleness at home. But young Edward, instead of fulfilling the wishes of his father, grew more hardened in his contempt of heaven, and so exasperated his family that they almost prayed some blow might take him from the world, and save them from dishonour. The more he saw of death the less he seemed to fear it, and his brutal courage only served to make him more bold in ill, and more indifferent to any punishment which the law or his commanders might inflict. The first proof that he gave of the little regard he entertained to what might happen hereafter, was the indulgence of his licentious appetite in the rape of a young Spanish lady, daughter to the governor of a fort where his regiment was stationed. When the crime was detected, he was so far from excusing it, as to tell the afflicted father, that he was only sorry to find himself stationed in a place which afforded him no more variety of prey; but that if he had any more daughters, or nieces worth debauching, he wished he would send for them, that he might instruct them in their mother's trade. The injury and insult provoking the old man to the desire of vengeance, he summoned the libertine before a court of judicature, and unable from the rank and commission of the criminal to obtain redress, he

sent him a challenge and was severely wounded in a duel with his daughter's ravisher. A short time afterwards the beautiful wife of an inferior officer became the sacrifice of his unbounded lust. Having by a stratagem decoyed her into the guard-room of her husband, who had been sent into the town on some frivolous pretence, he first addressed her in the language of amorous dalliance, and finding persuasion ineffectual, he compelled two of his soldiers to hold her, while he perpetrated his horrid purpose, and then left her to receive the same usage from the men. Numberless are the crimes of the same description which this shame of manhood has committed. Wholly lawless, delighting in every act of murder, of licentiousness, and cruelty, the report of his atrocities reached the ears of his unhappy father, who, distracted by the intelligence, tried every possible means to reclaim or punish him. But all endeavours being ineffectual, he sent his commands that he should return to England, vainly hoping that his authority would be some restraint upon his actions. Unfortunately, he found himself so much deceived, that unable to endure the repetition of his profaneness and his enormities he banished him his house. The son, who, by the will of his departed mother, obtained a great estate, absolutely turned his back upon his father when he heard him pronounce his sentence of dismissal, and retired to a magnificent dwelling in the neighbourhood of Park-lane, where for some years he has lived in a continued scene of lewdness and profligate debauchery.

Rejoicing in successful mischief, and triumphing in his crimes, too long, indeed, have the prayers and invocations of the injured in vain been offered up to heaven. But the time is at length arrived when every virgin by him undone shall have her inmost vengeance on the detested ravisher. The wretch, regardless of the ties of blood or friendship, has frequently attempted the virtue of those of his nearest kindred; nor did he ever bear a sufficient value for a man to prevent him from using his most vigorous endeavours to corrupt his wife and daughter. A friend of his, of the name of Campbell

whom as not perfectly acquainted with his character, and had just arrived from the University of Oxford, confided to Sir Edward the secret of his passion for a beautiful girl, whom we shall designate by the name of Mortimer. He praised her charms in language so lively and enthusiastic, that his companion began to burn with the hottest fires of lust; but as he wanted not the precaution to disguise his thoughts, whenever he knew that to reveal them would defeat his purposes, he appeared to take but little interest in Campbell's encomiums, but skilfully cajoling him into the mention of her name and address, determined to undermine his friend and ruin the object of his attachment. Convinced that her affections were engaged, he thought it best to seize her unawares, and by bearing her to a place where she would have none to assist her, satiate his desires. Having made a strict enquiry into the places she frequented, he was told by the emissaries he employed that she seldom omitted to pay her devotions on the sabbath, and was obliged to pass through a bye-path on her way to the church. The carriage of Sir Edward was in readiness: she was seized by two hired ruffians, and driven to the spacious but solitary mansion of her ravisher. Without the slightest ceremony or any preparatory excuses, she was compelled to suffer what her soul most abhorred. She guessed the situation of the house, and had seen her ravisher at many public places, and swore revenge; but reputation was the least of his concern, and he coolly informed her that forgiveness on her part would only be acceptable to him, because he should then possess the hope of renewing by her own consent the raptures he had so lately enjoyed, and that if she did not agree to give him another meeting she must expect a second rape.

The mind may conceive, though the pen is unequal to describe, the horror of her feelings. But this monster of cruelty and inhumanity made a mockery of her complaints, and with unmanly insolence scoffed at her lamentations. Pleased with the beauties of her person, and despising the agonies of her mind, he kept her with him

all that night, and great part of the next; resolved to glut desire, and riot in the repeated possession of his wishes. At last quite sated with the luscious banquet, he sent her home under the convoy of those fellows who had brought her to his mansion, who no sooner conducted her to the door of the house where she lived, than they jumped into the coach again, and drove away with all imaginable speed, by that means defeating the intention she had formed of obtaining justice on the assistants of her ruin. At her return she found the unfortunate Campbell, who, amazed and alarmed by her long absence, had scarcely left the house since the atrocity was committed. As soon as she perceived him, the truth, which the disorder of her whole frame, rifled robes, dishevelled hair, prevented her from disclosing, was expressed by incoherent words and by wild exclamations of the name of Sir Edward. At first the tempest of Campbell's grief was dumb. Amazement and confusion prevented utterance. But when his passion found a vent, how loud, how fiercely, did it rage. Even madness would meanly represent his fury. He would have ran that moment, and made the ravisher the victim of his resentment, but was dissuaded by Miss Mortimer. Revenge for the most part, ingenious in proportion to the provocation, and Campbell, reflecting on the deep and irreparable injury he had sustained, invented a stratagem for the punishment of the vile profaner of love and friendship, more subtle in the contrivance, and terrible in execution, than the most malignant poisons of the ancient Italians.

He obliged Miss Mortimer to write a letter to Sir Edward, pretending that the loss of her honor being irretrievable, and affliction unavailing, her anger and resentment had subsided, and she would now regard nothing as so dreadful as the apprehension of his adding unkindness or indifference to her charms, to his former cruelty. The answer of Sir Edward abounded in expressions of rapturous gratitude, and implored an interview to prove the warmth of his affection.

“May the fiends (exclaimed Campbell) with their severest whips reward such faith, such affection.” Poor Miss Mortimer joined him in his curses, by which, having in some degree relieved the agitation of their minds, they proceeded to send a second mandate to the following effect: “This night, since inclination prompts and leisure will permit, I shall expect you at my own house about 12 o’clock, when all the servants being dismissed except one who is my confidante, you may safely steal to the bed and arms of your too much enamoured

“E. M.”

The epistle being dispatched, Campbell left for some hours the object of his love, but before evening returned with a creature, who made a trade of prostituting herself to as many as thought her worth their purchase. By a long series of debauchery, she was become so much diseased, that it was scarcely possible to touch her without being contaminated. This wretch being first washed and perfumed was laid into Miss Mortimer’s bed, whence being instructed how to act, she awaited the approach of him who was to pay dearly for the short-lived transports of her polluted embraces. The hour of meeting being arrived, Campbell and Miss Mortimer waiting in a parlour, heard Sir Edward enter the house, and the waiting maid told him as soon as he came in, that a relation of her lady’s being unexpectedly come to town, he must excuse the darkness and silence with which he was received, but that her mistress was in bed, and if he pleased to follow her she would conduct him to her. Not yet satiated with the charms of his victim, he hastened to the pernicious embraces of the supposed Miss Mortimer. She was well instructed in her part, and by confining her speech to whispers, passed without discovery.

Most earnestly did Campbell, who staid all night with the dear and ruined object of his affections, condole their mutual wretchedness, and long to surprize the base destroyer of his hopes in this scene of shame; but the per-

suasions of Miss Mortimer, and the consideration that the discovery of the cheat put upon Sir Edward, might baffle their revenge, repressed his violence. The seducer might have guessed their design, and have had immediate recourse to the physician for advice, and thus have escaped those excruciating agonies under which he now so miserably languishes.

Early in the morning, and before the break of day, the counterfeit Miss Mortimer whispered in his ear that he must take his leave, because having other visitors in the house, some of the servants might rise at an earlier hour than usual. He complied with her request, and was let out of the house by the maid who had introduced him. The courtesan received a handsome reward for being the instrument of revenge, and Campbell, in the execution of his purpose, called upon Sir Edward, as if he were entirely ignorant of Miss Mortimer's shame, or her ravisher's atrocity. He invited him to take a journey into the country, promising him excellent entertainment, and introductions to assemblies well stocked with fresh country girls. All these were temptations not to be resisted by a man, who thought of nothing but the indulgence of every appetite, and after writing a polite letter to Miss Mortimer, he and his friend set out for York.

Five weeks had elapsed before Sir Edward was alarmed by any serious apprehensions of his misfortune. But after that period, the evidence became too decided to be mistaken. His physician was sent for post-haste, while Campbell exulting in the success of his machinations, endeavoured to lull him into a fatal security. When the physician arrived, he found that the disease was so dangerous and so confirmed, that a long series of prescriptions would be necessary to his recovery, if recovery itself were possible. But Campbell had pre-determined to prolong to as distant a period as possible, the lingering torments of the victim of his revenge. The papers and boxes containing the drugs prescribed for Sir Edward's disease, were placed in a closet to which his pretended

friend had access. He changed the pills and powders, which might have arrested the progress of disease, for other ingredients which were totally inefficacious. So skilfully did he prosecute his purpose, that the corrosive poison of this unnatural distemper has gained too secure a possession ever to be removed. Ulcers devour his flesh, rottenness consumes his bones. A dreadful martyr to lust, he curses now the pleasures he once courted with so much eagerness. Yet ignorant for some time from what source he drew the contagion, and little suspecting the stratagem of Miss Mortimer and Campbell, the latter enjoyed for many months, the malignant pleasure of hearing his groans, and witnessing his anguish. To consummate his revenge, he took of Sir Edward a friendly leave, and hastened to the continent with Miss Mortimer. Of a Catholic family, but her misfortunes unknown, she had determined to take the veil, when the shocking and unexpected truth flashed upon her mind that she was pregnant by her ravisher. The conflict between shame, and resentment, and remorse, terminated in a short period her existence. A few days previous to her death, she conjured her lover not to disclose the arts which had been practiced to punish the author of her sorrows; but now that his residence in Paris secured Mr. Campbell from any anticipation of personal violence, he determined to sacrifice his promise to Miss Mortimer, to the gratification of his vanity and revenge. He disclosed the circumstances of the case to the unfortunate Sir Edward, whose bosom now glowed with the pangs of disease, the agonies of shame, rage, and every other diabolical passion. In the tumult of his first exasperation and astonishment he broke a blood-vessel, and is now reclining on a bed of unutterable misery in one of the splendid mansions which surround the Park.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF DEPRAVITY:

THE indecencies of Sir Eyre Coote, and the *effeminacy* of Dr. D. have recalled the attention of the public to those depravities of our nature, which the virtuous and the good had fondly hoped were for ever banished from the society of Englishmen. Whatever may be thought of the prudence of the former's friends in soliciting the attention of the public to his delinquency, it cannot, we think, be disputed that a full developement of the facts, when disclosed in a manner consistent with decency, is the most effectual restraint upon the licentiousness of those who have participated in similar offences, and by subjecting them to the danger of exposure, intimidates those criminals who are not amenable to the penalties of the law. Under this impression we had intended to enter into an elaborate statement of the melancholy circumstances attending the flight of a doctor of divinity at Camberwell; but the punishment announced in the letter handed for his perusal at the close of his last sermon was so severely stated and so promptly inflicted, that we shall not add to the tortures of a despairing man.

But the same indulgence is not due to presumptuous guilt and impunity, which exults in its superiority to the restraints of law, and the dictates of public opinion, and we have again occasion to call the attention of our readers to the infamous trespasses on public decency of a gentleman who has held the most responsible offices in the departments of state. Elevated by his party to the possession of the highest honours, he acted with utter inconsistency in his non-performance of his duty to the people, and in his violation of all the pledges by which he had obtained the confidence of his party. He acted the very reverse of all that was expected, and endangered the downfall of his friends, by his abandonment of principle. The opposite faction, encouraged by his inconstancy, resumed their expectation of receiving a carte-

blanche, and he became sadly sensible of his error. He was immediately discharged from all his appointments along with his companions. He was now more lost than ever; equally a rebel to the party he had espoused, and inimical to their interests in the hope of regaining his dignified and profitable office. Obnoxious to his own reflections, he attempted to relieve his anxieties by a change of place, and leaving a country which he stigmatized by the epithet of ungrateful, he mingled for a year in all the enjoyments and luxuries of Paris.

“The place of the damned is at Paris or Rome,
How happy for us that it was not at home.”

It was, doubtless, at the capital of France, for anecdotes of this kind could not possibly occur in this more virtuous metropolis, though scandal has asserted that his unusual and profligate intrigues were performed in the chaste purlieus of Hungerford market. Among the number of ladies to whom he was recommended by his rank and talents, was the celebrated Duchess of Xavier, not that she was superlatively beautiful, for the skilful arrangement of her rouge was one of her chief attractions, but because he had always been attached to obtrusive beauty, in whatever rank it might be found, and there was a correspondence of temper and inclination: the same spirit of gaiety, inconstancy, and levity appeared equally in both, and there needed no formalities. He found an easy admission to her arms, and if illicit love be ever crowned with joy, they found it in each other. They made no foolish and common-place vows of eternal constancy. Each thought no more of the other than that no absent charmer should be sufficiently remembered to damp the present bliss, and neither of them employing their minds in reflection or remorse, they scarcely deceived each other in the sincerity of their mutual happiness. Jealousy was a passion unknown to this second Joan and Alphonzo, and though they frequently detected each other in the pursuit of different intrigues, it occasioned not the least uneasiness in the mind of either, nor was it a pretence for

sullenness, disgust, or indignation, when they next obtained the opportunity of meeting. There are many rebels to the power of love, who prefer this dull tranquillity to the delicacies of its flame, and are shocked at the little anxieties and tender fears, which are ever the inseparable companions even of the happiest mistaken pair! The hopes, the fears, the soft perplexities, and the uncertainties of love, endear its mutual blandishments, and raise to extacy what else is little more than brutal pleasure. Among other exploits of the fair lady she had in company with two more of her own sex and three of the other, agreed to pass a night, in the heat of the season. That the scene occurred in Paris and not in London, is probable, not only from the nature of the orgies performed, but from the inclemency of the climate in this favoured island, which must have prevented the performance of so singular a *divertisement*. The heat of the season, it being at that time of the year in which the dog-star shone with scorching influence, joined with that glow which on imbibing too profusely the potent juices of the vine, diffuses itself through the inflated veins, made them by consent strip themselves of all the ornaments of dress; not one of either sex leaving any thing upon their exposed bodies, which might distinguish their present state from that in which they first saw light. In this most shameful and most abandoned manner did they dance promiscuously round the room, pretending by their rites to offer up a double sacrifice to Bacchus and to Venus. With obscene toasts they circulated the sparkling glass, sporting their lewd jokes, and enforcing them by repeated and practical parentheses.

This hateful rendezvous was kept in the vicinity of the Thuilleries in a neighbourhood similar to that of Whitehall, and in a house not quite dissimilar in size and shape to those in the vicinity of Lord G——'s. An individual connected with the offices of police, and holding a respectable situation in a responsible department, had been so far favoured by good fortune, in the early part of his life, as to mar-

ry no very distant relation of the Duchess of Xavier. He was admitted to occasional access to her presence, and having been frequently employed in the transaction of her private concerns, was always treated with respect and confidence. Having some occasion to consult her on pecuniary matters, and chancing to pass the mansion we have described, as he alighted he took the freedom allowed him in his usual intercourse, but ascended the back stair-case by which the door stood open, and which was only lighted by a single lamp. To his extreme astonishment he heard the uproar of a dancing party, and saw no servants, the duchess having been admitted by her friends. Inflamed by curiosity he peeped through the key-hole of the door, and saw and heard some of the behaviour I have described. He retired in silence, and determined to scrutinize with greater minuteness the conduct of his noble relative and her companions. But the severity which he was not unwilling to execute towards others, far from corresponded with the results of certain suspicions of fraud and defalcation in the execution of his office. The plainest hints were secretly communicated by anonymous correspondence of the surmises of the magistrates; but the latter were unable and unwilling to dismiss him from his station till his criminality could be proved by decisive evidence. With the usual infatuation of guilt, he neglected every measure that might facilitate his escape, or conceal the amount of his embezzlements, and employed the hours which ought to have been devoted to his personal security, to the investigation of the midnight orgies of the Thuilleries. Thoughtless and desperate as the intention evidently was, he vainly imagined that if he could obtain decisive evidence of the scenes that were nightly occurring in this female pandemonium, he should have the parties in his power, and in the possible case of his arrest or conviction command the intercession of personages so exalted, for his liberation or his pardon. Having obtained precise intelligence of the hour of meeting, and the persons about to be

present, he hastened to the place with the myrmidons of police, entered the mansion in the moment of licentious revelry, and then discovered to the astonishment of his followers that the room was only filled with females in a state of nudity! An exhibition of this kind was not a fit subject for the interference of the officers, and Le Cain remained behind to investigate the circumstances of so singular a discovery. What instruments of vice and curiosities of art, intended for the gratification of licentiousness, rewarded his search, I will not and dare not describe. Many of the females were only well grown infants, the victims of their wanton and unfeeling relatives. Flushed with his discoveries Le Cain despised the menaces and malignity of his enemies, and surrendered to the warrant which arrested him for felony with a serene, or rather a cheerful countenance. But he had gone beyond his mark; his family influence only tended to exasperate the feelings of the duchess: a dead man could tell no tales; conviction would prevent his evidence, and would brand his representations with the appearance of malignant calumny. Unconscious of these truths, he boldly transmitted to the ladies concerned a list of their names, and an account of their practices, declaring that unless they obtained his liberation or his pardon by their exertions, he would immediately circulate five hundred copies. They took the hint: the favourites of the court, by false representations, obtained a death-warrant four days after his conviction, and he fell an unpitied victim to the terrors of titled vice, and the resentment of titled prostitutes.

THE CONDUCT OF MAGISTRATES.

Delinquency of Mr. Merceron.

AT the moment when we wrote our animadversions upon the prevalence of gin-shops, the neglect of the magistrates, and the prevalence of vice, we entertained

not the slightest suspicion that our statement would be soon confirmed by the reports of the Police Committee of the House of Commons. The extracts which we are about to make from that report, are chiefly confined to the conduct of certain magistrates at the east end of the town, but present an incidental and accurate view of the abuses prevalent in the administration of the laws, and the performance of magisterial duty. Among the various topics to which the attention of the Police Committee was directed, we consider the neglect of the magistrates as most deserving of animadversion. The increase of crimes and of criminals, and even the conspiracies of the police constables, are evils of a light and transient nature, compared with those which are disclosed in the following evidence. Multiplied thefts and robberies may be suppressed; the perpetrators may be overtaken by the vigilance, and punished by the rigorous hand of justice: but when corruption and venality find their way into the very seat of justice; when those who have been appointed to administer the laws, and to watch over the public morals and the public peace, begin to pervert the laws to their own private ends, betray the trust reposed in their authority, and commit acts of gross partiality or oppression; then, indeed, the whole frame of society is in danger of being shaken. Against an evil so fatal as this, we conceive it the duty of every public writer to raise his voice, because it is only by the diffusion of public opinion, and the excitement of a strong feeling in the public mind, that such an evil can be effectually repressed. It is with this view we now direct the attention of our readers to the disgraceful and alarming facts contained in the report.—The magisterial delinquencies there developed, are comprized under three separate heads: 1. The licensing public-houses; 2. Riotous profanation of the sabbath; 3. The alteration of parish rates.

Many years ago, the subject of licences was brought before the House of Commons by the late Mr. Sheridan.

He argued upon the plain and irresistible principles, that every public-house should possess such a trade, as to induce respectable, decent, and proper characters, to engage in the business; and so free, that the public might be benefited by fair competition. But by obtaining possession of public houses, and consequently a controul over the occupiers, the only species of competition which can be useful to the public, namely, that which arises from the sale of a good article, is lost and annihilated; for the tenant of the brewer or the distiller, must sell such liquor as is sent him, whatever the quality may be. Hence it is, that publicans may be as frequently ruined by bad liquors, as by high-rented houses; but when both are combined, the pressure is generally too great, and then it happens that changes so frequently take place, that the brewers themselves suffer great inconvenience from locking up their capitals in this way. This very hurtful practice of brewers and distillers purchasing the property and leases of public-houses, is said to prevail, even more in the country than in the capital, and is productive of the most pernicious effects.

The remedies, however, suggested by Mr. Sheridan, were enforced in vain. When that lamented statesman laid before the House of Commons the complaints of numerous publicans, whose existence depended upon the caprice of a few justices of peace, the members of that assembly appeared to be shocked at the idea of any imputations against so respectable and upright a body of men, as the magistrates of England; and the motion of Mr. Sheridan was rejected. But circumstances are changed; a spirit of investigation has been diffused, which promises the most important and satisfactory result; and the narrative of the report, at once discloses the *real* integrity of several individuals who have claimed the praise of philanthropy and virtue. It appears that of these virtuous individuals, many were connected by some secret chain of interest, with a train of brewers and distillers, and would license no publicans but such as would

engage to vend their inferior articles of manufacture; that these magistrates, one of them a clergyman of the church of England, gave their influence and protection to the most reprehensible profligacy, by renewing the licenses of houses, that were the common resort of prostitutes, and other disorderly persons, and that they refused to license other houses, which public convenience as well as the most respectable applications, had demanded.

Evidence of a Clerical Magistrate.

The Reverend Edward Robson, a magistrate of the county of Middlesex, acting in the district of Whitechapel, was examined respecting the conduct of himself and other magistrates, in relicensing houses, against which the most evident proofs of disorderly conduct had been given. His answers were marked by flippancy and evasion. Our limits will not admit of our giving them at length. With respect to the publican who had been complained of by Mr. Gifford, he thought him hardly dealt with; Mr. Gifford was warm, rather severe, and, in that case, mistaken in point of law, as the man had not been convicted before the sessions by a jury. As to the three houses in Shadwell, complained of by Mr. Fletcher, he said these houses were not worse than many others. They had been shut up for a whole year; but when the music gallery of one of them and the cock and hen club were removed, the license was restored. The witness admitted that great numbers of houses in that neighbourhood had dancing rooms for sailors and prostitutes, and being so general thought it very hard that they should fall on these houses in particular.

What induced the magistrates to take away the license?—It was taken away for one year, till the nuisance was abated; and that being done, it was restored. The principle upon which the magistrates act is, that it is a kind of *mixed consideration*: we conceive that the house is property of some individual; the house, therefore, being brick and mortar, cannot be guilty of any moral crime; it is the landlord who is the person who is guilty; and if we turn him out, and the house be licensed to another, and he a proper person, the guilt is put an end to.

In point of fact, were they not licensed in some instances to

the same person ?—Oh, certainly ; but the power of doing wrong was taken away by the alteration that took place.

You are of opinion Mr. Fletcher might, with as much propriety have made the same complaint against six or twelve houses, as against those three in particular ?—*Oh, yes, against twenty at least.*

This *reverend* witness attempted to explain the cause of his and other magistrates refusing to license Mr. Beaumont's house, in White Horse lane, by saying that it was not necessary for the public convenience. Mr. Beaumont's houses were for the most part uninhabited—*mere empty shells.*

Mr. Beaumont, in a subsequent examination, denied the above statement, and produced Mr. Thomas Single, a builder, living in White Horse lane, who being examined, said he was sure that in September last (when the license was refused,) there were not more than eight or nine of the new houses near that lane in the carcass, and about that number uninhabited, to the best of his recollection.

Mr. Beaumont, also, in his second examination stated a most curious fact, which must increase the indignation and suspicions already excited in the public mind. He said that in August 1814, a Mr. Smallwood, who was the surveyor of the property-tax, but since dead, called on him with an offer to secure the licensing of his public house ; two of the justices, he said, *were in want of four or five hundred pounds*, and if he, (Mr. Beaumont) *would advance a loan to them, the thing would be done !* Mr. B. rejected the offer with indignation. He further stated, that two of the magistrates, Messrs. Flood and Windle, *were commissioners of the property-tax* in Whitechapel.

Q. Who were Messrs. Flood and Windle ?

A. Mr. Flood is a painter and glazier in Whitechapel ; Mr. Windle has been unfortunate in trade. I do not know what he is doing now.

Profanation of the Sabbath.

The Rev. Joshua King, rector of Bethnal Green parish, said, he had been the rector of that parish about fifteen years ; he resided there, and discharged all the duties himself ; the parish consisted of a population of about forty thousand, generally the lowest description of people. The police is in a most deplorable condition ; every Sunday morning, during the time of

divine service, several hundred persons assemble in a field adjoining the church-yard, where they fight dogs, hunt ducks, gamble, enter into subscriptions to fee drovers for a bullock; he had seen them drive the animal through the most populous parts of the parish, force sticks pointed with iron up the body, put peas into the ears, and infuriate the beast, so as to endanger the lives of all persons passing along the streets. Bullock-hunting is practised at all times, chiefly on the Sunday, Monday, and sometimes Tuesday. About two months before, during the time of divine service, to the great consternation of the congregation, a bullock was hunted in the church-yard, and although Mr. Merceron, a magistrate for the county, the bea- dles, and Mr. Merceron's clerk, who is a constable, were present, he could not learn that they took any steps to put a stop to so wanton and disgraceful an outrage; on the contrary, he had reason to believe, that the officers of the parish frequently connived at, and sanctioned such practices. He had sent for a constable to request that he would furnish him with the names of some of the ringleaders, and he never could yet obtain a single name; though most of them were resident in the neighbourhood, and must be known to him, and he had sometimes seen the constable actually in the chase. The witness had complained to Mr. Merceron, about five years ago, of the disgraceful practice of bullock hunting. Upon that occasion Mr. Merceron declared that *there was no kind of amusement he was so fond of as bullock-hunting*, and that in his younger days he was generally the first in the chase. He had made a complaint to the police office, Worship-street, twice; they sent officers both times, who put a stop for that time to the evil. "This practice," says Mr. King, "has been discontinued within the last fortnight or three weeks; since this committee has been sitting, alarm has been produced, and more pains taken to prevent those outrages."

Mr. Merceron being again called in, and asked what explanation he had to make respecting the evidence given by the Rev. Mr. King, declared that, so far as it related to him (Mr. M.) *it was totally false*.

On another day the following evidence, relative to the profanation of the sabbath and riotous assemblies, was given by Mr. May, the vestry-clerk of Bethnal Green:

Have you ever witnessed bullock-hunting, and that riotous

assemblage of persons in the neighbourhood of the church and the church-yard, which have been detailed in evidence before this committee?—Oh, yes, many times, the most disgraceful thing in the country; I have often offered to turn out as volunteer to prevent it.

Have you ever seen in the neighbourhood of the church or church-yard, duck hunting or dog fighting?—There is scarcely a Sunday that there is not; I have gone out with the greatest anxiety when my wife and family were going to church to protect them.

Do you consider, as the master and father of a family, that such an assemblage of persons amounts, in point of fact, to an interruption of your family attending divine worship?—Most certainly, and the greatest disgrace I ever knew to a civilized country; I am sixty-four years of age, and we have now twenty times more than there was forty years ago.

Do you know whether any complaints have been made upon that subject to Mr. Merceron, the resident magistrate, or to the bench?—I never made a personal one, but I understand many have been made to the police office.

How near does Mr. Merceron live, as a magistrate, to the place where these assemblages of licentious persons take place?—Should suppose about a quarter of a mile.

Unlawful Alterations in the Parish Rate Books by a Magistrate.

Mr. J. May, vestry clerk of St. Matthew, Bethnal Green, produced the rate-books of the parish, according to an order of the committee. He stated that he had occasionally corrected clerical errors in the books, and occasionally, when new tenants had come into the houses, the collectors had altered them. No person ought to have made any other alteration. He then pointed out a great number of alterations that had been made in the rates by Mr. Merceron, the magistrate. There was a rate altered in the case of John Johnson, rated at 24l. paid 7l. 10s. altered to 40l. The rate of George Titkins, was altered from 16l. to 18l. and similar alterations were made to the rate of John Marshall and John Robinson. Charlotte Cowdry was rated at 40l. paid 7l. 10s. and her rated was changed into 60l. paid 11l. 5s. by a stroke of Mr. Merceron's pen. Edward Hartley and Edward Hughes's rates were also altered. Witness believed that Charlotte Cowdry was in a very distressed situation; so much so as to be obliged to quit the parish almost in the

situation of a pauper. Since the year 1807, Mr. Merceron had been in the habit of altering the rate. Witness could not positively say that in the altering of the rates, raising some and lowering others, Mr. Merceron served his friends and punished his enemies, I cannot speak to that. But he never had any doubt that Miss Cowdry stood in the latter predicament, when she was raised from forty to 60*l.* Mr. Merceron's own house was rated at 30*l.* in the year 1807. The house of a Mr. Blessed had stood at 15*l.*; it was altered to 35*l.* by Mr. Merceron. Upon this Mr. Blessed went into court, and, when the book was handed up to the jury, the leaf appeared turned down so as to conceal the alteration. The witness then being called on by the committee to look at twelve different alterations in the rates, stated, that they appeared to be altered by Mr. Merceron, and that on turning over the book there were many alterations by the same person, all made after the rate was allowed by the magistrates. It appeared by a list of between sixty and seventy houses produced to the committee, and stated to be rented by Mr. Merceron up to the year 1807, that the houses were rated together at 96*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.* and that upon Mr. Mitchell's becoming tenant of those houses in the year 1808, the rate was increased to 227*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.* being an advance of 131*l.*

Witness stated that the houses, the rate of which had been raised from 96*l.* to 227*l.* had not belonged to Mr. Merceron, but to an estate of which he collected the rents. Witness was always present at the meetings of the vestry, they had lately been very tumultuous; they had adjourned sometimes to the portico of the church because the vestry room was not half large enough. He never saw Mr. Merceron wave his hat and give three cheers in token of triumph.

Mr. James May was again called on a subsequent day, and produced other rate books. He had found in the books from twelve to twenty alterations in Mr. Merceron's hand writing, in which the rate had been increased; none, to his knowledge, in which they had been reduced. For ten years Mr. Merceron had been in the habit of altering the rates, raising some and reducing others, at his pleasure.—It appears so by the books.

It appears then from the preceding evidence, that the redoubtable and self-important justice, Mr. Merceron, has committed some dashing peccadilloes, so bold, and

at the same time so humorous, that indignation is absorbed in risibility. When the church-yard near which he lived, was repeatedly converted into a scene of riot and profligacy during the time of divine service, he paid no attention to the applications made to him for its suppression. He appeared to consider the whole as fine fun: and when the clergyman of the parish called on him to put a stop to bullock-hunting and dog-fighting, his answer was, that he was himself very fond of the sport of bullock-hunting. Now if he had not denied before the committee that he used such language as this (for we must believe the clergyman's evidence in preference to his), we should certainly respect him a little more than we do; because he would have evinced something like candour and consistency in the discharge of his duty. But the worst part of all Mr. Mercer's conduct, was that of altering the parish rates. It appears that he was the treasurer of the parish, that he had access to the books, and that after the magistrates lawfully assembled for the purpose, had entered down the sums which each inhabitant was to pay, according to the value of the premises which they respectively occupied, he secretly, of his own authority, and with a view to oppress those against whom he entertained any enmity, dared to make new entries, and increase the rates upon a great number of individuals. To comment on the iniquity of such an act, would only be an impertinent anticipation of the reader's feelings. But after the act was made known, it was wrong to suffer such a man to remain in the administration of justice for a single day, and our astonishment will be great, if Mr. Mercer, or any of his associates, shall be allowed to hold their commissions. One simple act of retribution is at any rate indispensable. The parish must repay to the parishioners the sums obtained by fraud, and proceed against Mr. Mercer for the amount, and for such pains and penalties as the law may justify.

ADVICE TO ALL YOUNG CLERGYMEN WHO ASPIRE
TO PREFERMENT.

WHEN you have obtained your fellowship and are about to enter upon the duties of your clerical profession, the most assiduous subservience will be necessary to the master of your college, and to the dignitaries with whom your elevation to the fellows' table, enables you to associate. Having sustained the privations attached to mathematical study, and having obtained the distinguished honor of Wrangler, or the moderate reputation of a Senior Optime, you are now exempted from the restrictions which prudence may have hitherto imposed, and in the symposia of the combination-room, or your private parties, may indulge in the pleasures of the bottle and backgammon. The more luxuriant your palate, and plentiful your desert, the more likely will you be to conciliate the friendly regard of the deans, arch-deacons, and prebends, who may favor you with their society; an occasional visit to their town residence, or their country parsonage, will be received with gratitude, and rewarded by an introduction to a bishop, or to the daughter of a bishop in expectancy. You must be careful, however, now that you have obtained the sanction of a fellow's gown, to keep your former companions at a distance, and to assume in your deportment to undergraduates the utmost loftiness and austerity. Your change of manner will be represented by your senior friends as indicating a becoming confidence in your own powers, and a proper sense of the dignity of the cloth.

In consequence of a proper attention to these admonitions, you are now a canon of Windsor, or prebendary of Durham, or some other opulent cathedral. You have besides livings of five or six hundred a year, where the duty is done by your curates for fifty pounds per annum each. If they happen to have wives and families they may possibly have frequent occasion to exert their economical

faculties. So much the better. Luxury in the inferior clergy is a vice. The apostles were all poor men. Parson Adams, to the best of my recollection, had not above twenty pounds a year, and yet he was perfectly contented and happy. These arguments, if they should presume to complain, will stop their mouths; besides curates, notwithstanding the late acts, are a mere drug, so that they may decamp whenever they please. An advertisement in the papers will give you the choice of half a score. Charity begins at home. A prebendary has occasion for every shilling of his revenue. He must keep servants, a good table, and a carriage. His wife and daughters must dress in the fashion, frequent public diversions, and play at cards.

Cards, next to concerts, are the principal occupation of the polite world: therefore as most of your time must be appropriated to this rational, this instructive, this philosophical, this moral employment, you cannot spend your money better than in the study of Hoyle, which, with the other red book will sufficiently occupy all your leisure. The rest of your library is totally useless, except now and then a review, in order to enable you to give your opinions occasionally on recent publications. Books of divinity are quite out of the question; of these you have read enough when you had no better employment, besides in the present constitution of things they are all become obsolete.

If, out of frolic, you should at any time chuse to preach a sermon, let the subject be some mystical point of divinity: so that it may be totally unintelligible to the congregation. The people admire most what they least understand. As to the christian duties of humility, charity, abstinence, and self-denial, they might do well enough while you were a poor curate. Such topics would now give occasion to invidious reflections; they are duties with which in your present situation you have no concern. I remember a young clergyman preaching a sermon against adultery, who the night before had been surprized in bed with the wife of one of his parishioners.

As he came out of the church, the injured husband seized him by the collar, and threw him into a horse-pond.

We learn from an old adage that a man is best known by the character of his associates. For this reason I must admonish you not to admit the minor canons to any degree of familiarity. They are poor, and consequently men of no character. You may employ them as preceptors to your children, or to superintend your household during your absence, and you may now and then admit them to your table when you have no better company. Adopt the system of a late Bishop of D—, and while you luxuriate upon the oldest port and the best madeira, with a few select friends at the head of the table, do not suffer the bottle to pass from your private circle. Or when you want to get rid of them, as soon as they have drunk church and king, you may take out your watch, and looking towards the bottom of the table say, you fancy it's almost time for evening prayers. When these thread-bare drudges are gone, you must push back your wig, seat yourself afresh on your chair, open your countenance, and patting the lid of your snuff-box facetiously, apologize to the company for the necessity of now and then admitting inferiors to one's table. You then whisper a toast to the baronet on your right hand, and setting down your glass you exclaim *Vive la Bagatelle*. Thus the *layick* part of the company are relieved from all restraint, and the evening is spent in social jocundity and ease. About 9 o'clock tea being announced, you join the ladies in the drawing-room, where the card-tables being prepared, the company sit down to crown whist, with half a guinea or a guinea on the rubber, and you break up between eleven and twelve. Such were not the lives of the apostles and primitive fathers of the church, but as the world advances why should we not improve!

If there happens to be a company of strolling-players in the town, three nights in the week; attended by your wife and daughters you may spend it at the theatre; but you must not so far forget your rank as to mingle with

the actresses behind the scenes ; that privilege belongs to the younger clergy. Plays, you know, afford a most rational entertainment, and that they have a natural tendency to promote morality is evinced by the virtuous lives of those who frequent the theatres.

But though this necessary round of amusements will occupy much the greatest part of your time, business must not be entirely neglected. The study of the red books, with the perfect knowledge of which your interest is so essentially connected, must on no account be omitted. One will teach you how to fill your card purse, and from the other you will learn the names of the great men in power, whom you are to court in expectation of a bishoprick. These severe studies will generally employ your morning hours ; nevertheless you will find it advisable to appropriate some portion of your time to the receipt of your rents, and correspondence with your curates concerning your tythes. You will also have frequent occasion to write letters to the lawyers and attornies employed in carrying on law-suits against your parishioners. On this subject let me conjure you never to let the feelings of humanity clash with the sacred interest of the church, nor warp the pious severity of divine justice. "If you yourself were alone concerned, you would be the last man in the world to ruin a poor man for the non-payment of his rent, or tythe, or modus ; but this is the cause of the church, of religion, and of the whole body of the clergy to the latest posterity !

You are now advancing to the summit of ecclesiastical preferment, and I shall lead you to the goal. Never forget that the king makes bishops, and that consequently the ministry for the time being is your sole object. You are not yet sufficiently elevated to make a point blank attack on a chancellor of the exchequer, but by gradually extending your influence in the corporation and among the voters for the county in your several parishes, you will attain in time the honour of being mentioned to him by the peer that makes the members, and your interest at

court will increase in proportion to the increase of your parliamentary interest in the county. Meanwhile you must be exceedingly careful not to let slip a single patriotic expression, nor seem dissatisfied with taxes, nor with any other measure of government. There are indeed many examples in our history of turbulent men forcing themselves into power by opposing the minister, but in the ecclesiastical line that measure does not succeed; it is therefore wisely abandoned.

As to the wisdom and honesty of the minister, they are no concern of yours. If you suffer conscience to obstruct your road to preferment, I have done with you at once, and the best advice I can give you is, to retire to one of your livings in the country, and spend the remainder of your life in obscurity. But, Sir, I presume you have had a liberal education, and that you have by this time shook off all the trammels of a religion, of which humility, scrupulous integrity and self-denial are the fundamental principles: a religion that presents an insurmountable bar to the attainment of wealth, rank, and power, the desiderata of all mankind. Your superiors, in compliance with the times, have skipt over this bar with great agility. They yet preserve the resemblance of the old impracticable religion, but it requires very little penetration to discover that they are since proseiytes to the doctrines of that sublime philosopher Epicurus, who laughed at divine providence, who pretended to prove beyond doubt that the soul dies with the body, and whose *summum bonum* was pleasure.

H.

PUBLIC PENSIONERS.

WE beg our readers to keep in their remembrance during their perusal of the following lists, the 7th article of the act of settlement, which stipulates, that no person who has an office or place of profit under the

king, or who receives a pension from the crown, shall be capable of serving as a member of the House of Commons.

*A List of some of the Places and Pensions, held by
Members of the House of Commons.*

ABBOTT, Right Hon. C., Speaker of the House of Commons.....	6,000	0	0
----- Keeper of the Signet in Ireland.....	1,500	0	0
Addington, Right Hon. J. H. Under Secretary of State (Home Department).....	2,153	6	11
Abercrombie, Hon. James, Commissioner of Bankrupts.....	350	0	0
Anstruther, Right Hon. Sir J., Bart., Receiver-General of Bishop's Rents in Scotland.....	400	0	0
Apsley, Viscount, Commissioner of Affairs for India.....	1,500	0	0
Arbuthnot, Right Hon. C., Joint Secretary of the Treasury.....	3,000	0	0
----- Pension.....	2,000	0	0
Astell, William, Esq., East-India Director.....	300	0	0
Barry, Right Hon. J., Lord of the Treasury (Irish).....	1,200	0	0
Bathurst, Right Hon. C., Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.....	4,525	0	0
Beresford, Lord G. T., Comptroller of the King's Household.....	1,200	0	0
Binning, Lord, Commissioner for the Affairs of India.....	1,500	0	0
Bourne, Right Hon. W. S., Commissioner for the Affairs of India.....	1,500	0	0
Bradshaw, Hon. A. C., Groom of the Bedchamber	500	0	0
Brodrick, William, Esq., Pension.....	600	0	0
Brogden, James, Esq., Chairman of Committees	1,500	0	0
Bridport, Lord, General of Marines.....	1,825	0	0
Buller, James, Esq., Commissioner of Bankrupts	350	0	0
Burghersh, Lord, Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary to Tuscany.....	4,300	0	0
Calvert, J. Esq., Secretary to Lord Chamberlain	1,382	0	0

Canning, Right Hon. George, President of the Board of Commissioners for the Affairs of India	4,000	0	0
Castlereagh, Viscount, Principal Secretary of State	6,000	0	0
<hr/>			
Commissioner for the Affairs of India	1,500	0	0
Clements, H. J. Esq., Lord of the Treasury (Irish)	1,200	0	0
Colquhoun, Right Hon. A., King's Advocate..	1,447	3	0
Courtney, T. P. Esq., Secretary to the Commissioners for the Affairs of India			
Courtney, W. Esq., Subpœna Office, Court of Chancery	855	0	0
Croker, J. Wilson, Esq., Secretary to the Admiralty	4,000	0	0
Desborough, Edward, Esq., Vice Chamberlain to the Queen	500	0	0
Dundas, Right Hon. W., Register of Seizins...	2,269	0	0
Duckworth, Sir J. T., Pension	1,000	0	0
Finch, Hon. Edward, Governor of the Bedchamber	500	0	0
Foster, Rt. Hon. J. late Speaker of the Irish House of Commons	5,038	0	0
Fitzgerald, Rt. Hon. W. V., Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland			
Lord of the Treasury	1,600	0	0
Freemantle, W. H., Esq. Joint Resident Secretary in London to the Lord-Lientenant of Ireland	636	2	0
one of the Joint Solicitors in Great Britain	300	0	0
Garrow, Sir William, Attorney-General	6,000	0	0
Gordon, Hon. Gen. William, Groom of the Bedchamber	500	0	0
Grant, C., Esq., East-India Director	300	0	0
Grant, C., Jun., Esq., Lord of the Treasury	1,600	0	0
Graves, Lord, Lord of the Bedchamber	1,000	0	0
Grenville, Right Hon. Thos., Chief-Justice Eyre, South of Trent	2,316	0	0
Goulborn, H., Esq., Under Secretary of State (War and Colonies)	2,000	0	0
Herbert, Hon. C., Groom of the Bedchamber	500	0	0

Hill, Sir G. F., Clerk of the House (Irish).....	2,265	13	9
————— Lord of the Treasury (Irish)....	1,200	0	0
Hill, Hon. W., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Sardinia.....	5,390	0	0
Hope, Sir G. J., K. B., Lord of the Admiralty..	1,000	0	0
Huskisson, Right Hon. W., Colonial Agent for Ceylon.....	700	0	0
————— Pension.....	1,200	0	0
————— Commissioner of Woods, Forests, and Land Revenue.....			
Jocelyn, Viscount, Vice-Chamberlain to His Majesty.....	1,159	8	4
Johnes, T., Esq., Auditor of Land Revenue for Wales.....	1,505	0	0
Knox, Hon. Thos., Prothonotary of the Common Pleas (Ireland).....	10,023	0	0
Long, Right Hon. C., Joint Paymaster of the Forces.....	2,000	0	0
————— Pension.....	1,500	0	0
Lowther, Viscount, Commissioner for the Affairs of India.....	1,500	0	0
————— Lord of the Treasury.....	1,600	0	0
Lushington, S. R., Esq., Joint Secretary to the Treasury.....	3,000	0	0
Loftus, General W., Lieutenant-Governor of the Tower.....	963	0	0
Macnaughton, E. A., Esq., Lord of the Treasury (Irish).....	1,200	0	0
Mahon, Viscount, Surveyor of Green Wax.....	260	0	0
————— Keeper of Records in Birmingham Tower.....	431	0	0
March, C., Esq., Pension.....	1,000	0	0
Mellish, W., Esq., Governor of the Bank of England.....			
Milne, Alexander, Secretary for Woods and Forests.....	600	0	0
Montgomery, Sir J., Bt., Presenter of Signatures in the Exchequer.....	685	0	0
Neville, R., Esq., Teller of the Exchequer (Irish) .	860	0	0
Nicholl, Rt. Hon. Sir J., Official Principal of the Court of Arches.....	5,000	0	0

Odell, W., Esq., Lord of the Treasury (Irish) . . .	1,200	0	0
Onslow, Arthur, Esq., Pension for Life	3,000	0	0
Osborn, J., Esq., Lord of the Admiralty	1,000	0	0
Paget, Hon. Berkeley, Lord of the Treasury . . .	1,600	0	0
Peel, Rt. Hon. R., Principal Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland	6,000	0	0
Phipps, Hon. E., Clerk of the Deliyeries in the Ordnance Office	1,015	9	8
Palmerston, Viscount, Secretary at War	2,480	0	0
Pole, Rt. Hon. W. W., Master of His Majesty's Mint, in England	10,350	0	0
Ponsonby, Rt. Hon. George, late Lord-Chancel- lor in Ireland	4,000	0	0
Robinson, Rt. Hon. F. J., Joint Paymaster of the Army	2,000	0	0
Rose, Rt. Hon. Geo., Clerk of the Parliament . .	3,278	0	0
————— Treasurer of the Navy	4,000	0	0
————— Keeper of Records in the Exchequer	400	0	0
Rose, George Henry, Esq., Ambassador at Berlin	3,015	9	7
————— for Charge d'Affaires	362	0	0
Ryder, Rt. Hon. R., Judge-Advocate General . .	4,280	0	0
————— Welch Judge	600	0	0
Scott, Rt. Hon. Sir W., Judge of the Admiralty Court	6,524	0	0
————— Consistory Court	170	0	0
Seymour, Rt. Hon. Lord Robert, Craner and Wharfinger (Irish)	1,930	0	0
————— Prothonotary of the King's Bench	6,250	0	0
Shaw, Barnard, Esq., Collector of Cork	2,579	19	7
————— Pension for Life	709	0	0
Shepherd, Sir S., Solicitor-General to the King .	3,000	0	0
Simeon, Sir John, Mastery in Chancery	2,149	0	0
Singleton, M., Esq., Principal Store-Keeper of the Ordnance	1,863	5	5
Smith, George, Esq. East-India Director	300	0	0
Somerset, Lord R. E. H., Joint Deputy-Pay- master of the Forces	500	0	0

Strahan, A., Esq., One of the Patentees of the Office of King's Printer.....			
Stewart, Sir J., Attorney-General (Irish).....	2,086	0	0
Sullivan, Rt. Hon. J., Commissioner for the Affairs of India.....	1,500	0	0
Thynne, Lord J., Vice-Chamberlain to the King	1,200	0	0
Vansittart, Rt. Hon. N., Chancellor of the Exchequer.....	2,600	0	0
----- Lord of the Treasury...	1,600	0	0
----- Commissioner for the Affairs of India.....	1,500	0	0
----- Under Treasurer of the Exchequer	1,800	0	0
Ward, R., Esq., Clerk of the Ordnance.....	1,914	9	4
Wallace, Rt. Hon. T., Commissioner for the Affairs of India.....	1,500	0	0
Warrender, Sir George, Bart., Lord of the Admiralty	1,000	0	0
York, Rt. Hon. C. P., Teller of the Exchequer..	2,700	0	0
Yorke, Sir J. S., K. B., Lord of the Admiralty..	1,000	0	0

Progressive Amounts of the National Debt of Great Britain, to February 1, 1814.

1701.....	£16,394,701	1762.....	£110,603,836
1714.....	50,644,307	1783.....	212,302,429
1726.....	50,793,555	1793.....	238,231,248
1738.....	46,661,767	1801.....	484,365,474
1749.....	74,221,686		

1810 (exclusive of an unfunded Debt of £47,427, 275)	£722,466,770
1814, Feb. 1, (exclusive of an unfunded Debt of £60,968,266)	£814,867,527

An Account of One Year's Expenditure during the War, Ending January 5, 1813.

For Interest, &c., on Permanent Debt of Great Britain, unredeemed, including Annuities for Lives and Terms of Years.			
Total on account of Interest.....	24,055,665	16	0½
Ditto Charges of Management.....	238,827	17	7

Reduction of the National Debt	15,521,352	13	4
The Interest on Exchequer Bills	2,081,529	10	6
The Civil List	1,028,000	0	0
Courts of Justice	69,692	3	0
Mint	17,333	17	0
Allowances to the Royal Family, Pen- sions, &c.	332,412	7	4 $\frac{1}{4}$
Salaries, Allowances, and Bounties	147,911	19	7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Civil Government of Scotland	113,176	4	8 $\frac{1}{4}$
Bounties for Fisheries, Manufactures, Corn, &c.	228,741	18	7
Pensions on the Hereditary Revenue	27,700	0	0
Militia and Deserters' Warrants	134,614	3	4 $\frac{3}{4}$
The Navy, viz.—			
Wages	4,400,000	0	0
Building of Ships, Purchase of Stores, Repairing, &c.	6,972,513	4	11
The Transport Department, for Tran- sports, Prisoners of War, and Sick and Wounded Seamen	4,055,790	12	11
The Ordnance	3,404,527	11	11
The Army, viz.			
Regulars, Fencibles, Militia, Inva- lids, Volunteer Corps, Staff Offi- cers, and Officers of Garrisons, Chaplains, Recruiting, &c. Cloth- ing, and Supernumerary Officers..	9,698,302	11	1
Storekeeper General	138,100	0	0
Commissary in Chief	6,875,160	12	0
Barracks, Half-pay, &c.	521,374	14	1
Widows' Pensions, Compassionate List, and Royal Bounty	83,269	15	1
Chelsea Hospital	479,421	2	7
Exchequer Fees	187,324	6	3
Pay of Public Offices:	155,896	12	4
Miscellaneous Services, including Medicine and Hospital Expenses, Bat, Baggage, &c.	362,135	17	7
Extraordinary Services and Subsidies	22,262,951	0	0
Loan to Ireland	4,700,416	13	4

Miscellaneous Services :—

At Home and Abroad.....	4,005,824	18	4½
Commercial Exchequer Bills.....	4,525	0	0

Total Public Expenditure £112,304,392 3 7

POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS HINTS.

HINT I.

The Contrast; or, Ancient Œconomy exemplified.

Copy of a letter from James the first to the Lords, read at the board, November 12th, 1617, touching the abatement of his Majesty's household charge.

My LORDS,

No worldly thing is so precious as time. Ye know what task I gave you to work upon during my absence, and what time was limited to you for the performance thereof. This same chancellor of Scotland was wont to tell me twenty-four years ago, that my house could not be kept upon epigrams; long discourses and fair tales will never repair my estate. Remember that I told you the shoe must be made for the foot, and let that be the square of all your proceedings in the business. Abate *superfluities in all things*, and multitudes of necessary officers *wherever they may be placed*; but for the household, *wardrobe and pensions*, cut and carve as many as may agree with the possibility of my means. Exceed not your own rule of *fifty thousand* pounds for the household: if you can make it less I will account it for good service: and that you may see I will not spare my own person, I have sent with this bearer a note of the superfluous charges *concerning my mouth*, having had the happy opportunities of this messenger, in an errand so nearly concerning his place. In this I expect no answer in word or writing, but only the real performance, for a beginning to relieve me out of my miseries. For now the ball is at your feet,

and the world shall bear me witness that I have put you fairly to it; and so praying God to bless your labours, I bid you heartily farewell.

Your own,

JAMES R.

LETTER II.

My LORDS,

I RECEIVED from you last night, the bluntest letter that I think ever king received from his council. Ye write that the green cloth will do nothing, yet offer me no advice. Why are ye counsellors if you offer no counsel? An ordinary messenger might have brought me such an answer. It is my pleasure that my charges be equal with my revenue; and it is just and necessary so to be. For this is a project must be made, and one of the main branches thereof is my house. This project is but to be offered to you, and how it may be better laid than to agree with my honour and contentment, ye are to advise upon, and then have my consent. If this cannot be performed without diminishing the number of tables, *diminished they must be*; and if that cannot serve, two or three must be thrust in one. If the green cloth will not make a project for this, some other must do it: if you cannot find them out, I must only remember two things; the time must no more be lost; and that there are twenty ways of abatement besides the house if they be well looked into, and so farewell.

JAMES R.

HINT II.

M. P.

A FOREIGNER on first coming into this country was much puzzled to know the meaning of two letters, frequently attached to the names of certain gentlemen. Upon looking into a dictionary he found the following words, beginning with the cabalistic letters, *M.* and *P.*

Miserable Praters,
 Merciless Peculators,
 Mute Placemen,
 Meagre Place-hunters.

Mock Patriots,
 Mad Projectors,
 Mean Parasites,
 Monstrous Prodigals,
 Military Puppies,
 Marvellous Puffers,
 Methodistical Philanthropists,
 Mongrel Philosophers,
 Mercenary Pleaders,
 Ministerial Puppets,
 Mere Parrots,
 Measureless Proserers,
 Matchless Prevaricators,
 Meddling Politicians.

HINT IV.

Rules of Clerical Faith.

PARSON Patten was so much averse to the Athanasian Creed, that he never would read it. Archbishop Secker having been informed of his recusancy sent the archdeacon to ask him his reason. "I do not believe it," said the priest. "But your metropolitan does," replied the archdeacon. "It may be so," rejoined Mr. Patten, "and *he can well* afford it. He believes at the rate of SEVEN THOUSAND a year, and I only at that of FIFTY!"

HINT IV.

Chancery Suits.

HAVING lately read an interesting but forgotten book, Baron Bielfield's Travels, we could not but take particular notice of the following passage. "I have here begun and ended a law-suit concerning a dispute my wife and sister-in-law had with some distant relations, for these twenty years past, about some possessions, which, when the matter came to be strictly examined, they had not the least claim to. In short, after obtaining nine successive decrees, all of the same tenor, and all in our favor, we are put in possession of the valuable estates of Treben and Hasselbaie." To this passage the Editor sub-

joins a marginal note. "Baron Bielfield was certainly very happy to obtain nine decrees in one summer. In some countries he might have been nineteen years in obtaining them, and not have recovered possession of his estates. This was formerly the case in Prussia, but Frederic by one supreme fiat decreed that all causes should be liquidated in the course of a year. By thus subduing the intestine enemies of his people, he proved himself to be their rightful father, and has laid up for himself unspeakable satisfaction in those most important moments, when his victories, his conquests, and his triumphs, shall pass before his sight like the illusions of a dream."

Is it possible for the readers of the above quotation not to think of a certain country, in which a court is established bearing the name of *equity*: how fitly so called, the impartial, the wise, and the good will judge. With all the assistance derived from the Vice-Chancellor, the multifarious avocations of Lord Eldon render him incompetent to the performance of his duties. His attention to cases of bankruptcy, if properly devoted, would monopolize the whole of his time, but the emoluments are too enormous to be easily relinquished. The avowed design of a court of equity, is to moderate the rigor of the other courts, that are tied to the strict letter of the law; to soften the severity of the common law, and rescue men from oppression. The Lord Chancellor himself may be highly benevolent and upright, but he has not leisure, under the present system of monopolizing various functions and emoluments, to regulate the acts, and correct the errors of the masters in Chancery, with the numerous tribe of attorneys, clerks, and sub-clerks. Can that constitution, which has been frequently applauded as peculiarly wise and good, be worthy of those epithets, while a million of unappropriated funds lay dormant in the Chancery chest, and individuals committed thirty years ago on a Chancery process, still linger in a prison?

LITERARY REVIEW.

A Letter to John, Lord Eldon, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, on the Rumour of an intended Royal Divorce. Ridgways.

IN a former part of the present number, we noticed the contents of a pamphlet which embraces nearly the same views, and adopts the same arguments on the subject of a divorce as that before us. The latter, however, is a very superior production to that which we have already analyzed; and when we consider that the author is upwards of eighty years of age, labouring under the visitation of blindness, and compelled to dictate to a female amanuensis, we cannot sufficiently admire the force of the language, and the acuteness of the remarks. Addressing Lord Eldon as responsible for the propriety and success of the proposal, he discusses the various bearings of the question with great discrimination. He doubts whether the ecclesiastical court has any jurisdiction, and observes that if its jurisdiction be admitted, the Princess must necessarily be entitled to the ordinary defence employed in that court, viz. recrimination. The measure may possibly be brought forward on the statute of treasons, the 25th of Edward the Third. This statute is in the French language, and the words which affect this case are these, "*Si homme violait la compaigne léisgne fitz et heire du Roi*" (if a man defile the companion of the king's eldest son and heir he shall be deemed guilty of high treason. It is observable that in this statute the wife herself is not mentioned as amenable to punishment; and if the wife be guilty within this statute, she is guilty as a partaker in the offence, and as there are no accessaries in high treason, she is guilty as a principal. But the offence intended to be charged against the Princess was committed in a foreign country and by an alien, who never owned, and therefore could not violate allegiance. In the statute the wife of the king's eldest son is described as *his companion*;

but the Princess was separated from his Royal Highness by articles, and is resident out of the realm with his licence and consent. Parliament has granted her a separate establishment. By permitting the Princess to reside abroad she is deprived of protection and of every salutary safeguard. Her Majesty excluded her Royal Highness from that circle in which she was intitled to hold the highest station. From that hour she was disgraced, humiliated, and to be viewed only as the outcast of society. Another consequence has followed from the advice given by Lord Eldon to forbid the Princess of Wales to approach her drawing-room. When his lordship, influenced by political connections with the Duke of Cumberland, recommended to the queen to receive the Duchess of Cumberland, her Majesty's good sense led to see that after having refused to see the king's niece she could not with propriety receive her own. "Thus, my lord (says the letter writer) have you created disunion between those great personages, and two illustrious ladies of the royal family have been forbade the drawing-room in consequence of your advice."

After some observations on the general affection of the people for the Princess Charlôtte, he proceeds to the following suggestions.

"The succession of Her Royal Highness to the throne, would be attended with one circumstance, satisfactory to every Englishman, though respect for the Brunswick family might induce him to conceal it. It is this, we should be relieved from all connection with Hanover; for as the electorate is a malefief, it would descend to the Duke of York, and after his death without issue male, to other brothers of the Prince Regent. The people of England, from the accession of the house of Brunswick, have always considered the possession of German dominions by the King of Great Britain, as a drawback on the advantages which they had derived from the accession of that family. They felt this very decidedly, in the war declared in 1806, against the King of Prussia. This war was avowedly declared for wrongs done to the king, by the invasion of his German dominions: in the progress of that war, the attempt to prevent neutrals from trading with the King of Prussia's

dominions, involved us in another dispute with America; attended not only with heavy loss in blood and treasure, but with consequences to our commerce from which we are not yet relieved. The language held by the King's ministers in justification of this war, contributed to increase the disgust. They had the folly to assert, that the British nation was as much bound to defend Hanover, as to defend Hampshire. The people were disgusted with this language. You cannot wonder, therefore, if the people see with pleasure the prospect of being relieved from this incumbrance. The prospect of a long minority in case His Royal Highness should contract a second marriage, and have an heir male, will be another circumstance, which will influence men's wishes on the discussion of this subject. Even the possibility of a disputed succession will not be quite out of sight. Should this measure of a divorce be persevered in, I submit it to your Lordship, that you will feel that it ought to be preceded by an act declaratory of the rights of Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte. The powers of Regency now possessed by His Royal Highness the Prince Regent are not hereditary, they were conferred on His Royal Highness the Prince Regent by the election of the two Houses of Parliament. Should the Prince Regent die without male issue, and living the King, are the powers of Regency to be again conferred by election? Recollect, my Lord, that by the law of England, royalty is not an elective, but an hereditary magistracy."

He then concludes with the following proposals.

"1, That in case of the death of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, without male issue, and living the King, the powers of regency now vested in the Prince Regent, should instantly devolve on Her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte.

"2dly, That in case of the death of the Prince Regent leaving male issue, the powers of regency during the minority of His Royal Highness's son should devolve on the Princess Charlotte, except the Prince Regent should on the birth of issue male, be authorized by Parliament to appoint another regent.

"It has been reported that your Lordship entertains a wish to retire from office: do not before your retirement bequeath a legacy of calamity to your country. Do not be the author of a measure which may give rise to disputes respecting the right of succession, to the magistracy of royalty. A greater calamity cannot be inflicted on a people. And recollect, my Lord, that if the influence of a court can at one time prevail on Parliament

to cancel a marriage, similar influence may at another period induce a Parliament to annul that vote, and re-establish the former marriage.

“ The wicked ministers of George the Third, have with much labour, and by the most dishonest arts, diminished the affections of the people towards the Prince Regent. His talents and his many virtues entitled him to the people’s love. But courtiers discovered that the debasement of the character of a successor, might convey flattery to the monarch in possession. I hope the ministers of the Prince Regent will not practice the same arts. The Princess Charlotte is the object of the people’s love. She is dear to them from the hardships which they believe her to have suffered. Even her refusal to leave this country has increased their affection to her; they have formed the most sanguine expectations from her character and disposition. Perhaps at the present moment there is no other branch of the royal family so fully possessed of the people’s love; they will not see with indifference their hope of her succession, at a future period, defeated. This measure of a divorce is attributed to you. Your advice and influence with the Queen, is supposed to have procured the Princess of Wales to be excluded from society. Do not inflict additional injury on the daughter by disturbing her right of succession. You alone can carry the proposed means of divorce into effect.

“ With the highest consideration for your Lordship’s great abilities and profound legal knowledge, I remain,

“ Your Lordship’s most humble servant,

“ ***** ”

It is impossible to discuss the conduct of the Prince Regent, as connected with the subject of divorce, without a melancholy impression of the weakness of poor human nature. Gifted with the highest personal endowments; possessed of exhaustless treasures, and with every means of virtuous enjoyment, his existence has for many years been far from felicitous. No spectacle is better calculated to repress the envy of the poor, and the insignificant, than the contemplation of greatness lamenting its miseries amidst the pomp and voluptuousness of a palace; and the reader of this pamphlet, if he reflect upon the scenes it develops, and the admonitions it contains, will lay it down with a feeling of self-congratulation that he has escaped the misery and contamination of a court.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

ENGLISH OPERA.

It will not be expected that we should enter into a full analysis of the temporary pieces, insignificant in themselves, and so miserably acted, which have been presented on the boards of the English Opera-house. An imitation of *Raymond and Agnes*, under the title of the *Silent not Dumb*, survived a few nights, supported by the genius of Miss Kelly; and a trifle called *Free and Easy*, may probably linger out a miserable existence for a week. The plot, if plot it can be called, is extremely simple. Mr. and Mrs. Courtly, a new married couple, retire to a country house, to enjoy the solitude and the pleasures of rural life. Sir John Freeman, a wild and whimsical fellow, with all the troublesome attendants of servants, horses and dogs, abruptly breaks in upon their repose, makes himself at home, perfectly "free and easy," and claims an acquaintance with Mr. Courtly, from having once met him at a Lady Crackhenthorp's in London. The astonished Courtly is at a loss in what manner to get rid of this troublesome visitor, who had already paid his addresses to Mrs. Courtly in rather too polite a manner, but he at last pretends that he and his wife are obliged to go upon a long standing visit to Mrs. Meadowbank, a lady residing about twelve miles distant. In this he is disappointed by the ready and obliging offer of Sir John to accompany him with all his retinue. Many other experiments were tried, and many broad hints were given, but all was to no purpose. The "free and easy" gentleman was determined to stay to amuse himself, at the expense of the comfort and tranquillity of the family. Matters at last, however, are made satisfactory to all parties by the appearance of a sister of Mr. Courtly's, to whom it is discovered that Sir John is engaged, and whose hand he at length obtains from his host, who is anxious to get rid of his guest even by the sacrifice of his sister's independence.

We shall not expatiate on the squabbles between Messrs. Kinnaird and Arnold, on the question, whether it be just or expedient to prohibit the performers from acting at two theatres at the same time. We think that every person who seriously considers the subject, will decide in the affirmative, and the defence of Mr. Arnold is refuted by the precise language of the articles; but the justice of Mr. Kinnaird's decision, when abstractedly considered, does not justify his rudeness, his spirit of persecution, and his assumption of superiority above the rest of the committee.

DRURY-LANE.

The theatre opened on Saturday, the 7th of September, with a monody to the memory of Sheridan, the comedy of the *School for Scandal*, and the farce of *Who's Who!* The monody, a feeble, common-place, and monotonous production, by Mr. Lambe, was *read* with pathos and animation, by Mrs. Davison, for whom an apology was made that she had not received the copy previous to Friday morning. The cast of the *School for Scandal* was by no means fortunate, but the audience was determined to be pleased, and Mr. Munden received considerable applause in the character of Sir Peter Teazle, though but little adapted to his peculiar powers. The subject alone preserved the monody from immediate condemnation, and how well it deserved that sentence the following extracts will evince.

A Monody

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day
 In Summer's twilight weeps itself away,
 Who hath not felt the softness of the hour
 Sink on the heart—as dew along the flower?
 Who hath not shared that calm, so still and deep,
 The voiceless thought, which would not speak, but weep?—
 A holy concord—and a bright regret,
 A glorious sympathy with suns that set?—
 So feels the fullness of our heart and eyes,
 When all of Genius, which can perish, dies.—

The flash of wit—the bright intelligence—
 The beam of song—the blaze of eloquence—

Set with their Sun :—but still have left behind
 The enduring produce of immortal mind ;
 Fruits of a genial morn and glorious noon,
 A deathless part of him who died too soon.—
 From the charm'd council to the festive board,
 Of human feelings the unbounded Lord ;
 In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,
 *The prais'd—the proud—who made his praise their pride ;—
 The growing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
 Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring ;
 Here in their first abode to-night you meet,
 Bright with the hues of his Promethean heat.—
 A Halo of the light of other days,
 Which still the splendour of its orb betrays.

But far from us and from our mimic scene,
 Such things should be—if such have ever been ;
 Ours be the gentler wish—the kinder task—
 To give the tribute Glory need not ask.
 To weep the vanish'd beam, and add our mite
 Of praise, in payment of a long delight.
 Ye Orators ! whom yet our councils yield,
 Mourn for the veteran Hero of your field,
 The worthy Rival of the wondrous *three*, †
 Whose words were Sparks of Immortality !
 Ye Bards !—to whom the Drama's Muse is dear,
 He was your Master ! emulate him *here* !
 Ye Men of Wit and social Eloquence !
 He was your Brother ! bear his ashes hence !—
 While powers of mind, almost of boundless range,
 Complete in kind—as various in their change ;
 While Eloquence—Wit—Poesy—and Mirth,
 That humbler Harmonist of Care on earth,
 Survive within our souls—while lives our Sense
 Of Pride in Merit's proud pre-eminence,
 Long shall we seek his likeness—long, in vain,
 And turn to all of him which may remain,
 Sighing that Nature form'd but one such Man,
 And broke the die—in moulding SHERIDAN !

The above MONODY was delivered with an unusual degree of pathos. The actress appeared to be totally forgotten, and the real tear of sensibility was never more

* See Fox, Burke, and Pitt's eulogy on Mr. Sheridan's Speech on the charges exhibited against Mr. Hastings, in the House of Commons. Mr. Pitt entreated the House to adjourn, to give time for a calmer consideration of the question, than could then occur after the immediate effect of that Oration.

† FOX.—PITT.—BURKE.

feelingly elicited, than in her attempts to pourtray the great loss society had sustained in the deprivation of the extraordinary talents of that truly eminent character. The audience seemed to participate in the interest of the scene before them, and on the completion of the MONODY, Mrs. DAVISON retired to the urn, kneeling at the shrine of Genius and Talent, and the curtain dropping slowly to plaintive strains, amidst thunders of applause from thousands of highly gratified spectators, who seemed to be well aware, that a century might pass away, before the talents of another SHERIDAN might again be witnessed.

The *School for Scandal* went off with great spirit. The wit is so brilliant, and the scandal so finely and satirically displayed, that every representation must increase its dramatic immortality. Since the days of Miss FARRER, the representative of *Lady Teazle* belongs exclusively to Mrs. DAVISON. Mr. MUNDEN does not seem exactly at home in *Sir Peter*, it is not broad enough for his species of humour. The *Sir Oliver* of DOWTON was a fine chaste piece of acting. RAE felt all the generosity of *Charles*, and *Wallack* was respectable. The performers and performances were received with enthusiastic applause.

On Saturday, September 14, Kotzebue's play of *Lovers' Vows* was performed at this theatre, for the purpose of introducing two new candidates in the characters of *Baron Wildenhaim*, and *Agatha Friburg*. The lady was *Mrs. Knight*, lately a favourite actress at the York theatre, and the Baron, *Mr. Bengough*, already known as a performer of merit on the Bath stage. Mrs. Knight possesses an intelligent and expressive countenance, with a dark and penetrating eye; her voice is full of compass, and capable of much modulation. To these advantages she unites a good figure and graceful action, and an evident knowledge of the business of the stage. In the opening scene, where she reveals to her son Frederic the secret of his birth, and the story of her own seduction, she exhibited great and original excellence. We do not remember to have heard the affecting and poignant anguish of this pathetic scene, so forcibly expressed as in the performance of Mrs. Knight. She never outstepped the limits of discretion and propriety, yet never failed to give the fullest effect to the language of the author.

The countenance of Mr. Bengough is expressive, his

figure of the middle size, and rather robust and active. He was peculiarly excellent in the impassioned parts of the character, and he looks the gentleman. His scene on the sudden discovery of his son, was highly effective, and his reconciliation to the deserted object of his affection was delineated with much tenderness. When Mr. Bengough has corrected a propensity to violence of gesture and of enunciation, which occasionally mars the influence of his talents, he will prove a very valuable acquisition to the London theatre.

COVENT GARDEN.

THIS theatre opened on Monday, the 9th of September, with Pizarro, the Miller and his Men, and a dance called the Seraglio. On the 13th, a young lady named Boyle, daughter of the late Mr. Boyle, the proprietor of the Court Guide, appeared for the first time as the representative of Isabella in the Wonder. She is above the middle stature, rather thin, and more delicate than expressive in her countenance. She displayed an accurate conception of her part, and in many of the lighter scenes, evinced a considerable portion of comic talent. Her efforts, however, are materially impeded by a species of lisp which accompanies the close of every sentence, and almost destroys the pathos and impression of the dialogue. The defect is evidently owing to some pernicious and mistaken system of instruction, which, in correcting the exuberance of her natural tones has superinduced a cold, artificial, and displeasing modulation of the voice. Her mode of speaking must be unlearned before full justice will be done to her real and intrinsic merits.

The graceful and energetic dancing of Miss Lupino and Mr. Noble and the Misses Dennet, present in the ballet of the Seraglio a striking contrast to the efforts of certain Spanish ladies and gentlemen who have done us the honor of a visit. Independently of their style of dancing, which we think detestable, they possess neither the grace of person nor the dexterity of evolution that make absurdity attractive, and licentiousness endurable. An awkward carriage, a face deformed, and a costume at once indecent and unbecoming, only aggravate the grossness and brutality of their imitations of the fandango.

A valuable accession to the theatre has appeared in the person of Mr. Macready, the son of Mr. William Macready, the author of the Irishman in London. We know not the degree of excellence that his son may have at-

tained in the line of comedy or farce. but if he inherit the humour of his father, as displayed in the following verses, he may probably awaken our risibility as much as he has excited the tragic passions.

A BIT OF A PLANXTY.

If you'd travel the world all over,
 And sail across quite round the globe,
 You must set out on horseback from Dover,
 And sail into sweet Balinrobe.
 'Tis there you'll see Ireland so famous,
 That was built before Adam was breeched,
 Who lived in the reign of queen Shamus,
 Ere he *was* at the Boyne over-reached.
 Oh the land of Shillelah for me.

There you'll see Ulster, and Munster, and Leinster,
 The sons of the brave O's and Macs.
 Who died whene'er they were victorious,
 And after that ne'er turned their backs.
 Our heads are stout and full of valour,
 Our hearts are wise and full of brains,
 In love we ne'er blush nor change colour,
 And the ladies reward all our pains.
 Oh, the land of Shillelah for me.

St. Patrick is still our protector,
 He made us an island of saints,
 Drove our snakes out and toads like an Hector,
 And ne'er shut his eyes to complaints.
 Then if you would live and be frisky,
 And never die when in your bed,
 Come to Ireland and tipple the whisky,
 And drink ten years after your dead.
 Oh the land of Shillelah for me.

Mr. Macready's son, the new tragedian, was introduced to a London audience as Orestes in the *Distrest Mother*, a miserable alteration of Racine's *Andromache*. The new Orestes possesses considerable powers, not indeed such as to rival Young, or to eclipse Charles Kemble, but sufficient to command a second place in the ranks of tragedy. His form is elegant and manly, his action dignified and varied, his voice expressive and sonorous, and his eye brilliant and penetrating. But his action is sometimes too exuberant, and the features of his countenance except his eye are by no means of an animated or decided character. In many of the principal scenes he evinced great justness of conception, and great theatrical skill, and his last scene, after his murder of Pyrrhus had

drawn upon time the curses of Hermione, was received with loud and deserved applause. In scenes of tenderness, however, he is most at home. His love and affection are natural, his terror and loftiness are almost purely artificial, and display the actor rather than identify the character. But if he have some defects he has many capabilities, and his present opportunities of improving before a London audience will mature his excellence and correct his errors.

The system of austerity, false economy and invidious restriction now prevails at Covent Garden. The green-room is no longer the temple of wit, and ease and elegance. So many fines are inflicted for trivial offences, and so many obstacles opposed to the intercourse of the actors with their friends, that behind the scenes there is more of the gloom of a prison than the cheerfulness of a theatre. On a mistaken principle of retrenchment the usual accommodation is no longer afforded to the Editors of the periodical journals, though their access to the theatre is beneficial to the interests of the managers, and the cultivation of the drama. With respect to admissions the female performers at Covent Garden labour under peculiar inconvenience, wantonly imposed. An actress is not permitted to send to the theatre her card of admission, but is compelled to accompany the individual whom she wishes to admit to the free-list door and sign her name! So that an actress residing in Piccadilly or at Somerstown, is obliged to pace from Clarges-street or Clarendon-square and back again, to oblige a female friend! The restriction of course precludes the same mark of civility to the other sex.

Wednesday, September 18. A Mr. Connor personated the character of Sir Patrick Maguire, in the laughable farce of the "Sleep-Walker." He was spirited without extravagance, and his brogue though truly Irish was never too obtrusive. We expect to see him in some more important and responsible character. He displays what are seldom found in the performers who represent a native of the sister kingdom, chasteness of delivery and elegance of deportment.

THE

THE APPEAL of STARVATION, & his FAMILY to the SINECURISTS

All that we want Dear Sirs is
to work, & eat the Wages of our Labor
nothing else

All that we want Sinecurists is
to do nothing, & eat other
peoples Wages



With Iron careless front the Tale they hear,
but drive abandonment off from year to year.
The reason's this - the belly that's well lin'd
feels not the prangs that rack half thum' an' ind

Bleated with fulness 'en in Surfeit lost,
The voice of suffering rises to be smother'd
O God who hears the poor man's cries look down,
'Sustain his Soul, & make his cause thine own

TRUTH - NOT DECEPTION. REFORM - NOT REVOLUTION

Published Nov. 1790 by J. G. Nichols in 94, Strand

THE SCOURGE AND SATIRIST ;

OR,

LITERARY, THEATRICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

—♦—
CONTENTS.

<p>To CORRESPONDENTS, see back</p> <p>THE PRINCE'S BOMB..... 323</p> <p>Order of the bomb..... 324</p> <p>MORE ORDERS..... 325</p> <p>A LEGAL QUARREL..... 326</p> <p>Billy Doubtful's error..... 327</p> <p>A NEW SONG to an OLD TUNE, or the FIGHTING LAWYERS 328</p> <p>The DIABOLIAD.—No. IV.... 329</p> <p>A courtly lord..... 330</p> <p>A collusive match..... 331</p> <p>A courtship..... 332</p> <p>Female management..... 333</p> <p>The marriage ceremony..... 334</p> <p>A disappointed deceiver..... 335</p> <p>The PROGRESS of FASHION. —No. III..... 336</p> <p>Cruelty of the laws..... 337</p> <p>Capital punishments reprobated.. 338</p> <p>Laws against papists..... 339</p> <p>Protracted misery..... 340</p> <p>Abuses of power..... 341</p> <p>Legal fashions..... 342</p> <p>Law of libels..... 343</p> <p>Whig and Tory..... 344</p> <p>Influence of Scotchmen..... 345</p> <p>ROBERT BURNS and SUM- MERFIELD..... 346</p> <p>Mr. Summerfield..... 347</p> <p>An unfortunate artist..... 348</p> <p>PURSUIITS and COURTSHIP of a BASHFUL MAN..... 349</p> <p>Nervous struggles..... 350</p> <p>Abortive courtships..... 351</p> <p>Female sentimentality..... 352</p> <p>Female politeness..... 353</p> <p>MARVELLOUS ESCAPE..... 354</p> <p>Singular event..... 355</p> <p>Perilous situation..... 356</p> <p>A dismal scene..... 357</p> <p>Prolonged existence..... 358</p>	<p>Labour in despair..... 359</p> <p>An awful crisis..... 360</p> <p>Dangerous shafts..... 361</p> <p>THE POET'S PRAYER..... 362</p> <p>A catalogue of evils..... 363</p> <p>The KEANITE CLUB.—Part II. 364</p> <p>A cobbler's acting..... 365</p> <p>A tailor's heroism..... 366</p> <p>A walk to the round-house..... 367</p> <p>THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.. 368</p> <p>Ancient œconomy..... 369</p> <p>Modern œconomy..... 370</p> <p>National distress..... 371</p> <p>State of the country..... 372</p> <p>Miscellanies..... 373</p> <p>Sinecurists..... 374</p> <p>Licensing public-houses..... 375</p> <p>Ancient and modern justices... 376</p> <p>Magisterial virtue..... 377</p> <p>A FAMILIAR EPISTLE from the SHADES BELOW, GIV- ING an ACCOUNT of the STATION of the POETS... 378</p> <p>Celebrated poets..... 379</p> <p>Various situations in the shades.. 380</p> <p>STANZAS ADDRESSED BY MR. B—ST to Mrs. M. A. C. 381</p> <p>BAGNIGGE WELLS..... 382</p> <p>Temple of Cloacina..... 383</p> <p>Beautiful description..... 384</p> <p>Pleasures of porter..... 385</p> <p>LITERARY REVIEW..... 386</p> <p>The exhibition..... 387</p> <p>A contemporary prince..... 388</p> <p>Character of Bankus Jenkinsus.. 389</p> <p>Character of Lord Eldus..... 390</p> <p>A consultation..... 391</p> <p>A stratagem..... 393</p> <p>A discovery..... 393</p> <p>THEATRICAL CRITICISM... 394</p>
---	---

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMICUS is informed that the arrangements to which he alludes will certainly take place at the commencement of the ensuing year, and we shall be glad of his assistance.

We do not wish to aggravate the anguish of distress, or to unnerve the hand of benevolence. But justice to the public requires that we should notice an appeal to the humanity and gratitude of the nation, signed by W. Honeywood Yate, Esq. dated from the King's Bench, and suggesting the purchase of *his* work on parliamentary reform and representation, as the mode of relieving his present indigence. Now the book published by Mr. Swan is *not* the production of Mr. Yate, though his name is on the title page. It was written by Captain Ashe the author of the Spirit of the Book, The Liberal Critic and Memoirs of Himself, for a considerable sum of money, and was then circulated by Mr. Yate among his friends and readers as his own!

We understand that there are several clubs similar to that which we have described in our portrait of the Keanites: but that they are totally unconnected with the convivial meeting at the Coal-hole in Fountain Court. Of that society Mr. Kean was elected perpetual president, but it is exclusively devoted to the purposes of convivial recreation, and the subject of Theatricals is seldom mentioned.

Pertinax displays considerable talent, but his paper is too incorrect for publication.

THE
SCOURGE AND SATIRIST.

NOVEMBER 1, 1816.

THE PRINCE'S BOMB.

SIR,

THE history and nature of *bombs* have lately become the objects of public curiosity. It might not be difficult for an amateur to describe the varieties of the *bomb* from the Hottentot flank gun of prodigious size, to the broad breeches of the Dutch, and the effective instruments of annoyance which formerly defended the streets of Scotland. It is certain that a *bomb* was worshipped in the gardens of (Sh—m) and of Babylon, as the sources of horticultural fertility, and I doubt not that the genius of a Vallancy would deduce the terms applicable to every species of *bomb*, from the time of Adam to the invention of the Hebrew בלרי זהב Big de Zahab; Vestimenta Aurea. But I shall not enter fundamentally upon a topic so abstruse. Common information, however, I may perhaps communicate. Temples have been erected to its service in every nation, and myriads have attended to perform towards it honours more minute than those which invest the *bomb* of the Prince Regent. So awful is its thunder that the most adventurous warrior recoils at its report, and such is the privacy of its recesses, that an intimate acquaintance with its mysterious functions is punished by death. Time, which has annihilated the proudest trophies, and falsified the hopes of kings and

nations who aspired to immortality, has given pre-eminence to the *bomb*, by the public exposure of the *bomb* of our illustrious Prince R^{egent}.

The *bomb* of the Park, in its properties and decorations, has many peculiarities, not common to the mobility of *bombs*. Elevated on its proud eminence, it has never let fly small shot, though, like the batteries of the Algerines, it has given many a bellyfull to the abyss below. The R^{egent's} *bomb* differs from other *bombs* in this, that it is charged at the touch-hole. and discharged at the mouth, while common *bombs* are filled by the mouth, and exploded and discharged at the touch-hole. It differs also in the degree and distance of the report, and in the direction of the sound, by being calculated to fire in all directions, while other men's *bombs* are sometimes obliged to follow the direction of the wind! It is singular also, that nitre and sulphur, which constitute the principal ingredients in the explosion of the R^{egent's} *bomb*, are in the common ones, the best proofs on trial that the *bomb* so tried is useless, and are merely applied to mend its cracks, and repair its deficiencies. But we shall not expatiate upon the R^{egent's} *bomb* any further *for the present*, except to mention some authorities which, if we may judge, are fully qualified to elucidate the subject; at least, if we may trust to the evidence of their names, and of those whom they describe. The Roman history of the Arsacidæ, the story of *Bombastes Furioso*, and the Memoirs of the Marchioness of Bombasin, might perhaps communicate some useful information on the subject. But, after all, the *ars musica* of the *bomb* is little better than *bunfiddle*.

From the Morning Chronicle.

MORE ORDERS.

The great national monument, the bomb in the Park, not being deemed an adequate commemoration of the P. R.'s exploits at Cadiz, the cabinet, it is said, have advised his Royal Highness to institute a new military order (and, as usual, before great projects of state explode) some particulars have transpired, of which these are a few heads. The style is—the most Serene Order of the Bomb: the badge or decoration, a bomb proper, to be worn pendant by all but the grand master, who will wear it *all round*. The plan of the Bath to be adhered to as much as possible, but the Abbey not affording seats sufficient for another order, a chapel of ease, for the convenience of the knights bombs, will be erected near Privy Gardens. The number is not fixed, but all the blood royal are grand bombs at their births; the Prince Regent, of course, Grand Mortar. There will be K. G. B's—Knights Grand Bombs. K. C. B's—Knights Commanders of the Bomb. And B. C's—Bomb Companions. Nothing of the ceremonial is known yet, except that the badge will be presented for the approbation of the Grand Mortar, by the knight elect, who, in lieu of receiving the usual accolade, will kiss the sovereign's badge, which homage will give him a seat of precedence *ipso facto*. In other respects the ceremonies of the Bath will serve as models, and the use of the Bath on the knight previous to kissing bombs, is to be retained. Also, in case of degradation (which will only be for gross tergiversation, or spreading foul reports,) the seat, honours, &c. of the degraded knight will be proclaimed vacant, his badge or bomb will be hacked off by the Regent's cook, and kicked out of the chapel of ease by the Junior Bombs Companions, assisted by Black Rod, and the necessary officers.

A LEGAL QUARREL.

Two lawyers renowned in legal fight,
 Were famed for making a pother,
 And gazed on each other with glances of spite,
 Adolpho the brave the first of them hight,
 And Counsellor Figfag the other.

To a friend said the first, since to-morrow I go,
 My Percy-street mansion to see ;
 There's a cunning sinister counsel I know,
 Who will try to seduce you on him to bestow,
 As my senior your brief and your fee.

Oh, hush these suspicions ! Bob Doubtful replied,
 So injurious to you and to me,
 For whether you be drunk, or in dudgeon, or dead,
 I swear by your wig that none in your stead
 Shall e'er be a counsel to me.

Should I e'er on another adviser decide,
 Forgetting Adolpho's pale phiz,
 God grant that to punish my falsehood and pride,
 Some gaunt stalking bailiff may walk by my side,
 May tax me with debt, and with horrible stride,
 Bear me off to the gaoler who claims me as his.

But scarce had vacation elapsed, when behold
 Billy Doubtful became the counsellor's client,
 Who despising the paltry refusal of fees,
 And his legal opponent desirous to teaze,
 Accepted the brief with grace most compliant.

The Bailey now groans with the weight of the bench,
 Proceedings are scarcely begun,
 The culprit was there for the rape of a virgin,
 And scarcely they'd heard the voice of the surgeon,
 When the bell of Sepulchre's told ONE.

'Twas then that Adolpho with half vacant stare,
On his timber-like sheep-shanks upstanding,
Poked his head into Alley's smooth visage so fair,
Assaulted his cravat, disordered his hair,
Reparation for Scandal demanding.

But short was his triumph! the serjeant declared,
That no legal quarrels were heard at the bar,
And Adolpho who hoped that where he resided,
Was unknown to his foe, courageously guided,
His steps from the scene of professional war,

He had scarcely the steps of his residence found
When a terrible form flashed before his pale view,
Its air was terrific, it uttered no sound,
It advanced but it spoke not, and looked not around,
Till a note from its pocket it drew.

Adolpho then uttered a terrific shout,
And upstairs attempted to caper,
With an aspect between a menace and pout,
But the messenger forced him to read it throughout,
More quickly than ever he'd read his brief *paper*.

'Tis said that this image in shape of a sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Hovers o'er his bedside, unshadowed by night
Calls him out, in the accents of horror to fight,
And taunts him, while moving around.

While they drink out of cups newly brought from the hall,
Dancing round him twelve benchers are seen.
Their liquor is wine, and this comical stave
They sing, "To the health of Adolpho the brave,
And his mistress the Amazon Queen!"

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

OR,

The Fighting Lawyers.

Al abuses *Dol*,
Dol calls *Al* a sculker ;
 Tol de rol de lol,
 Close by St. Sepulchre.

Al wants *Dol* to fight,
Dol of death hath much heard ;
 Says he, " No not to night,
 For fear I should be butchered."

Dol had got a cold,
 Which he a *fever* reckoned ;
 Sure no one need be told,
 He did not want a *second*.

To *Coventry* he swore,
 Poor *Al* had once been banished ;
 And so to clear the score,
 To *Maidstone* off *Dol* vanished.

Then " *Al. H. P. 4th Foot*,"
 Calls names, and struts, and swaggers ;
 And prints it all to boot,
 In words that look like daggers.

Thus wig, and sword, and gown,
 And all this noise and rattle,
 Have humbugged half the town,
 To think 'twould end in battle.

But one good proof they give,
 Worth all I've been inditing ;
 Men may by quarrels *live*,
 Who'll never *die* by fighting.

THE DIABOLIAD.—No. IV.

INVITED to the town residence of the celebrated H—n, Belphegor soon discovered that the world contains not a greater hypocrite. Others may assume some virtues which they have not, and conceal vices which they have. But he in every thing is the reverse of what he seems, and so skilful is he in the art of feigning, that even those who suffer by his deceit, are scarcely aware, that it is to him they are indebted for their misfortunes. Three houses, where all sorts of gaming is allowed, are kept by his dependants, who for a trivial salary take the odium of the business upon themselves, while H. privately riots in the profit. Not supposed to have any interest in the concern, he has the opportunity, unsuspected, of drawing in a great number of young noblemen and gentlemen of fortune, to play for considerable sums, and pretending to lose repeatedly, and largely himself, and being equally a sufferer, they are prevented from borrowing his money, complaining of their fate, or doubting his integrity. Nor is it only in England that he practices his frauds, the Parisians, though the most avaricious and cunning people on the face of the earth, have been outwitted by this Machiavel, and in the metropolis of Prussia, countless are the various stratagems his fertile brain has elicited, to drain the wealth of the inhabitants. So much for his avarice, which has not been the occasion of more ruin among his male companions than another vice, equally detestable, has been to the softer sex. Though now arrived at an age in which desire in most men ebbs, and exhausted nature no longer feels the expiring lamp of passion, yet the fires of lust still glow unextinguished in his bosom. But his covetousness, the darling passion of his soul, forbids him to indulge in expensive pleasures, and the debility of his constitution renders him hopeless of obtaining any favours from the fair as the reward of his assiduity. He has therefore recourse to means the

most abhorred and cruel, to satiate his wishes. The present age producing wretches capable of villainies unknown, and unpractised at former periods, abounds with numbers of women, who having passed their youth in lewdness and debauchery, make it their business in their declining years, to seduce others to the shameful trade by which themselves were first undone, and in which they have dragged on a wicked and miserable life. For this purpose they haunt the common inns, where every day young and handsome girls arrive from the country, in quest of service. Under the pretence of kindness these monsters easily persuade the unexperienced females to go home with them, and for a trifling sum they are exposed and sacrificed to the first purchaser of their youth and freshness. With such as these is this superannuated lecher in alliance, and he never hears of one of these unhappy victims of debauchery, but he magnifies her perfections to some one of his companions who is less frugal, and by drawing him for a large sum, makes a bargain with the seller to have his own satisfaction *gratis*.

Among the dupes of this notorious gentleman, Lord *** ***** was peculiarly unfortunate. This nobleman was the inheritor of a great estate, but has wasted all his personal property in gambling and debauchery. He has no immediate dependance but his post at court, yet continues to sport his equipage on the mortgage of his unentailed estates, and contrives to support all the expences of a life of foppery and extravagance. Never was there a greater dupe to gamesters, sharpers, and courtezans, than he. Old H. even since the total exhaustion of his funds, cheated him of a very considerable sum which he had taken up on interest, partly by the music of the dice-box, and partly by the charms of a pair of black sparkling eyes in the head of a damsel whom he had debauched at one of the nurseries of sin, and who was now, as well as her governess, entirely at his devotion.

The son of H. resembled his father in avarice and hypocrisy, though he abstained from the practice of licen-

tiousness. He was so well pleased with the fortune of his first wife, that after her decease, he lost no time in looking for a second. Yet so difficult was he in his choice, that though he paid his addresses to several ladies of beauty and worth, yet when he found that he had made any progress in their affections, he always detected something unsatisfactory in her person, character, or fortune, which gave him a pretence to break off. But she whom he had addressed with the greatest ardour, was named Miss Gregory, the daughter of a rich old gentleman retired from business; a female of agreeable person, ready wit, and unsullied reputation. Every thing was arranged for the match, and a day appointed for its celebration. He seemed to be one of the happiest men in the world when first he gained the acceptance of the propositions he had made, but his satisfaction was of short continuance. The natural inconstancy of his temper prompted him to imagine that there might be a possibility of obtaining a woman yet more deserving than the object of his present attentions, and he could not be easy without making such an effort. The very day therefore preceding that which was designed for his marriage with that lady he paid her a visit, and affecting the utmost concern, told her that he had received a letter from town, requiring his immediate presence, and intreated her consent to postpone the celebration of their nuptials till his return, which he assured her should be in a very short time. Surprized and shocked at this request, she had sufficient presence of mind to dissemble her emotion, and only telling him that all things must give way to necessity, suffered him to take leave without any visible intimation of dissatisfaction or ill-humour. He had no sooner departed than beginning to reflect seriously on the adventure, her penetration enabled her to discover the truth, and determined to convince him that frequently as his folly and duplicity had escaped, one woman at least had the courage to punish his offences against the sex. She set off for London, went to the house of an acquaintance,

and immediately ascertained the residence of her pretended lover; upon enquiry she discovered that her suspicions of his male coquetry were not unjust, and she now devoted all her time and attention to her revenge. Mr. Masham, her friend and landlord, coincided in her views, and between them they concerted the following contrivance.

A female of doubtful character was immediately let into their design, which it was too much her interest to betray; it was to dress her up, and place her in a situation which might make her pass for a lady of great fortune. She had seen something of the world, and when properly equipped looked at least as modest and respectable as many females of higher birth and better education. Elegant apartments near Cavendish-square, in the same street where H—n resided, were immediately hired, and three negro servants in Bantam habits, by the care of Masham provided to attend her. She was no sooner established than she began to appear at all public places, and never failed on a Sunday to attend the fashionable chapel of Dr. Andrews. The rumour of her large fortune had reached the neighbourhood, and H—n happening to dine at the Mount-street coffee house, Masham, who was present, purposely diverted the conversation to the strange lady, who he observed cut such a dash in Upper Brook-street. He told the company that she inherited a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, that her lover was now in India, and that a marriage would be concluded immediately on her return. This last piece of information only stimulated his self-confidence, and he determined to attempt a prize so valuable. He regularly attended the chapel, and after a few weeks of distant bows and smiles, half suppressed, assumed courage at last to hand her to her carriage. The next time that he repeated the compliment he begged to be admitted to visit her, a request with which she complied with apparent reluctance. Being naturally bold, and believing that nothing could be so dangerous to him as a delay, he enter-

tained her even at this first visit with a declaration of the most ardent passion. She received his importunities with modest surprize, and so conducted herself as to make him believe that what he said was not displeasing to her, and that her indifference was merely feigned. With ten thousand entreaties, and as many refusals, she was at last brought to consent that he should continue to see her, on condition that he should no more address her in the manner that he had done that day, and that if he had a sincere passion for her he should make use of his utmost efforts to stifle it. But this injunction was given in so faint a voice, and in words which seemed so little to correspond with the sentiments of her heart, that he was far from despairing of success. She, on the other hand, was rejoiced to find that he had so readily fallen into the snare prepared for him, and the moment he had left sent to acquaint Miss Gregory and Masham with what had happened, and to desire their advice how to proceed in future. They were so well pleased with her management that they entirely left her to herself. We shall not record the long and uninteresting exchange of vapid billet-doux, and hypocritical endearment. Never were parts better acted on both sides; whoever had been a witness of their conversation would have believed him to have been the most ardent, desperate, dying lover in the world, and she a woman penetrated with deep and unalterable love yet struggling to conceal it. Her reserve bore the appearance of constraint. "See me no more" (cried she) and then as repenting that decree, she added—"But as a friend." H—n, thoroughly deceived, doubted not that in a few days he should be master of those immense sums which he believed to be in her possession. He framed in his mind a thousand enchanting projects of luxury and extravagance. Having gained so much upon her he left her no time for future consideration, and swore, that he would not live an hour if she refused to promise never to marry any other man. "How can I do that" (replied she) "when I am already engaged

to another. My guardian has already my promise for his son, and though he is a man I cannot love, I know no way to break with him, unless by throwing myself at once into the arms of another, and by the sanction of the church, as I shall be of age to-morrow, take from him the power of claiming any right." She hinted at the same time that her fortune was the only object of his love, and that he might possibly reward her affection with neglect. He swore by heaven that he despised her wealth, and only coveted the richer treasure of her lovely person. He wept, he knelt, he begged her to believe him. She appeared by little and little so to do, and at last, though by slow degrees, appeared quite melted by his assiduities, and sinking into his arms, protested that she could no longer resist the power of love, and would become his whatever should ensue. By the trouble he had taken to bring her to this confession, and the vast reward he expected for his hypocrisy, the reader may judge of the transports that he felt, and he lost no time in seizing the propitious opportunity. A licence was immediately obtained, and only another day elapsed before the ceremony was performed in Susanna's own chamber, in the presence of the people of the house, and all the servants. It being her wedding night, and perhaps the only one in which she could expect the company of her bridegroom, the pretended lady ordered a magnificent collation to be served in, after which they were put to bed with the ceremonies usual on such occasions: having first taken care to dispatch a messenger to Masham and Miss Gregory to inform them that she was now the wife of H—n. That new-wedded husband thought himself not more happy in the possession of his imaginary heiress, than did the malicious Miss Gregory in triumphant revenge over her perfidious and avaricious lover. She longed for the morning to proclaim the mischief she had done, and rising early in the morning she sent for the jeweller, mercer, lacemen, and all the other tradesmen, who, beneath her directions had supplied Susanna with the furniture and

dresses necessary to her design. She desired them to go in a body to wish the bride and bridegroom joy, and to demand the several sums due for equipping her. It is impossible to conceive the astonishment of H—n, when he was told such a number of persons came all at once to enquire for him, where he could not have expected any one; but it would be still more difficult to describe the horror which seized on every faculty of his soul, when suffering them to be admitted, they acquainted him with the business which had brought them there. Terror and amazement at first took from him the power of speech, looking wildly sometimes on his wife, and sometimes upon them, but they having given him their bills, thought they had no more to do than to wait till he should order them at what time they might call again for their money. Susanna preserved a profound silence, and after the creditors had departed, a servant delivered a letter from Miss Gregory, developing the whole mystery. It first upbraided him with his inconstancy, and the many proofs he had given of his sordid, avaricious nature, proceeded to inform him of the measures she had taken for revenge, and concluded her epistle with reflections more keen if possible than the very punishment she had inflicted upon him. He was all distraction, and if not withheld would have rushed on the artful instrument of revenge, and made her life the sacrifice of his disappointed hopes; but being prevented in that attempt, he flew raving out of the house, with his mouth full of curses, and his heart of mischief.

The bride, who on the discovery, expected not much better treatment, was little alarmed at his behaviour, and was entirely reassured by a visit from Miss Gregory. Consider (said the latter) that you are the wife of H—n, and that no pretences can deprive you of that title, or prevent your obtaining a separate allowance if he abandons you. H—n, in the mean time, consulted his solicitor, and by his advice offered her a separate maintenance, but it was so small that she refused it, demanding a regular

and handsome settlement. Never was a mind more tortured, more distracted than his. He remained for some days wholly incapable of resolution; sometimes he thought of carrying her down to his country house, and by continued ill-usage rid himself of his burthen, but then he considered that having interest enough to complain, and Miss Gregory taking an interest in her fate, she would obtain redress. Sometimes he was for allowing her the utmost of her demands, rather than endure the mortification of ever seeing her more, but his sordid mind prevented him from performing this act of prudence. Madness was tranquil in comparison to those agonies which he endured from the mingled passions of shame, remorse, rage, and a consciousness of having but too much merited misfortune. Revenge, however, for his disgrace was the predominant emotion of his mind, and he lost no time in proceeding against Miss Gregory, Masham, and others, for a conspiracy. The proceedings failed *in limine*, and the magistrate before whom he brought his appeal, told him to go home and take care of his wife. As he left the office he was greeted with the shouts and hisses of the multitude till he was out of hearing. An allowance is not yet decreed for the woman he has married, but in the course of next term the case will be determined, Miss Gregory defraying the legal expences. Mean time the unhappy husband continues in that dreadful state which the damned endure, of bewailing the misery consequent on their crimes, but obdurately resisting every feeling of repentance and remorse.

THE PROGRESS OF FASHION.—No. III.

LEGAL FASHIONS.

WHEN the divine truths of revelation suffered the shocks of change, and yielded to the impulse of prevailing fashion, it was not surprising that the law should in its turn take

the round of change, and appear at different times in all the forms to which tyranny could stretch, or ingenious sophistry could mould it. Its principles, found in the nature of man, and coeval with society, were subverted, and its course was obstructed or changed by all the little management of system, and corrupted by the mixture of chicanery. Tyrants and slaves, alike baneful to the welfare of their subjects, showed how much the most perfect and uniform rule of action might be made to depend for its enforcement, as well as its justice, on the fortune of a day, and that day gave a fashion which lasted perhaps when its memory was forgotten.

To illustrate this statement, we need consider but very few instances. To the disgrace of the 19th century, it still continues to be law that a woman shall be burnt alive for killing her husband, while the husband shall only be hanged alive for murdering his wife; because seven hundred years since, the feudal law considered the woman as under the sovereignty of the husband, and deemed an insurrection against her lord as a species of rebellion which was dignified by the name and the punishment of petit-treason.

In the reign of Henry the First a law was made which subjected every person who stole to the value of twelve pence to capital punishment; and this inhuman penalty remains to the present day, to shame our jurisprudence. The rate of the life of man—the most invaluable of all things under heaven—and for the loss of which, if taken by a private hand, no human retribution less than the life of the murderer, can compensate, fluctuates with the course of exchange, and has been more or less appreciated as money became more scarce or plentiful. At this day the coin is forty times less valuable than it was when the law we speak of was enacted; the price of the life of man has diminished in proportion, and has become forty times as cheap, because every necessary that supports him is forty times as dear.

When we see the venerable wig which half a century

since adorned the head of thirty and three score alike, we laugh at the absurdity: the ha! ha's! of Sir Wm. Chambers are justly exploded; because these things violated the laws of nature: but in the case which we are considering, common sense seems entirely to have left the world, and common humanity to have forgotten its office. In the highest concerns that can possibly engage the attention of a human being, we have evinced the most careless and criminal apathy and indifference. The sanguinary terror of the criminal laws, which like those of Draco, are written in the blood of our fellow subjects, is unheeded by the sapience of our rulers, while they are industriously employed in restraining the privilege of eating a hare, or a partridge, "to the Nimrod of every manor."

"He that smiteth a man so that he die shall surely be put to death," and him only. The wisdom of our ancestors not daring to exceed, hesitated to equal the punishment of the Almighty, and permitted the unfortunate slayer to make a pecuniary recompence to the family of the deceased: cautiously leaving to the arm of divine justice the infliction of eternal punishment, and humanely allowing the delinquent a moment for repentance. But we, and who are we? must execute the divine mandate in its uttermost severity, and, not satisfied with wresting from Omnipotence the revenge of his wrongs in the punishment of blasphemy, rashly violate all the laws in the mode which we adopt of avenging our own.

We assume a power in the case of stealing which belongs not to limited beings. When the life of a man is lost in a quarrel, or is taken by an assassin, our courts most learnedly and ingeniously labour to define what is manslaughter, and what is murder. The man who kills another on a sudden impulse of passion is acquitted—the weakness of human reason, which in the moment of rage yields to passion and revenge, effectually pleads his excuse. But it contributes to the opulence, though it does

not do credit to the humanity of our legislators and judges, that no provision of mercy is found in the loads of precedents, and statutes, and reports, for the calls of nature. The father who steals the price of a leg of mutton to give a supper to his starving wife and children, is denied that allowance for the finest feelings, which the villain who stabs his friend and his protector, may claim for the worst.

Is it necessary that we should point out more instances in which the vestige of a fashion remains upon our laws, repugnant to nature and to reason? Take then the penal laws against the papists; take the law of descents, which excludes one brother of two, by the same father, but by different mothers, from the inheritance of his father passing through his elder brother. Consider the laws against gypsies, which make it felony, without benefit of clergy, to be seen for one month together in the company of those wanderers. Contemplate the law which subjects a man to be hanged for forging a note for twenty shillings by which another worth twenty thousand pounds is defrauded of that trifle, and compare it with that which imposes only burning in the hand on the polygamist, who with the craft of unprincipled villainy, leaves his wife and children to reduce a virtuous woman to want and wretchedness under the pretence of marriage. One for stealing what is not missed is doomed to the halter; the other for ruining what can never be restored, and stealing the whole fortune of his victim besides, escapes almost with impunity.

At a sessions of the Old Bailey John Hogan, a mulatto, was tried for murder. He had taken advantage of the family's absence, to visit the house of a gentleman whose maid-servant he had for some time followed. Determined to force a compliance which he could not obtain by persuasion, his brutal desire was converted by resistance into the most excessive revenge, and the object whom he had in vain sought to enjoy, fell a sacrifice to his outrageous passion. The mangled victim presented

so many marks of his savage cruelty, that even the hackneyed ministers of justice, whose common occupation is the work of death, could not withhold the tribute of a tear. After a recital at large of facts, which nature shudders to contemplate, and the unwilling pen hesitates to relate, the chronicle of justice goes on to tell us, that the perpetrator of this crime was condemned to be hanged by the neck until he should be dead, and should be given to the surgeons for dissection. Having himself shewn no mercy to the objects of his vengeance, nor given a moment for repentance, he was sent almost to immediate execution. While the honest mind is indulging a melancholy gratification at this act of justice, its indignation is awakened by the very next paragraph; for we are told in the succeeding sentence, that Edward Fox, for stealing in a dwelling house two silver salts, and John Callahan, for robbing a person on the highway of a hat and a handkerchief, are doomed to an equal punishment with that of the ravisher. An equal did I say? No, far superior. The mind of the greatest villain has to contemplate the halter and the axe but for a moment. His sentence is pronounced, and it is executed before he has sufficient time to feel much misery at the approaching catastrophe; but the puny criminal is by the cruel lenity of our judicature, indulged with torture under the shew of mercy. When Damien suffered, the indulgence of a nation, which arrogance and prejudice, fear and bigotry, have taught us to calumniate, to hate, and to despise, was stretched beyond its usual efforts, to find a method of protracting his death, and prolonging his torments. Shall a British tribunal be disgraced by the comparison; or is feeling so far lost that the pangs and agitations of a sensible mind, contemplating its inevitable dissolution, are below the level of common sufferings?

But these, it will be said, are spots which by their partial influence, shew the general beauty of our laws to greater advantage. Let us then see how the very principles of law and equity have in common with every

thing human, paid their tribute to the rule of fashion. Not to fatigue the reader with a tedious detail of the little technical changes which the revolution of many ages has occasioned, it will be sufficient to delineate the great and decisive alterations which have deformed or improved the system of our legal polity. The quarrels of an Ellesmere and a Coke, the introduction of estates tail, and the subsequent invention of a mode whereby they might be barred, with an hundred other learned investigations which might be curious to a lawyer or an antiquary, would be equally unnecessary and unentertaining. But it may be an instructive as well as amusing work to trace the modes by which the very names of liberty and law have been qualified or corrupted.

When the abuses of power under King John forced the barons of England to rise in arms for their freedom, and their intrepidity obtained magna charta, liberty was in general held to consist in the regulations imposed with regard to americiaments, and reliefs, and wardships, and marriages, &c. &c. and the 29th chapter, in the observance of which our liberty has since been held to consist, then constituted a very small portion of the general concern. During the imbecility of his son's reign the light of freedom dawned upon the nation. The rebellion of Leicester gave it heat and splendor; the people of England awoke, and discovered that the essence of liberty consisted in the right of representation. Parliaments were summoned for the first time in the shape in which we now see them, and the maxim, *quod ad omnes pertinet ab omnibus tractari*, which was founded in nature, and sanctified by the ablest monarch that ever swayed the English sceptre, prevailed until the reign of Henry the Eighth. Men's minds then took another turn, and the liberty of a people was thought to be safely deposited in the breast of a sanguinary and capricious tyrant. The parliament of Britain dared to surrender the rights which it was delegated to preserve, and gave the sanction of a law to Henry's proclamations. During the long period

from the accession of this monarch to that of James, the hand of power fixed the name of law upon the arbitrary mandates of the sovereign. The warrant which ordered Empson and Dudley to the executioner, and that which laid the axe on the neck of Raleigh, were equally unjustifiable, on the ground of sound law, though the first might claim the sanction of policy.

In the reign of James the First, Lord Coke, that oracle of law, and Lord Bacon, another of its luminaries, extolled the fashion of their hour, and praised to the world as a master-stroke of political wisdom, a tribunal which might have disgraced the other side of the Stygian ferry. The Star Chamber found its advocates, and stalked hand in hand with *jure divino* prerogative, two grim spectres, to fright a nation out of its freedom. But as all things human will change, so national spirit burst forth from oppression, and Filmer's fashionable absurdity yielded to the more powerful voices of Locke and Nature. Liberty came into vogue, and spread a flowing and warm vest on every congenial spirit that durst trace the fountain of law to its proper source, the consent of a free people.

Charles, encouraged by the authority of his father, and of Elizabeth, and of Mary, and of Edward, and of Henry, taking, in short, the example of every prince who had preceded him, indulged the exercise of those prerogatives of which the people had been tired, and by an unaccommodating temper in the pursuit of his measures, fanned the reviving spark into a flame, which his blood was to quench. Tonnage and poundage were examined; the Star Chamber and High Commission Court were abolished; and the public rage continued to lop off every excrescence of power, until that fatal catastrophe, when the head of dejected monarchy was offered as an expiatory sacrifice to the insulted nation. The systematic fury of the republican spirit, glutted with the blood and disgusted with the name of royalty, exhibited to Europe the absurd appearance of an oligarchy, and every feature of our government was altered.

Charles the Second's accession was marked by the introduction of new fashions in every thing; and the department of the law was not uninfluenced. Parliaments, those good old safeguards of the constitution, grew into disrepute, and arbitrary power, terrified by a recent example from acting by force, wrought by fraud to alter the nature of our government and our constitution. The freedom of the press was restrained by a public licencer, and the voice of liberty, though it could not be stifled, was obliged to whisper her injuries. Constructive treasons were indulged with a sanguinary wantonness. Like that "wild and new-fangled heap of treasons," which sprung up under Henry the Eighth, the judges carried construction to such a length, that wise men were puzzled to understand, and prudent men perplexed to escape, the intricacy. Law was distorted, and evidence tortured, to justify the offerings which were made of a Russel and a Sydney at the altar of power.

Principles, like fashions, are usually in extremes. In the troubles which agitated the kingdom under Charles the First, the spirit of freedom had overstept the bounds of nature, and brought additional deformity on a body which it professed to improve. But in the reign of James the Second, the aukward decorations of a republic being shuffled off, the prince stood arrayed in the more powerful armour of monarchy; and the sovereign of a free people blushed not in the open exercise of powers, and the profession of a religion, which were contrary to his oath, as well as to his interests.

The law of libels, one of the strange monsters brought to public view at this period, shook its talons over the rising spirit of resistance; and the perversion of law aided the encroachments of power in striking at trial by jury, but in vain. The voice of nature for once led the fashion, and called forward the spirit of liberty, for the reverence and support of a nation, which has seldom permitted tyranny to go long unpunished. James deserted a throne which he was unable and unfit to fill, and the people

convinced an admiring world, that such a thing existed as an original compact between the governors and governed, and that the latter would effectually resist its infraction.

From this time forward in law and politics, every day had its system, which was pursued with all the zeal, and opposed with all the rancour of puerile competition. Whig and Tory were the comprehensive distinctions from which our statesmen, our divines, and our lawyers were elevated to the honours of their professions, as either system in turn ruled the helm. The hated name of Jacobite, which was affixed to the latter, and the hateful recollection of the family whence it was derived, frequently gave stability and continuance to the power of the Whig interest. From the accession of William until that of our present pious sovereign, that party was in general the prevailing one. It is true, the accommodating duplicity of William admitted the Tories to a participation of power, and a Somers and a Sunderland by turns took the lead in his affairs. The amiable affection of Anne towards a brother, for whose restoration she was not, perhaps, indifferent, suffered a Harley, an Ormond, and a Bolingbroke, to guide those councils which were to be ruled by a Walpole and a Marlborough. In the vicissitudes that took place, the animosities of the opposite parties breathed very little Christian meekness; and attainders and impeachments were pursued and carried with unrelenting severity.

When George the 3d ascended the throne, he found it supported by the immortal Pitt. Tied to no system but the interests of his country, the bias of his mind was to exalt the power of England above the nations of Europe. But majesty felt its inferiority, and, shrinking from the unequal contest with its subject, debased its superior into the dignity of a peerage. The reins of government were resigned to Lord Bute, and by him transferred to any tool that would drive the machine by his direction. Since that, the political course has been pretty steady. A

stern system of oppression, laid down without contrivance, and pursued without a plan, was baffled in its purpose, and exhibited to Europe the disgraceful spectacle of England's dereliction of American dependence, after the accumulation of one hundred and thirty millions of money spent for her subjugation. The great misfortunes to which men and nations are subject, seldom follow from a single error, and as seldom does it happen that the foibles which we commit are requited at a blow. The independence of America begot the freedom of Ireland. "A voice!" said the ablest orator of his day, arising in the Irish senate, "a voice from America shouted to liberty! the echo of it caught your people as it passed along the Atlantic, and they renewed the sound till it reverberated here!"

While one Scotchman dictated the measures of government, another presided over our jurisprudence. The universal admiration which a life of eighty years had obtained for one of the brightest geniuses that were ever lost to the literary world, and shackled in the forms of a profession, will inform posterity of a Mansfield. The intuitive rapidity with which this man's great conceptions comprehended and unfolded all the intricacy of the longest causes, will certainly never be exceeded, perhaps never equalled. The hoary sage could look back on an active life of above half a century, in which, as an advocate and a judge he stood without a rival. He could call over the actions of his private life, and review with complacency his discharge of all the duties of a husband, a master, and a friend. He could recollect, that in the administration of the laws he dispensed, with unceasing assiduity, justice between individuals. But the voice of truth arrests the hand of panegyric here, and the respect which we justly owe this otherwise great character, draws a veil over the infirmity which advised the American war, and introduced the exploded doctrines of libel; doctrines which disgraced the reign of a Stuart, and which one would imagine to have been brought forward

to convince mankind how far the amiable virtues of our sovereign, even in that time of turbulence, could reconcile his subjects to his person and government. It is a reflection which cannot be indulged without sorrow, that the same column which shall on one side exhibit the great, intrepid, and upright judgment against Wilkes, will, on the other, record the unjust and time-serving principles that appeared in the proceedings against Woodfall. But if indiscretions so distant, and so deeply redeemed by the transcendent talents, and exemplary virtues of Lord Mansfield be even now remembered with a mixture of resentment and of sorrow, what feeling must pervade the people of England when they recollect the perseverance of Sir Vicary Gibbs and Lord Ellenborough in that species of partiality which has apparently become the *fashion* of the courts! In former times the law was called *the perfection of reason*, but in one of the instances we have mentioned, it has always appeared, as a witty correspondent of our's formerly observed, *the perfection of passion*. The trial of Hunt, and the conviction of Lord Cochrane, guilty as they might be, still lingers in the memory, and excites the sympathy of every friend to the purity of justice, and the liberty of the press. Whether the fashion will ever arrive of punishing corrupt, or mercenary, or parasitical judges, is a question which we shall not attempt to solve, but which we shall spare neither personal nor literary exertion to decide.

ROBERT BURNS AND SUMMERFIELD.

THE Earl of Aberdeen, who presided at the recent meeting convened for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Burns, in the course of an appropriate speech remarked in substance that the name of that poet would prove a disgrace to Scotland, although the Scotch were so justly proud of his genius. We fully

agree in the justice of his lordship's observations. The fate of Burns must certainly cast an indelible stain on every Scotchman in that meeting who knew of his genius and misfortunes during his life-time, and with the means of contributing to his comfort, permitted him to close a course of indigence and sorrow, with a broken spirit in the prime of his days.

He lived neglected, but he left a name,
His country's grief, her glory, and her shame.

The distress in which Camoens was permitted to live and die is an eternal disgrace to Portugal. The shameful neglect, which Cervantes experienced from his country, must ever bring a blush into the cheek of a generous Spaniard. The fate of Otway and Chatterton, is never mentioned by our writers, without shame and indignation. But of what use are these examples, if we are satisfied to flatter our own paltry vanity by erecting monuments to men of genius, after having permitted them to languish and perish in obscurity? The experience of the past is either folly or wisdom, vice or virtue, only as it is, or is not, applied to present practice. As a guide in the discharge of our duties, it is indeed a wisdom and a virtue. To escape the fault which we condemn, we ought clearly to distinguish its cause. We must not suppose that the merits of Camoens, Cervantes, Otway, and Burns were not known in their own time. The contrary is the fact; and their countrymen would, no doubt, have rewarded them with independence, but for the tales, and misrepresentations, with which envy, enmity, and calumny cast their genius into shade. We are to guard ourselves against similar inventions and prejudices. By listening too readily to detraction; viewing their frailties through the magnifying medium presented by hatred; and expecting from men of genius a perfection, which is not the lot of human nature; their contemporaries incurred the disgrace of having abandoned those celebrated men to poverty and a lingering death. We can all cry out shame

upon Portugal, upon Spain, and upon Scotland, in those cases; but at this moment, and for some time past, a similar debt of disgrace has been, and is, incurring by this country, in the case of Summerfield, the celebrated pupil of Bartolozzi. This artist, who ranks in the first class of British historical engravers, is as distinguished for his talents as for his misfortunes. His noble engraving of Rubens and his Wife, from the painting in the collection of the Earl of Aylesbury, obtained the prize of the gold medal from the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts and Sciences. That fine specimen of his abilities is engraved in the *line manner*; and it displays a happy union of vigour, sweetness, warm feeling, and pure taste; which may challenge a place among the works of the most celebrated *moderns*, on the continent. Schmutzer's *Porsenna* from Rubens, has certainly more depth of colour altogether; but Summerfield's print is unquestionably, very superior to any historical line engraving from that great painter, by an English artist. As a proof of its high estimation abroad, an amateur from Flanders, informed us that he recently saw a fine impression sold at Antwerp, for three guineas and a half, Flemish currency. What will the people on the continent think? What will posterity say when it is spread through the world, that this eminent artist, whose name ranks so high in Europe; and whose talents will ever form an important feature in the calcographic history of this country, has been reduced to the deepest distress and calamity? The war, which threw the artists of England out of business, left him without means; and peace has not yet restored him to employment. It is but too true that a number of artists sunk into the grave, under the pressure of the times, within the last twenty years. Summerfield has had his share of these misfortunes. Frequently on a bed of sickness, in pain and suffering, without money and the common necessaries of life, that eminent engraver has been obliged to sell his prints, books, clothes, and every thing to obtain food; and after all it is a melancholy fact, that

he has been for days together without bread. As Camoens, Cervantes, Otway, Chatterton, and Burns have had their share of the common frailties and failings of humanity, and their busy historians to publish their faults, we presume that Summerfield may bear some resemblance to them in these particulars. But, on this occasion, we deprecate their active endeavours to entail a disgrace upon their country. Without presuming that either Mr. Summerfield or his chroniclers, if any such there be, are free from the common imperfections of our nature, we leave to those, who can truly say, they have never erred, "to throw the first stone," and enumerate his real and fancied errors. We content ourselves with the humbler task of recording his high professional excellence, and shall furnish, in our next communication, a critique upon his print of Rubens and his Wife, his style, and his studies; some particulars of his present situation, and the debt which England owes to her own interest and glory in his person.

Oct. 3d, 1816.

ALGAROTTI.

PURSUIITS AND COURTSHIP OF A BASHFUL MAN.

SIR,

I AM one of those unfortunate individuals who happen to be afflicted with one of the greatest misfortunes to which human nature is subject, weak nerves. Fully conscious of my own claims to the respect of my friends, and not unworthily exulting in the attainments of my youth, I am abashed into silence by the slightest glance from the eye of impertinence, and disconcerted by every change of society and every novelty of situation. The fair ones rally me on my sheepishness, and every ignoramus triumphs over my want of confidence. Nor is this the result of imperfect education or native awkwardness, for I am admitted by my friends to possess in

their own familiar privacy, a polished manner, and an impressive elocution. It is the result of a personal and mental organization which I too sensibly feel, but which the human faculties are inadequate to explain.

Intended for the church I passed through the usual routine of university education with the approbation of my tutors, and the envy of my fellow students. But when the final examination of the senate-house at length arrived my resolution failed me; I shrunk in the contemplation of a public appearance from the honours I might have obtained, and contenting myself with an *agrotat* degree, resigned the distinctions of wrangler and medallist. On sustaining my examination before the bishop, he was so much distressed and astonished at my alarm and agitation that he remitted the usual exercises, and I prepared to assume the clerical functions. Appointed to preach the ordination sermon, I prepared for the task, and my tone and mode of delivery were highly applauded by my private friends as deep, sonorous, and impressive. But when I had ascended the pulpit, and contemplated the respectable and anxious crowd who had assembled to witness my first performance of my duty, all my intrepidity vanished; my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, I lisped and stammered in the delivery of the text, and laboured through the sermon in a manner equally ungraceful and inaudible. Ashamed and distressed I found that a pulpit was of all others the situation for which I was least adapted, and though I could not resign my gown, I abandoned the functions of the priesthood.

My fortune was but moderate, and it would have been prudent to increase it. A private lecture on the belles lettres to some select and learned friends, who came forward with liberal subscriptions was my next resolve, and the company assembled; but the presence of a female to whom I was deeply attached acted like the torpedo upon my frame; afraid that I should forfeit her good opinion, yet ambitious to obtain her praise; between

the desire to please and the fear of ridicule, I hurried through the lecture in a manner unsatisfactory to my friends, and humiliating to myself. What was to be done? For legal pursuits, independently of the obstacle presented by my ordination, I was clearly unqualified; ruin would have attended my devotion to business; and to obtain a commission was above the interest of my friends, or my own pecuniary convenience. Fortunately for the comfort and happiness of my life, I have at last succeeded to a situation in which a nervous habit is no disqualification, and have the honor to serve the learned society of —— in the capacity of secretary, and librarian.

On my accession to this office, my first object was the acquisition of an amiable and faithful wife, and my family connections presented me with many opportunities of promoting my addresses. But the timidity and agitation which always accompanied my professions of love; my alarm at the idea of a refusal; and the cruel raillery of some of the objects of my attention, effectually prevented me from asking the final question in such a way that it might be promptly or decorously answered. In one lovely creature I thought I had discovered every requisite that could be desired in woman. Beautiful without pride, and witty without volubility, she seemed to my fond imagination all the perfections of body, which poets have sung, and all the accomplishments of mind, of which the sex is susceptible. I supposed that in her I had discovered a woman, who superior to the rest of the sex could look on my infirmity with forgiveness, and who despising fops and hating impudence would reward my sincerity. How much was I mistaken! Having “screwed my courage to the sticking point,” I ventured to disclose my passion, but in language so confused, an elocution so unintelligible, and with a sense of inferiority so evident, that this paragon of virtue and sentiment burst into a fit of laughter, and leaving the room sarcastically observed as she retired, “The man who cannot plead

for himself, is incompetent to the protection of a woman!"

The next to whom my devoirs were made was a sentimental girl. Her conversation, which generally repeated the pleasures of sympathy between congenial minds, the vanity of beauty, and the purity of affection disengaged from mercenary considerations, flattered me with hopes that my suit would be successful. If you, Sir, have ever been in love, you will not want to be informed how a frown can depress, and a smile can enrapture; my nights passed in dreams of happiness, and my days in representations of future felicity. But let no man trust to the force of a woman's understanding, or to her affectation of tender and sympathetic feeling: the sex will always be ruled by caprice and levity: they will always gratify their eyes rather than their minds; they will listen to flattery in preference to truth, and prefer the impudence of a bully to the taste of a scholar, or the sincerity of a friend. This sympathetic lady, who had frequently bewailed her own extreme sensibility, whose nerves were apparently attuned to the finest pathos, whose bosom, if we credited her tears, thrilled with agony at the tale of woe, and who could descant with melting eloquence on the endearments of virtuous love; took the liberty of eloping, one morning, with an Irishman six feet high, rough from his native bog, uncultivated in his manners, and with no small portion of the brogue. Her delicacy was testified by her nuptial union beneath the auspices of the blacksmith, and her virtuous love by the appearance at the end of five months of a strapping boy having a genuine English countenance.

Timidity and perseverance are quite consistent with each other, and I determined to prosecute the chase. Discouraged, however, by new and evident indications that my pursuit was hopeless in the circles of the young, the gay, and the inconsiderate, and reflecting, that as I advanced in life the difficulty would increase, I determined to look about me for some grave and sober widow,

whose small income and management might contribute to my comforts at least, if not to the gratification of those *warm sensations* by which Milton was seduced to marry. I therefore *struck up* to the Widow Busby, and as her beauty had long since faded displayed a confidence that I could never assume in the presence of the young and the beautiful. But I was doomed to be once more abashed. The very means that I had adopted to ensure success became the cause of my failure. "Marry come up!" quoth she, when I ventured to ask her the question. "A pretty joke indeed, that after humbling yourself before every paltry chicken in the parish, and blubbering to all the maids in your neighbourhood, you should set up your impudence to me as if you were confident of success. Depart, Sir! If you had retained your usual sheepishness, I should have accepted you; but your timidity is all hypocrisy I see, which you have assumed these many years to seduce the unfortunate girls, whom I dare say you have deluded. I would have you to know, Sir, that I scorn your offer." So saying she shut the door in my face, and left me to my own reflections. Thus, from no fault of my own but that of bashfulness I am left at the age of 45, a solitary and selfish bachelor; a miserable state, for however the rest of the world may demean itself towards you; if the loss of fortune or the unfaithfulness of friends affect us, our misfortunes and our griefs may be alleviated, and we may be enabled to endure them with patience by the aid of amusement and philosophy; but what philosophy shall enable us to bear with fortitude the scorn of beauty, or what amusements enable us to forget the repulses of the fair sex? The former is ineffectual, and the latter but cause us to regret that our pleasures are enjoyed without participation.

To the man of sensibility, the society of one in whose heart he holds a place, who can soothe him in the hour of melancholy, and enliven the moment of gaiety, who can sympathize in his secret joys and sorrows, must be an object of anxious search. But from this felicity I am

excluded, and amidst the applause of the wise and learned I in vain seek for happiness. It is in vain that I reflect upon the superiority of intellectual advantages when I found those powers, and that learning, which it has required years of labour to gain and cultivate, baffled by arts and accomplishments, which have required for their acquisition not the labour of study, but an athletic frame, steadiness of nerve, and the instructions of a dancing-master.

I know not, Mr. Scourge, how many may laugh at the recital of disappointments they do not feel, or mortifications they are in no danger of receiving; but it may direct others who are in a similar situation from the commission of those errors which have harrassed the peace, and occasioned the unhappiness of your constant reader,

AMORPHOMUS.

MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

WE beg leave most earnestly to draw the attention of our readers to the following narrative, not merely on account of the miraculous circumstances which attended Holman's fate and escape, but with a view to interest the feelings, especially of our Cornish readers, in the subscription which we are informed is established for his benefit, in his own immediate neighbourhood, where he is universally respected as an honest and sober individual.

AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE of the extraordinary and miraculous preservation of Thomas Holman, who fell into a shaft nearly twenty fathoms deep, including three of water, in the parish of Perranzabuloe, Cornwall, where he was discovered on the 28th of February last, having fallen in the preceding Sunday evening.

“The waters compassed me about, even to the soul; the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head.”

“When my soul fainted within me I remembered the Lord: and my prayer came in unto Thee, into thine Holy Temple.”

On Sunday, February 25th, 1816, Thomas Holman, a young man, in the 21st year of his age, of the parish of Perranzabuloe, Cornwall, on leaving a methodist meeting between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, went to a cottage about two miles and a half distant from his home. Here he meant to have remained a short time only, and on his return he had promised to call at another cottage, which lay in his way, for a neighbour who had been with him at the meeting. But bad weather coming on, he waited till eleven o'clock in hopes of its clearing, and, at length, contrary to the advice of the good people of the cottage, who pressed him to remain the night with them, he determined, under the protection of an umbrella, to brave the rain and darkness of the night; and this too, notwithstanding he was unacquainted with the first part of his road, having never before been at the spot which he was now so bent on quitting. Accordingly he appears to have deviated immediately from the right direction, and to have proceeded in an almost opposite one for about three quarters of a mile, when he stepped at once, without the smallest warning or apprehension of danger, into a shaft one hundred and eleven feet deep. (a) His hat and umbrella fell into

(a) It was fortunate for Holman that he was not aware that the shaft, into which he had fallen, was so far out of the direction into which his friends were likely to go in pursuit of him; as such a circumstance would have had a tendency to depress his hopes of being discovered. What he has himself since declared is, that, from the first moment of his falling into the water, he was supported, in his attempts to save himself, by the instantaneous and pious impression upon his mind, that God could and would extricate him from his danger, and although

the shaft with him and are lost; the latter he imagines he let drop from his hand in his attempt to catch hold of something by which to save himself, * and, imperfect as we must suppose his senses to have been at the moment of his fall, yet he recollects that in descending, his feet remained throughout lowermost, and that he thus sunk into the water, the depth of which was afterwards ascertained, by measurement, to have been at least eighteen feet, and the width of the shaft at the surface about nine feet in one direction and five in another. The sides of the shaft at the water's edge, were too smooth to admit of his getting any support from adhering to them, and he absolutely kept himself up by swimming for at least, he thinks, an hour; when he discovered a hole in one side of the shaft, into which he could thrust his arms so as to rest on his elbows. In this position he remained for an hour or more, when he became so tired as to prefer having recourse again to swimming, and he states that, during the remainder of the night, he shifted from swimming to the support obtained by introducing his arms, as already described, into the hole, three or four times. His mode of swimming consisted in pawing with his hands whilst his body was deep in the water; and, in fact, from the narrowness of his quarters, he could scarcely have disposed of himself otherwise, for although by no means a robust man, Thomas Holman is little short of six feet in height, and, to make his portrait somewhat more com-

it will be found that, on the morning of the third day his situation was beginning to appear to him hopeless, yet even then he was perfectly calm, and was partly occupied in considering what mark to leave behind him, in case of his decease, that might chance, at a future time, to lead to the knowledge of the spot where he lay. Indeed it may be said with truth of our Cornish miners generally, and without disparagement of Thomas Holman, that they possess as resolute minds and as much contempt of danger and of death as any set of men whatever.

* This is more fully particularised in note (d)

pleat, is of a florid but sedate countenance. When daylight at length came, he perceived that there was a possibility of climbing some way up the shaft in consequence of the sloping of one of its sides, and he soon succeeded, but not without difficulty, in scrambling up seventeen or eighteen feet from the water, when he came to an old drift, or adit, which afforded him a resting place after the excessive fatigues of the night and morning. Still the prospect of ultimate escape from death was but little improved by this first stage, for after penetrating about twenty feet into the adit, he could discover no glimmering light to cheer him, and the dread of being precipitated into some unknown hole prevented his venturing to proceed further, which, it is now known, would have been to no purpose, as there existed no communication with the surface of the earth in that direction of the adit. It was between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, as he conjectures, when he arrived at this forlorn resting place, (*b*) and he soon began to suffer so extremely from the cold occasioned by his wet clothes, that he was obliged to employ himself for some time in wringing his coat, which was the only part of his dress he took off, and in "squatting," as he expresses it, the water out of the rest of his clothes; beating himself occasionally with his hands and arms in order to produce warmth. (*c*) The rest of the day he passed in calling

(*b*) There was, probably, just light enough, in this adit, to have seen the hour on a watch, but not, he thinks, to have read without difficulty. The water looked bright, and the reflection from its surface seemed to contribute to make the lower parts of the shaft lighter than they would otherwise have been. Holman had no watch with him when he fell into the shaft, nor has he ever been the possessor of one, a circumstance which may have enabled him to compute with the greater accuracy the different periods of time during which he was occupied in the various ways stated in the narrative.

(*c*) Holman did not shiver during the time that he remained

aloud for help, as long as his voice permitted, and in throwing such stones and pieces of timber as he could collect, into the water, hoping that the plunging thus made might chance to be heard by persons in search of him; nor did he omit to pray to the Almighty Disposer of events, to whose all-seeing eye alone he was then visible, that he would come to his succour and release him from his dreadful prison. The ground on which he stood sloped inwards, and what he terms a brow of land hung over him, so as to prevent his looking up the shaft, or his being seen by any one looking down from the mouth of it, and there was great obstruction even to the sound of his voice. In order to remedy this evil, and to protect himself from again falling into the water, which he very much dreaded, he, at one time, flattered himself that he could have thrown some pieces of timber across the shaft upon which he might have stood, but he could find none that were not either too long or too short, and he had not even a knife to assist him, so that this attempt proved fruitless. His next effort was to allay his thirst, for, although he never felt the slightest inconvenience from hunger during the whole period of his abode in the shaft, his sufferings from thirst were not to be described; insomuch that he ventured to descend from the adit to a projecting stone, upon which he could stand, near enough to the water to admit of his dipping it up in his shoe fastened to two handkerchiefs; and this he did two or three times, in the course of the first day, although the taste of the water was so intolerably bad, that what he thus procured, with great hazard and difficulty, was scarcely drinkable, in so much that he raised the shoe to his parch'd lips but once either time of his descending to the stone. As night came on, the efforts he had been making through the day, to lessen the misery of his situation, or

in the water, it was on his escape out of it that he began to suffer inconvenience from cold; a circumstance which confirms an observation often made, "that it is safer to remain immersed to the head in water than to be exposed, drench'd to the air."

to improve his chance of escaping from it, necessarily ceased, and with these all consciousness of his forlorn condition, for, wet and wretched as he was, "sleep soon covered him over like a blanket;" and, with the exception of a little restlessness from the uneasiness of his bed, his bodily wants and sufferings were suspended for the night, and his mind was neither disturbed by dreams nor visions until the morning, when, in a state between sleeping and waking, he fancied he heard his father calling to him, and he imagines that he thrice exclaimed "Father" in reply; but, on his becoming fully awake, this delusion vanished and all the difficulties of his situation returned upon him. He felt so sore, in consequence of the hard and uneven ground on which he had lain all night, that he began the labours of the day by endeavouring to make a more easy bed for himself when he should next lie down to sleep, or perhaps to die. To accomplish this it was necessary first to remove a large stone that was in the way, and, after loosening it from its position, he thought of rolling it into the water, with a view, partly, to the great noise its fall would occasion; but, in the attempt to effect this, his foot slipped, and he was, a second time, precipitated into the horrible abyss. His resolution however was still so good, and his mind so firm that he was even capable of turning this apparently calamitous event into a fortunate one; for, although the going voluntarily into the water, to effect a change of situation, was too desperate an experiment, yet, in looking around from the adit in which he passed the preceding day, he thought he might have done better for himself if he had climbed up on the opposite side, where the contraction of the walls of the shaft appeared to admit of his supporting himself in ascending to another adit preferable to that he had occupied, as being more favourable for his attracting the attention of persons in search of him; the very entrance to that from whence he had fallen receding too far back to allow him to look up the shaft. He therefore instantly set about climbing to the adit, the comparatively

advantageous situation of which he had contemplated with anxiety and disappointment the day before; and in a short time he accomplished his purpose, for although it was preferable to the former both on account of its enabling him to command the opening of the shaft, and because he could here repose himself more conveniently, yet its elevation above the water was not more than seven or eight feet. Through the whole of Tuesday he was employed, as he had been the preceding day, in making as much noise as he could, and in endeavouring to relieve his thirst by catching drops of water in his shoe, to accomplish which great exertions were necessary, as he was obliged to keep his arm fully extended, and to place himself in an uncomfortable and dangerous position in order to procure a very small quantity only; but what he caught in this way was pure and inexpressibly grateful to him. As the third night approached overcome with fatigue he again fell asleep, and the ground under him favouring his rest, he slept soundly until Wednesday morning; but, on the return of his recollection with the light, the hope of ever being found alive by his friends began to forsake him, and he resolved upon making a desperate effort to climb as much higher up as he could, however great the risk of falling back into the water. Accordingly after climbing for nearly an hour, at the severe expence of his nails, he ascended between fifty and sixty feet, and got to sit upon some timber, from whence he could have proceeded no farther, as the sides of the shaft above him became rounder and looser and afforded no means of adhering to them. (d) It was about nine

(d) The sides of the shaft were originally supported by planks, some of which were still remaining, and afforded Holman a resting place twice in his last arduous ascent. Having lately paid a visit to the shaft myself, I saw where the poor fellow was sitting, when found; there was no adit for him to retreat into, and I should not only suppose it to have been impossible for him to have climbed any further, but I doubt whether the sides of the

o'clock in the morning when this last arduous task was accomplished, and seeing that he could not possibly ad-

shaft, above the timber on which he sat, were sufficiently worn away to have admitted of his even changing his position with safety, so that this must, in all probability, have been his last day, if he had not been discovered; for, when next overcome with sleep, he would inevitably, I think, from the insecurity of any position in which he could have placed himself, have again fallen down the shaft, in which case nothing short of a miracle could have preserved him. And when we consider that merely a sprain of the wrist or ankle would have effectually obstructed his efforts to save himself, his wonderful preservation, in the first instance, not from death alone, but from the slightest injury, can only be duly estimated by a person who has been on the spot, and has had the resolution to look down the frightful excavation. But instigated as I was by no ordinary curiosity I was still unable to place myself so as to see the water, at the bottom, or even half way down the shaft, in consequence of its becoming more contracted at the part where the uppermost planks of timber rise in view. From my imperfect inspection, however, I have little doubt of his having been, in some measure, indebted to his umbrella for his life; for this, as he thinks himself, acted as a parachute at first, and did not escape from his hands until he reached the timber, when it met with some obstruction and he let it go; but from his having entered the most contracted part of the shaft with his feet lowermost, he kept his position afterwards by extending his hands to the sides to catch at any thing that offered itself to him. Be this as it may, I am persuaded that the miller who lives near by, and who was so good as to be my guide, was very safe and correct in saying, for want of some better mode of expressing his amazement, that if a thousand men were to be thrown in succession into the same shaft, he would bet fifty pounds that not one of them would be taken up alive again.

And here let me ask, how it happens that shafts are allowed to remain in this open and dangerous state? Familiarity with danger often prevents due precaution against it, but it behoves persons of property and influence to protect others, and especially their poorer neighbours, from perils to which their lot in life is too apt to reconcile them.

vance higher, and that it was probable that his bones would remain there, it occurred to him, that he might still lead to their discovery at some future period, by hanging out a handkerchief from the side of the shaft so as for it to be visible to any one looking down, and thereby afford some small consolation to the regrets and solitudes of his friends. What then must have been his sensations, when, in the midst of these mournful but manly speculations, he thought he heard persons coming towards him ; in an instant more his hopes were confirmed by the approach of voices familiar to him ; he lost no time in hailing, by their names, his deliverers, who, with transports of joy, heard him calling to them, and having ascertained where he was sitting, let down a rope to him which they procured from a neighbouring farm house, and by means of which, after he had coiled it securely around his thighs and body, they drew him easily and exultingly to the surface.

(The remainder in our next.)

THE POET'S PRAYER.

IF e'er in thy sight I found favor, Apollo !
 Defend me from all the disasters which follow,
 From the knaves, and the fools, and the fops of the time,
 From the drudges in prose, and the triflers in rhyme ;
 From the patch-work and toils of the royal sack bibber
 Whose carmina rival the doggrel of Cibber.
 From servile attendance on men in high places,
 Their worships, and honors, and lordships, and graces ;
 From long dedications to patrons unworthy,
 Who hear and receive, but will do nothing for thee.
 From being caressed, to be left in the lurch,
 The tool of a party in state or in church ;
 From dull thinking blockheads as sober as Turks,
 And petulant bards, who repeat their own works ;
 From all the gay scenes of the Argyle room shew,
 The sight of a belle, and the lisp of a beau,

From busy back-biters and tatlers and carpers,
And scurvy acquaintance with fidlers and sharpers ;
From old politicians, and Feinagle's lectures,
The dreams of a chymist, and schemes of projectors ;
From the fears of a jail, and the hopes of a pension,
The tricks of a gamester, a pedant's pretension ;
From shallow free-thinkers in taverns disputing,
Nor ever confuted, nor ever confuting :
From the constant good fare of another man's board,
My lady's broad hints and the jests of my lord.
From Bibliomaniacs vaunting their olio,
And reading of Dutch commentators in folio :
From waiting like Spenser whole years at Whitehall ;
From the pride of great wits, and the envy of small ;
From very fine ladies, with very fine incomes,
Which they finely lay out in fine toys and fine trincums ;
From wat'ring excursions, and dull masquerades,
The snares of young jilts, and the spite of old maids ;
From a profligate stage, and submitting to share,
In an empty third night with a beggarly player ;
From Ray and such printers as would have me curst,
To write second parts, let who will write the first ;
From all pious patriots who would do their best
To retain an old tax, and defend an old test ;
From the faith of informers, the fangs of the law,
And the great rogues who keep all the lesser in awe ;
From a poor country cure, that living interment,
From a wife and no prospect of any preferment ;
From scribbling for hire, when my credit is sunk,
To buy a new coat and line an old trunk ;
From squires who divert us with jokes at their tables,
Of hounds in their kennels and nags in their stables ;
From the cant of fanatics, the jargon of schools,
The censures of wise men, and praises of fools ;
From critics who never read Latin or Greek ,
And pedants who boast they read both all the week ;

From borrowing wit to repay it like Hayley,
 Or stealing like Sumner from chapters of Paley:
 If ever thou didst, or wilt ever befriend me,
 From these and such evils Apollo defend me,
 And let me be rather but honest with no wit,
 Than a noisy, nonsensical, half-witted poet.

THE KEANITE CLUB.—PART II.

GREAT Stentor next his black Nicotian tube,
 Igniferous, lays down. His parents sent
 This hopeful youth to London: there the laws
 Of Albion's state to learn and exercise.
 For him a well-experienced Don was found,
 Whose mental eyes foresaw each quibble quaint,
 And quirk evasive; and whose subtle heart,
 Like to the twig that bends to every blast,
 Or virgin wax that yields to any form,
 Was flexible to fraud. Within his soul
 Dissimulation dwelt, and dark deceit.
 There too chicane in honest guise arrayed,
 Had sown its seeds, and poisoned every grain,
 Which, warmed by potent truth's congenial sun,
 With virtue's plenteous harvest might have teemed.
 But fruitless was the spouter's parent's care,
 Though sedulous: for scarce two years had rolled,
 Since proud Augusta first had blessed his eyes,
 Ere Stentor thus expressed his secret sorrows.

“ Was it for this that o'er the classic sea
 I sailed and landed on poetic shores?
 Have I for this flown round the Aonian mount
 With plumes immortal, and so often played
 With spotless muses in Pierian shades?
 Am I, ye gods! doomed all my life to scribble
 Inglorious. No!—Some power uplifts my soul,
 Buoyant above the common herd of earth's

Dull reptiles. Hence, ye wrong adjudged reports ;
Ye dry collections hence : I leave you all
To those grave solid looking fools, whose ears
'Tautology best charms. Oh! Shakespeare, come
With all thy pupils ! Fire my glowing breast,
Expand my genius, and enlarge my soul."

Kindled that instant by the rapturous thought,
His intellects, high towering, flew to realms
Dramatic : There the store-house of his brain
He filled redundant. *Here* he tries his skill
Theatric, ere upon the public stage
With steps adventurous he dares to tread.
Thus children dabble in the shallow stream,
Playful till fear forsakes their little souls,
Then boldly rush into the middle Thames.
In Jaffier now he breathes his ardent love,
With sighs of mimic fondness. Now his breast
Heaves with the weight of jealousy and rage,
Perplexing : all Othello wars within
His various tortured heart—Oh ! how his voice
Rises and falls : as Oysterella's soft
And strong, when every street, and curving lane
Adjacent echo the testaceous cry !

Inflated with the fumes of gin and beer,
And flushed with hope, arises Leatheronzo,
Famed in repairing worn-out *calcuments*.
None was his equal : No one better knew
The pointed awl to handle, yet his soul
Magnanimous with rage dramatic glowed.
And like a second Cooke he vainly thought
To arrest the attention, to extort like him
The involuntary laugh, to bid the smile
Sit dimpling on the cheek, the pearly drop
Sudden to start from out the humid eye,
Obedient to the mandate, and to teach
Our souls to melt with sympathetic woe :

Or to awake Britannia's just revenge
 On foreign perfidy. In mad-struck Lear,
 The scene he opes, but lo! for want of crown,
 Paused his mock-majesty. Around the place,
 Long time his eyes terrific rolled, at length
 In a dark corner of the room he spied
 An empty urinal. Fired at the sight,
 He snatched the pewter prize, and to his head
 Adapted it well pleased. Now! now! he raves
 With adamantine lungs: his head he moves
 Concussive, when a motion inopine,
 His action terminates. Upon the floor,
 Down falls the jordan. As it rolls along
 Its sound in jarring music rings applause.

Lo! now springs forward with elastic step,
 A son of comedy, Sartorius called:
 The tunic dazzling with its golden pride,
 The button-hole befringed with wondrous skill
 The well cut collar, and the mended sleeve,
 The wearer's art proclaimed; yet not to this
 Was his great soul confined. Theatre now,
 Dramatic goddess! whispers in his ear,
 And bids him shine in gay Tom Shuffleton.

Where's now that easy elegance of gait,
 That look, that tone which marked the gentleman,
 Oft seen in Lewis, and as oft admired!
 Alas, how faintly, rudely copied here!
 With joints inflexible and neck oblique
 An object stiffening to the sight he stands,
 In attitude unmeaning, and the more
 To render him ridiculous, he lisps,
 And robs each word of grace and emphasis.

He finished, when the wonted noise began
 Loud as his all-attentive ears could wish,
 Nor less than that which shakes the circled seats
 Of play-house upper gallery when some

Grand spectacle, or splendid pantomime,
Amidst the crash of blunderbuss and thunder
So much delights th' enchanted terrene gods.

Prologues and epilogues now crown the sport
By various *Genii* profusely spoke,
By stammering Welchmen here, and Scotchmen there.
To periodize the humours of the night,
Now far advanced, goes round the jovial song,
The laugh exciting catch, or wanton tale
Reiterated. Bacchus king of joys!
Twines not his vine-branch here. Whitbread's entire
Reigns arbitrary. With its vapours bland
Their giddy rolling heads, and closing eyes,
The oath, the eructation, and the ———,
Give signs of drunkenness, while total noise
Its anarchy extends. But oh! how soon
Terrestrial pleasure vanishes! amidst
Their jocund glee, and loosely fleeting hours,
Enters the constable: four watchmen grim
His presence dignify. Amazement chill
Sits on each Roscian face. So looks the man;
Involved in debt, when first he spies the front,
Or feels the hand of catchpole terrible.
Not e'en Macbeth stands more appalled with fright,
When murdered Banquo's horror-glaring ghost
Disturbs the regal banquet, than now marked
The features of his representative.
Betrayed, confused, despairing; such, so great,
Their fear unmanly, that their passive souls
To their hard fate submit resistless. All,
All walk desponding to the round-house dark,
And one sad exit ends the tragic scene.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Travellers on the Continent.

BURNS, in his admirable tale of the TWA DOGS, has happily described the present rage for continental travelling. We recommend the following extract to the perusal of such of our nobility and gentry as have had the *fortitude* to endure the *misery* of staying at home in these hard times :—

CÆSAR—(the Laird's Dog).

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it ;
 For *Britain's guid!* guid faith ! I doubt it,
 Say rather gaun as *Premiers* lead him,
 An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him ;
 At operas an' plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading ;
 Or may be, in a frolic daft,
 To *Hague* or *Calais* takes a waft,
 To mak a tour an' tak a whirl,
 To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

There at *Vienna* or *Versailles*,
 He rives his father's auld entails ;
 Or by *Madrid* he taks the rout,
 To thrum guitars, and *fecht wi' nowt* ;*
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Wh—re hunting among groves o' myrtles ;
 Then † *bouses* drumly *German water*, ‡
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter ;
 An' clear the consequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival signoras,
 For Britain's guid ! for her destruction !
 Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

* A bull-fight.

† Drinks.

‡ A favorite liquor at Carlton House.

LUATH—(The Cotter's Dog).

Hech man! dear Sirs! is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a braw estate!
 Are we sae foughten an' harass'd,
 For gear to gang that gate at last?

O would they stayaback frae courts,
 An' please themsels wi' contra sports;
 It wad for ev'ry one be better,
 The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!

Royal Expenditure.

The following curious Statement of part of the Annual Expences of FREDERIC, Prince of Wales, father of his present Majesty, is taken *verbatim* from the original MS. account of the Earl of Scarborough, Treasurer to the Prince. It is superscribed with his Royal Highness's signature, and countersigned by Mr. Montague, the auditor, and other officers of his establishment, on the 29th September, 1740. When contrasted with the corresponding expences of his Royal Highness the PRINCE REGENT, which are extracted from the printed accounts presented to the House of Commons in 1815, it shews in a most striking point of view, either the *immense* difference of the value of money at the two periods, or a difference arising from some *other cause*.

Comparative Statement.

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES. 1740.

To Mr. George Cure for the use of furniture at the two houses in Pall-Mall, at the new nursery there, and at Cliffden and Hedgar Houses, for one quarter of a year, from Midsummer 1739, to Michaelmas following	£88	15	0
To John Duval, for mason's work, at Norfolk House, the houses at Kew, and the Garden houses in St. James's Park	60	0	0
To Ralph Taylor, bricklayer, for the same period	22	10	0

For three coach horses, and a chaise horse . . .	130	0	0
To Robert Miles, coachmaker, for repairing and greasing the coaches and carriages, and for new wheels, from Lady-day to Michaelmas, 1739 . . .	55	0	0
To Thomas Barnett, harness maker	27	10	0
To travelling bills	250	15	6
To Mr. Wm. Morris for the undertaker of the Opera at the new theatre in the Haymarket	42	0	0
To Mr. John Kipling, for Oratorios exhibited before his Royal Highness in Lincoln's Inn fields theatre	94	10	0
Balance of the year's Account of Expenditure remaining due to his Royal Highness, <i>the sum of twenty-three pounds, three shillings, and one halfpenny.</i>			

GEORGE, PRINCE REGENT. 1815.

Furniture for Carlton House and the Pavilion, for one quarter, ending 5th July, 1814	£20,451	15	6
For works done at Carlton House, under the direction of Mr. Wyatt	6,900	0	0
Ditto, under the direction of Mr. Nash	22,600	0	0
For the breeding stud at Hampton, and inclosing the paddocks, &c.	22,418	18	4
Coachmaker, for one quarter	2,300	0	0
Laceman, for ditto	1,600	0	0
Harness-maker, for ditto	6,175	0	0
For journies with the Emperor, and King of Prussia, &c.	10,000	0	0
Expence of the <i>preparations</i> for a Grand Fete, Ball, and Concert at Carlton House, including the temporary room in the garden	26,500	0	0
We have not the means of ascertaining the balance due to the Prince Regent on his annual account, but it is probably <i>less</i> than the sum above.			

Lines to a Bank Life Annuity Dividend Warrant, on perceiving no reduction was made thereon for Property Tax.

My good old friend—in thee what joy I view !

What happy times doth thy blest form recall !

When I with pleasure on my banker drew,

Free of deduction, for my income small !

Long have I gaz'd on thy poor dwindl'd face,
 With grievous sigh, and sad ill-temper'd frown;
 And curs'd the hand that could itself disgrace,
 To bring thy total so diminish'd down.

Year follow'd year—and still—Oh! dreary thought—
 An income's tenth has been withheld by thee;
 'Twas this unjust, oppressive *tax*, that brought
 Those deprivations long endur'd by me.

Full many a suit have I oft worn so bare,
 That shame has kept me from each neighbour's feast;
 For still, tho' forc'd each cank'ring grief to share,
 I wish'd to seem as neighbours did at least.

My good old dame, too—she whose limbs appear
 To lack relief from palsy and from gout,
 Long us'd to two new *flannel coats* a year,
 Compell'd has been to go, alas! without.

But Heav'n be thank'd!—at length that day I see
 (A day indeed of triumph to John Bull!)
 Which brings back comforts so long lost to me,
 And gives my sorrows—a *Receipt in full!*

England in 1816.

In eighteen hundred ten and six,
 Old England's glory some would fix—
 Peace throughout Europe; royal marriages,
 New streets, new palaces and carriages!
 New stars, new ribbons, and new crosses,
 A coinage new, whate'er the loss is—
 Splendid new bridges, splendid lights,
 And columns destined for our knights!
 Sounds not this well? Then who would think
 We stood on ruin's very brink?
 For now the picture but capsize,*
 And view it with your proper eyes.

* A sea term for turning any thing "upside down."

In London flashy shops behold,
 And new bazaars, but nothing sold ;
 In every street a carpet out,
 That shews my lady on her route,
 To spend her poor remains in France,
 And teach her children how to dance.

Then for the country—farmers breaking,
 Clothiers half ruin'd, landlords quaking,
 A solemn gloom! no sun, no hay-day,
 Between this very hour and lady ;
 The corn too laid, and some say rotting,
 The Luddites up in arms, or plotting—
 The panic general, and the stocks
 As flat almost as the New Docks—
 Then a subscription by the great,
 Lest all our poor should emigrate,
 A boon that seems too sure a test
 Of apprehension for the rest.
 But last and worst a Ministry in doubt,
 Too weak to stand, too strong to be turned out.

TRUTH IN RHYME.

*On reading some Lyric Stanzas, published in a Collection of
 "Original Irish Airs."*

I envy no light-hearted poets that deem
 Existence a pleasant and gay-coloured dream.
 If I know that this life is a wearisome round,
 Where a few fleeting pleasures by chance may be found,
 To the truth, tho' heart-breaking, why should I be blind,
 And cloud with delusion the light of my mind?
 Then take back the pity you offer to me,
 And mine, wretched reveller, is ready for thee.

On a recent Embellishment of the Metropolis.

Useless, and hollow, and unsound,
 And silly splendor all the plan,
 With venom'd reptiles guarded round,
 How like the Mortar to the Man!

Homo Vermis.—"Man is but a Worm."

We all are creeping worms of earth ;
 Some are *silk-worms*, great by birth ;
Glow-worms some, that shine by night ;
 Slow-worms others, apt to bite ;
 Some are *muck-worms*, slaves to wealth ;
Maw-worms some, that wrong the health ;
 Some to the public no good willers,
Canker-worms and caterpillars ;
 Round about the earth we're crawling ;
 For a sorry life we're sprawling ;
 Putrid stuff we suck—it fills us ;
 Death then *sets his foot*, and kills us.

Napoleon's Carriage.

Napoleon's carriage you may wish to see,
 But cannot have a peep without a fee !
 Where does the money go to ? Go—you blockhea
 Of course it goes in Mr. Bullock's pocket—
 This is the age of huckstering you know,
 Of private meanness, and of public shew—
 Of mutton hash one day in nobles' houses,
 'The next of galas given by their spouses ;
 Of pennies hoarded, and of squandered millions,
 Of bankruptcies, extents, and gay pavilions—
 Yet if the public be obliged to pay,
The showman, Bullock, well deserves the day.
 Objects that interest *that* man exhibits,
 Stuff'd birds, rare fossils, Otaheitan tippets,
 Something, in short, deserving to be seen—
 The profits *might* have bought—a *Mandarin*.

The Waltzer.

If sweet woman was deck'd with the graces of heav'n,
 To display their full lustre in man's kindling view ;
 To move in the dance if that bright form was given
 Then I yield up my heart, pretty *Waltzer*, to you.

If sweet woman was form'd for the tumult of pleasure,
 If a tear must ne'er visit those bright eyes of blue ;
 Then follow, thou fair one, the rapturous measure,
 For I give up my heart, pretty *Waltzer*, to you.

But if woman was deck'd with the graces of heav'n,
 To conceal their full lustre from man's kindling view ;
 If a temple for virtue that bright form was given,
 Then I yield not my heart, pretty *Waltzer*, to you.

But if woman was form'd for a tenderer pleasure,
 If a tear would adorn those two bright eyes of blue ;
 Then follow, thou fair one, the rapturous measure,
 But I give not my heart, pretty *Waltzer*, to you.

SIR,

I was glad to receive the information in your Scourge, given by "*A Constant Reader*," on the subject of Sin-cures and Pensions, held by a *few* individuals in England *for doing nothing*. I hope every one will follow your example, and add to the stock of knowledge for the information of the distressed people, that they may see from what Retrenchments and Savings they may reasonably look for relief.

In a document, signed Henry Goulburn, and dated 3d April, 1816, from the Colonial Department, I observe thirty-three places held in eight islands only, in the West Indies, by persons *not resident* therein, acting by deputy, &c. &c. the annual amount of which is about 53,000*l.*

The following are a specimen of these places, and by whom held :

- 1.—The Hon. Ch. Wm. Wyndham is reported by Mr. Goulburn to have held the office of Secretary and Clerk of Enrolments in Jamaica, worth 4500*l.* per annum, ever since the year 1763, himself residing in England, during which period of 53 years, there has been paid by the public £238,500 0
- 2.—The Hon. Percy Chas. Wyndham, in like

manner, two places, one in Jamaica, and one in Barbadoes, both worth 7264l. per annum, for the same 53 years	384,992	0	0
<hr/>			
Between these two Children	623,492	0	0
3.—Lord Braybrook, a place in Jamaica, 3644l. 13s. 10d. per annum, from 1762 . .	196,813	8	0
4.—Sir Evan Nepean (now Governor of Bombay, receiving a salary of 16,000l. per annum), two offices in Jamaica, worth 4302l. per annum, ever since 1789 . . .	116,154	0	0
5.—Charles Greville, two places—one in Tobago, and the other in Demerara—worth 1450l. per annum, for 13 years	18,650	0	0
6.—John Augustus Sullivan (it is said still at school), the place of Secretary, Register, and Receiver, in Demerara, worth 5244l. 11s. per annum, ever since 1803	68,179	3	0
7.—John King (Q. the same person who is one of the Auditors of Accounts, salaried with 1500l. per annum), has held the place of Naval Officer, at Jamaica, worth 1955l. 7s. 2d. per annum, ever since 1796	39,107	4	4
<hr/>			

Amount distributed to these Sinecurists and

Deputies, in seven Places only £1,062,395 15 0

Let it not be forgotten, that these payments are made in distant places, where they are easily masked; and let search be made, in the same way, in the expenditure of other dependencies. I say nothing of the places which these several Sinecurists also hold in England.

Licencing Public Houses.

This is not the first time that this subject has come under the consideration of parliament. In the reign of James I. Sir Giles Mompesson* and Sir Francis Michel

* Massinger in the *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, alludes to the Licensing Justices of that day. When Tapwell applies to Justice Greedy for a license, he says :

obtained the King's patent for the licensing of public-houses, and their gross abuse of this power drew down punishment on Michel, and his associate was obliged to fly from the kingdom. While this power is in the hands of a small number of individuals in each district, who are not checked in the exercise of it by any other body, or by public-censure, who are not bound to assign any motives for their conduct, and who have naturally more sympathy with the opulent brewer than with the poor consumer, we may naturally expect that (if not grossly

Who? Tapwell? I remember thy wife brought me
Last new year's tide a couple of fat turkies (*not pheasants*).

TAPWELL.—And shall do every Christmas let your worship
But stand my friend now.

GREEDY.—How! with Mr. Wellborn!
I can do any thing with him on such terms.
See you this honest couple? they are good souls
As ever drew out fosset—have they not
A pair of honest faces?

WELLBORN.—I o'erheard you,
And the bribe he promised.

————— Lend me your ear;
Forget his turkies, and call in his license,
And at the next fair I'll give you a yoke of oxen
Worth all his poultry.

GREEDY.—*I am chang'd on the sudden*
In my opinion—Come near,—nearer, rascal.
And now I view him better—did you e'er see
One look so like an arch knave?

* * * * *

Thou hast an ill name.—

————— *I here do damn thy license,*
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw,
For instantly I will in mine own person
Command the constable to pull down thy sign,
And do it before I eat.

This is a very indecent prophetic libel upon modern justices.
See Mr. Beaumont's evidence; also that of Messrs. Robson and
Merceron—*passim*.

abused) it will not be equitably or considerably exercised. We all remember the letter of the Dean of Canterbury, on the subject of Mr. Abbott, the brewer, who was prosecuted for having in his possession poisonous drugs for the purpose of mixing with his beer. The Dean said in that letter that "*his good neighbour,*" Mr. Abbott, "*was so good a man, and so useful a Magistrate, that he should be sorry his usefulness should be diminished by being brought before the public in a matter which only concerns ale-drinkers!*" Now, too, another Gentleman (Reverend—but not very Reverend) has told the Committee, that if two houses were to come before him, he should, *cæteris paribus*, be inclined to license Mr. Hanbury's house, "*he is a man of so much public spirit in the public charities.*"

This gives us an idea of the natural feelings of Magistrates in general, whether very reverend, or reverend, or irreverend. They naturally enough think, that in a matter which concerns only ale-drinkers and beer-drinkers, it would be unpardonable not to reward my good neighbour Mr. A., or the charitable Mr. B., or the public-spirited Mr. C. The health of the whole district does not come home so immediately to their feelings, as the smiling countenance of the rich brewer, or "a hare or a brace of pheasants." It is vain to expect, while the Magistrates have such a power, in which so many houses, *cæteris paribus*, come before them, that the great Brewers will not have all the public houses in the Metropolis completely under their controul. We have seen that the objects for which alone such a system of restriction could have been imposed, viz. good order and decency, have not been obtained. We have, therefore, all the inconvenience of the system, without any corresponding benefit. The people are obliged to drink bad beer, but they have not the satisfaction to see that bad liquors and good order go together. We cannot see, notwithstanding the assertion of Mr. Gifford, what mischief would result from leaving the beer and spirit trade open to competition, in the

same manner as other trades. The tax on persons dealing in these commodities is sufficient to prevent the multiplication of their shops much beyond the present number; and if that tax were increased, it would not be felt more severely than the enormous rent which is demanded for houses favoured with licenses. A power might then be granted to the Magistrates to suspend the licenses of houses in which any disorder took place. That power they do not now possess, though they may refuse to renew the license at the end of the year, and even then the same interest which obtained the license is found adequate to support it. If public houses were multiplied, we do not think that any increase of drunkenness can be apprehended, for few drunkards can grow sober—in this town at least, for want of opportunities of purchasing liquor.

We understand that the Secretary of State for the Home Department submitted an official copy of the report, before it was printed, to the Lord Chancellor, whose peculiar province it is to attend to the conduct of the persons acting as magistrates. We have not heard that his lordship has taken any steps in consequence.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE from the SHADES BELOW,
 GIVING AN ACCOUNT
 OF THE STATION OF THE POETS.

WHY now friend Richard because a man's dead
 Will you break off acquaintance, d'ye think we can't read?
 A packet in rhyme, sent by Charon post-paid,
 Always safely arrives—he's a trusty old blade.
 However I hate to be churlish and musty,
 Or stand upon forms, so resolve to write first t'ye.
 Know then that my will was first finished—that done
 I had nothing to do but to die and be gone.
 Well, in due form of law then I fairly departed,
 And quickly and safely was hither transported,

As I know you are curious in search of things strange,
I'll relate what I found by my whimsical change.

The poets both Grecian and Roman of old,
Of whom we so many fine things have been told,
Live here in great state, are grandees of the court,
To whom all the moderns most humbly resort.
Yet few find admittance or favor with those,
So poor their appearance, so shabby their cloaths,
Some, indeed, a small pittance or place may obtain,
But the rest are a sad ragged crew in the main.
In short, the whole tribe are at best but so so,
As you'll find by their state and employment below.
Old Chaucer and Drayton I found in good plight,
And Shakspeare and Spenser appear pretty tight,
They've each a small freehold though troth bounded in sore,
And live not unlike our poor knights of Windsor.

Ben Jonson sells ale at the side of the hill,
And Beaumont and Fletcher go halves in a mill,
And Denham enjoys a small post in the state,
And Dorset with Juvenal's gown very great,
Whilst poor Sir John Suckling is but a knife-grinder,
And Cowley, poor Cowley, 's a lacquey to Pindar.

Wilmot's a mountebank, Villars his droll,
Charles Sedley their toad-eater, Howard their fool,
Old Milton's still blind, but much in request,
With Homer and Virgil, and most of the best ;
And Addison long since assigned for his guide,
Enjoys a small place and a pension beside,
Old Naso and Waller most hugely agree,
But Quintilian has terribly cudgelled poor

But Butler of all looks the best, let me tell you,
Has money, good clothes, and can now fill his belly,
Is lately preferred Rhadamanthus's jester,
For which he per diem has two and a tester,
In truth I was glad to see Butler so mended,
Who had suffered so greatly before he descended.

Dan Shadwell is kept by a wealthy old dame,
He was always a lover you know of the game ;

Old Dryden sells nectar, an excellent dram,
 Which Pope hob-a-nobs in his *grotto* with Sam,
 Though it must be admitted that much that is there,
 Is transplanted and pilfered from Dryden's parterre.
 Sam Johnson resigned to his snug sofa-bed,
 Decides all disputes, by a shake of his head,
 His wig and his tongue are both so impressive,
 That his nod as his utt'rance is always expressive.
 Rough Churchill sells penknives, razors, and scissars,
 Owen *Cambridge*, fine pincushions, essence and tweezers;
 Morris is a black shoe-boy, who carries a link,
 The servant of whoredom, and lives in a stink,
 While Tom Warton has built a chapel of ease,
 Or Saxon, or Gothic, you call't what you please.
 As at Cambridge fat Mason can cut up his goose,
 And Grey walks on tiptoe with heel painted shoes,
 With lip supercilious, while Whitehead is vain,
 To hobble behind him and hold up his train.
 Then Thomson and Goldsmith are always together,
 And Parnell, a "bird" of the very same feather.
 Bobby Burns and his songs so charm and delight us,
 He's welcome till dram-drinking makes him affright us.
 While Beattie presides as a pompous professor,
 Of wisdom and judgment the only possessor.
 Jack Lloyd, and Bill Kenrick are poor but yet merry,
 And Phillips for sale makes his cyder and perry,
 Good Dyer provides us with flannels and hose,
 And Somerville wakes us from early repose,
 With horn and with hunters to join in the chace,
 And when puss is presented friend Cowper says grace.
 Both Plautus and Terence, both wealthy and able,
 Have taken old Colman to wait at their table,
 More than three female authors have been in the stocks,
 It seemed they'd purloined the muse's foul smocks;
 By washing and scouring they're now forced to live,
 No wonder they strove by their verses to thrive.
 Alick Stevens keeps raree-shows, Farquhar's a sutler,
 And Horace has made Matthew Prior his butler,

Nat Rowe waits on Sophocles, has a good place on't,
But Hughes is still poor, though he puts the best face on't.
Tom D'Urfey sings ballads, and cobbles old shoes,
And honest Dick Steele runs about with the news.
Here are more, but so ragged, so poor, and so sad,
'Tis a shame you should know their condition's so bad.
As for me I am just advertized to be let,
So what will become of me cannot tell yet.
I can rhyme, comb a wig, shave, pick up a w—,
And few of the moderns I think can do more,
When once I am settled I'll write you again,
Till then, your old friend, honest Dick,
I remain, &c.

STANZAS ADDRESSED BY MR. B—ST,
TO MRS. M— A— C—.

Away—thou source of guilt, thou queen of pain,
Nor seek to fold me in thy arms again;
In vain each various blandishment you try,
Your syren magic can delight no more;
In vain you twinkle your lascivious eye,
You can no longer charm nor I adore.

The sons of lust thy outward form may win,
For nature's hand has liliated o'er thy skin;
Save where the rose its vermeil hue displays,
And spreads its ruby honors o'er thy cheek;
Save on thy lips the cherry tempts the gaze,
While wandering silence longs to hear thee speak.

But ah! what dark deceits thy heart debase,
Thy heart, the foulest contrast to thy face!
Where fiction sits premeditating lies,
And dressing falsehood in the vest of truth;
Where fraud lies masked in honesty's disguise,
And hatches ruin for incautious youth.

Away, thy touch is irksome to the sense,
Thy smile is bane, thy breath is pestilence;

Go then, for thou art born to plague mankind,
 Perdition lights her taper in thine eye;
 Each missile glance for mischief is design'd,
 And affectation prompts each ready sigh.

Avaunt! The nymph of modesty I see,
 Dear maid! she deigns to beam one look on me;
 She comes, the unbidden blush, the artless smile,
 The down-cast eye, the silent-speaking air,
 Proclaim her lovely mind devoid of guile,
 And speak her earthly goddess of the fair.

BAGNIGGE WELLS AS THEY WERE THREE
 YEARS AGO.

WELLS and the place I sing at early dawn,
 Frequented oft, where male and female meet,
 And strive to drink a long adieu to pain.
 In that refreshing vale with fragrance filled,
 Renowned of old for nymphs of public fame,
 And amorous encounter, where the sons
 Of lawless lust convened—where each by turns,
 His venal doxy woo'd, and styled the place
Black Mary's Hole; there stands a dome superb,
 Hight Bagnigge; where from our forefathers hid,
 Long have two springs in dull stagnation slept;
 But taught at length by subtle art to flow,
 They manifest their virtues to mankind.
 Of these the one will purge the human frame,
 Deobstruent, and through posterior channels
 Precipitate its way, or meeting there
 With violent repulse, come tumbling up
 In horrible cascade. The other called
 Chalybeate, corroborates the nerves,
 And winds up firm the tottering jack of life.
 Delightful spot, and bounded on the right
 With summit super-eminent, debased
 With dunghill, name inglorious! Though by some,

Than Pindus' mount more prized, or cloud-crowned head
 Of strong-based promontory. For from hence
 Springs richer pasturage; and Earth receives
 The stercorarious compost with a smile.
 From thence the eye surveys the faint remains
 Of land Hockleyian, where the race canine
 Whilom were wont with surly bulls to cope,
 And ragged Russian bears; much famed of old
 For black-eyed heroes, where stout Britons dared
 The combat of the fist, jaw-breaking sport,
 Of late so much improved. Sweet brick-kilns there,
 Wheel up the steep of air, their dusky wreaths
 Cloud above cloud ascending. Sight of sights;
 Effluvium strong, yet preferable far,
 To leaf of myrtle, or the flower of bean!

Close by the garden wall, meandering stream,
 Its jetty waves devolves, degraded oft,
 With term of *ditch*. Insinuation vile,
 Dishonorable name, and rough to ear
 Of water-drinking mortal. Silence then!
 Do thou the lips of bitter malice close,
 If once she dare the gliding lymph profane,
 Or with unhallowed tongue proclaim it foul.

A *holy* temple there invites the view,
 To Cloacina sacred. Here repair
 In order due her votaries well pleased,
 And offer up their evening sacrifice
 With lowly reverence: performing rites,
 With modest face averted from the fane.
 Yet here, alas! deep sighs are often heard,
 Long-winded gruntings, belly-rumbling pangs,
 And many mingling groans: and dire to tell,
 Oft cracks the postern-gate—explosion vast!
 More horrible than pop-gun. Echo then
 Rolls the long sound around the space beneath,
 And apt in imitation to excel,
 Reverberates the thunder of the bum.

Here ambulates the attorney looking grave,
 And rake from bacchanalian rout uprose,
 And mad festivity. Here too, the cit,
 With belly turtle-stuffed, and man of gout
 With leg of size enormous. Hobbling in
 The pump-room he salutes, and in the chair
 He squats himself unwieldy. Much he drinks,
 And much he laughs to see the females quaff
 The friendly beverage. He nor jest obscene
 Of meretricious wench, nor quibble quaint
 Of prenticed punster heeds, himself a wit
 And dealer in conundrums, but retorts
 The repartee jocosely.—Soft, how pale
 Yon antiquated virgin looks. Alas!
 In vain she drinks, in vain she glides around,
 The gardens' labyrinth. 'Tis not for thee,
 Mistaken nymph! these waters pour their streams,
 Thy remedy is *man*. To him apply,
 And soon the rose shall spread upon thy cheek
 Its ruby leaf, and soon thy sparkling eye,
 Now near extinct, shall glow with nature's fire.
 Farewell, sweet vale, how much dost thou excel
 Arno and Vallombrosa.—More, methinks,
 Than do the hills around thy bosom girt.
 The mounts recorded in poetic song.
 Yet ere I leave thy boundaries let me sing
 The praises of the tankard, than thy wells
 More powerful, drank, when at thy parlor fire
 The dull mechanic careless of his shop
 Into a politician brightens. Here,
 The man of law conceives, and here the bard
 Bursts forth all oracle and mystic song:
 The foaming cup replete with maddening juice
 Of Gallic vines to other taste I leave:
 Why should I sicken for exotic draughts,
 Since with kind hand domestic Ceres gives
 Potation more robust? Replenish here!
 Boy, take this honest tankard, fill it high

With buxom porter, such as Hercules,
Were Hercules in being would imbibe.
Behold its cupola of towering froth,
Brown as a nut and sparkling on the sight,
Though some prefer it white as Alpine snow,
Or Celia's milky orbs. Encircled oft
Amidst my jovial intimates, to her,
Benignant goddess of the barley-mow,
Who ever guards and swells the smiling ear,
Her own libation let me offer up,
With thanks exulting till I can no more.
'Tis this enlivens the free-thinker's brain,
Great bulwark of the forum's loud debate!
By this each dares his florid argument,
And pours forth unpremeditated tropes.
How shall I speak its praise! This mental balm,
To the desponding warrior's vigorous nurse
Of spirits warlike, to the soldier's breast
Impenetrable steel, nerve of his nerves,
And comfort to the sailor wanting grog.
By porter's fluid the mechanic rates
Of state connections, as at night he sits
With smoke enveloped over Calvert's mild.
Say is it he who pleads for British freedom,
This little monarch in his potent cups?
Is't he whose ample mind excursive roves
To where the British hero leads his troops
Against united forces? This the man
Who plans an expedition, lays down rules
To settle questions national, and dares
With sage advice to dictate to a throne.
Grant it: but 'tis the porter's manly juice
That animates his organs, gives his tongue
The liberty of speech, his hollow thought
Impregnates quick, and sets his brain on fire.
At rich Sir William's table though thou 'rt held
In estimation cheap, thy charms to me
Are not diminished, for secure from ills

I quaff thy salutiferous stream, whilst he,
 Sad slave to appetite that knows no bounds,
 Drinks in each glass inflammatory gout,
 And thousand other ills that flesh is heir to.
 Can dear-bought claret boast of services
 With thine co-equal? Or can punch itself,
 However tempered, or with Tennant's rum,
 Or Langdale's brandy, or the Indian rack,
 High prized, diffuse hilarity like thine?
 Absurd.—Before the nodding barley sheaf
 'The Gallic vine must bow, and Gallic butlers,
 To the stout British drayman must give way.
 Now when the evening creeps with gradual step,
 And wraps the day within her sable shroud,
 Come, tankard, to my hand, and with thee bring
 The pipe, companion meet. Attended thus
 My nectar will I quaff, and fill the room,
 With smoke voluminous, till Morpheus' wand
 Slow breaking through the cloud mine eyelids close,
 And fix me snoring in my elbow chair.

LITERARY REVIEW.

*Catalogue Raisonné of the Pictures now exhibiting in
 Pall Mall.*

IT is the object of this ironical pamphlet to degrade and vilify the noblemen and gentlemen who have so handsomely lent their most valuable paintings to the managers of the gallery of the public. The authors seem to be of that class of unhappy beings, who, failing in their professional or literary efforts, experience the public neglect, and whom, their morbid vanity, leading them to call this neglect, caprice, now stimulates to regain their own estimation by furious revenge. They seem mortified that the bustle of art and patronage serve only to disturb their repose without benefiting their interest; and envious of praise that they do not deserve, unhappy at the sight of excellence they can never attain, they goad themselves into

calumny to relieve the irksomeness of their own thoughts, and hide the malignity of their intentions; happy if they can only degrade others to their own level, and confuse every thing in the wretchedness of their own impotent despair. They are vulgar and coarse where they wish to be witty, and struggle to attract by violence that popularity which nature has denied them to acquire by ability. But it is to be hoped that the noblemen and men of property will see the vileness of the present attempts, and continue to persevere in sending their best pictures to the gallery, regardless of the malice and wilful ignorance of the authors of this Catalogue Raisonné. Nothing would gratify the malignity of themselves and compeers so much, as to see the constitution relinquished in disgust, the patron fatigued with the ingratitude and irritability of the cabal, and the young artist again left at *their* mercy, with no hopes of attracting public notice but by submission to their envy. We hope that the institution will persevere in the present system, which is decidedly the best for the display and comparison of valuable pictures. That they have committed errors is too evident, but the very malignity of their enemies ought to convince them that it is absolutely necessary to adhere to one simple plan, regardless of the innovations recommended in the spirit of whim, caprice, and novelty. We earnestly hope that they will yearly exhibit the best pictures, and regularly two of the Cartoons: and that when the latter have all been exhibited, they will begin again; that they will give commissions to the most deserving of our contemporaries; that they will regularly present each commission when finished, and in good and public situations, and that they will use their interest with the government of the country to vote pictures as they vote statues. Let them do all this, which is certainly within their power, and they may then defy the snarling and malevolence of their enemies. The artists will regard them with pleasure; exert themselves to deserve their patronage; confide in their honour, and rely on their permanent support.

The Secret Memoirs of a Prince ; or a Peep Behind the Scenes. By the Author of a Month in Town.

WE feel some degree of perplexity in announcing to our readers this singular, amusing, and able publication. It professes to detail the secret history of a prince, in the "course of whose private life neither the virtues of a Frederick the great, a Henry IV. of France, nor the more barbarous amiabilities of a Russian Peter, will be in danger of an eclipse." On reading this paragraph we totally abandoned our first suspicion that the chief magistrate of England was the object of this pamphlet, for who can deny that as an experimentalist, the Prince Regent is far superior to Frederick of Prussia, that he is as much attached to the fair sex, whether old or young, as Henry the Desired ; and that in the science of costume and the arrangement of whiskers, our royal master surpasses the ingenuity of Russian Peter? We are, therefore, disposed to conjecture that some Utopian island may still exist where characters and actions similar to those described have been really witnessed.

The place of the damned is at Paris or Rome,
How happy for us that it is not at home.

SWIFT.

It might be dangerous indeed to investigate the subject with minuteness, if any confidence may be placed in the following observations, which sufficiently account for the author's unwillingness to disclose the real name of this *contemporary prince*.

"However boldly the historian may brandish his pen when the object of his censure or his praise has made his exit from the stage of life, and with whom all the feelings and resentments of party have subsided, when we attempt to chronicle the actions of the living great, a constrained delicacy is forced upon us, to which, however unwilling, we must submit. We do not live in the times of those great princes who respected truth, even when it appeared in the garb of a wholesome severity ; and who held up him who pointed out their follies as a model to those parasitical fools who dealt only in flattery and

lies. On the contrary, it is now a doctrine promulgated in our courts of justice, that every thing, which tends to draw down ridicule upon a man, renders its order amenable to punishment ; and thus the base and the vicious are not only freed from the scourge of the moralist, but are absolutely encouraged to screen themselves under those laws which they daily contemn and violate."

Convinced of the justice of these observations we shall be guided in our selection of the writer's remarks and anecdotes by that caution which the fear of the attorney general is so well calculated to impress. Many of the statements contained in the pamphlet are of a character so strange, and are yet detailed with so much distinctness and minuteness, that we can neither disbelieve them, nor venture to lay them before our readers. We shall 'pass over the scenes of seduction, therefore, without further comment, and present our readers with some of those more innocent portions of the work which are least likely to give offence to the highest powers.

"Various considerations prompted Domitian to pursue the measure of divorce, and these considerations were the constant theme of discussion at the dinners which he gave to his confidential counsellors. Amongst these, however, devoted as they generally are to the views and wishes of their master, there was a difference of opinion upon this subject. Bankus Jenkinsus, the chief adviser of Domitian, considered it as a dangerous experiment in the existing temper of the times, and was much disposed to shuffle from his own shoulders any share of the consequences which he anticipated from the trial. Johannes Eldus, nick-named Lawyer Hesitate, who was always accustomed to swear by his God and his conscience, and who was celebrated for the time which he took to consider of any subject before he adventured an opinion upon it, opposed Bankus with all his might and main. He was accustomed to sit with his right foot supported across his left knee and held fast by both hands, and, in this position shaking his knee in fast or slow time, in proportion to the speed of his ideas, he would sometimes sit for twenty minutes before he made any reply to the observations which he meant to oppose. "I would make no more hesitation," said he, with a particular emphasis of manner, "in separating your

Highness from this rib of yours, than I would in detaching these ribs of beef from one another, or dislocating the members of this fowl.

“ This Eldus was a great economist of time, yet, notwithstanding his avarice in this respect, so multiplied and complicated were the law-cases which were submitted to him for decision, that he found it impossible to make any considerable progress in lessening the burden which was imposed upon his conscience. He was also as great an economist in his domestic management, and probably this may be accounted for by the circumstance of his being, at the time of his marriage, what was called a briefless barrister. His poverty, indeed, prevented the friends of his wife from giving their concurrence to the union, which was clandestinely accomplished ; notwithstanding which, Eldus, when he became elevated in the state, always expressed himself most vehemently against all love matches, or matrimonial connexions, contracted without the consent of friends. It was probably at this season of poverty that he commenced that penurious mode of management which he has subsequently carried with him into his more exalted station. On one occasion, a turkey was received as a present from some unknown friend ; and a sage deliberation took place betwixt his wife and himself, as to the best mode of cooking the fowl. After some consultation, with his usual deliberation and precision, Eldus declared by his God, and upon his conscience, that it was better to divide the fowl, and make two separate boilings of it. The lady assented : half the fowl was already immersed in the boiling fluid, when the announcement of a visitor threw the frugal pair into no inconsiderable perturbation. The guest is introduced, and recognized as an old friend ; as he exclaims upon entering the room, “ My dear fellow, I sent you a turkey this morning and am now come to partake of it.” The most intricate law-suit never discomfited Eldus half so much as this simple explanation. A new deliberation was the consequence—the parboiled half of the turkey was taken from the fire, the moieties were carefully stitched together, and the whole fowl served up to table, the seam being carefully covered over with cellery sauce.”

We are sorry that our limits will not permit a full analysis of the writer's statements on the subject of divorce, and we must therefore conclude with the follow-

ing evidence of Esculapian subservience and princely generosity.

“The first witness was a son of Esculapius, from the states of Barbary, in which the wife of Domitian had, during the last two or three years, spent most of her time. Esculapius proved the identity of the princess, and then related what he knew in terms to the following effect:—In the exercise of his professional duties, he was frequently called upon to administer relief privately to ladies who had not been sufficiently careful of their virtue; on which occasion he was bound both by the custom of the profession, a sense of honour, and a regard for his own interest, to preserve the most inviolable secrecy. On one occasion, he was called upon to repair with the utmost expedition to a secret spot, whence he was conducted by ways to which he was a perfect stranger to an elegant dwelling, in the suburbs of the town. Here he was ushered into the presence of a lady, whom, at first sight, he knew to be the wife of Domitian, as he had been accustomed to see her on public occasions, when she was surrounded with the splendors of state. He had good sense enough, however, to keep his knowledge to himself; and to profess, when he was interrogated to that effect, the most profound ignorance of where he was, and in whose presence he stood. The lady, supposing him to be completely in the dark with respect to her real name and rank, and without any clue to the discovery of either, informed him that her lord was a man who had an unnatural aversion to children; that she had, with much difficulty, contrived to conceal from him all knowledge of her pregnancy; and, as he was gone a voyage, which would keep him abroad two or three months, she was anxious that her confinement should be managed with the most profound secrecy, that there might be no danger of a discovery, until she herself saw a fit opportunity to make it to her husband. Esculapius bowed respectfully, and pledged himself to pay every attention to the situation of the lady; at the same time, making numberless acknowledgments of the obligation conferred upon him in the selection of him to fill the distinguished office.—He was then about to take his leave, after requesting to know when it was probable his services might be required; when, to his great terror and astonishment, he was informed that he could not be suffered to return home, or to quit

the house on any account whatever, until he had performed the services for which he had been brought hither. At the same time, to quiet any apprehensions which he might feel respecting his business, he was given to understand that the moment he had finished the task assigned to him, which would be in less than a week, a sum of a hundred pieces of gold would be given to him for his recompence, and in the mean time, that he would be treated with every mark of splendid hospitality. Esculapius felt no great disinclination to the terms offered him : he determined therefore, to give up every thought of his shop for the next seven days, and to surrender himself to the enjoyments which the elegant residence of the Princess so amply afforded. During his stay here he once or twice caught sight of a gentleman, and from the transient glance which he had of his countenance, he knew him immediately to be one of the great officers of the prince her husband, who had, for some time past, been resident in the town.—He did not, however, venture to express a syllable on the subject, for he felt certain, that the slightest pretensions to his part would plunge him into a most serious and perilous dilemma. When, therefore, he was questioned by the servants or the companions of the princess, with a view to ascertain whether he had made any discoveries which might be productive of ill consequences, he played his part so well as to convince his enquirers that he was the most ignorant and the most stupid observer of things they had ever seen or heard. It was not until the sixth morning after Esculapius had taken up his abode in this mansion, that he had a second opportunity of seeing the lady herself, and he began to fear that he should be detained beyond the stipulated period, and without having any opportunity of making a new bargain with respect to his remuneration. On the sixth day, however, he received a summons to attend the lady in her apartment.—He promptly obeyed the call, and, in the course of an hour, succeeded in delivering her of a male infant, which he delivered to one of the ladies of the Princess, who received the charge with every demonstration of delight. Esculapius now considered himself entitled to his liberty ; the former was immediately put into his hands, but he was ordered to remain in his present situation for another week, until he could pronounce the lady convalescent ; and, for this additional duty, he was promised a second purse of gold equal in value to the first. The conditions were

not hard, and the man of medicine, without any hesitation, complied with them. This week added little to his knowledge. He saw the officer whom he had before noticed enter the bed-chamber of the princess, and witnessed him in the act of lavishing embraces upon the infant, and heard him call it by the most endearing names and epithets, accosting it as his own child, and vowing to protect it and love it through life. The Princess going on most favorably, at the end of the second week Esculapius was dismissed with the specified reward, and was conducted through the same bye-roads by which he had before been conveyed to his own home. From this moment, Esculapius began to ponder how to turn this incident to the best advantage, and fate soon gave him an opportunity beyond any which he could have anticipated. One day a stranger entered his shop to make some purchases, and contrived to enter into a general conversation with him about the manners and customs of the town's-people; descending afterwards to more particular enquiries about the rank of the different illustrious persons who resided in the neighbourhood. He soon began to ask about the wife of Domitian, her habits, her character, and her conduct; and, while he was labouring to appear in the character of a casual enquirer, his minute questions satisfied Esculapius that he was actuated by some much stronger motive than common curiosity. Esculapius invited the stranger to dine, and when the wine had deprived him of his former reservedness of manner, the unknown confessed that he had arrived in the town for the purpose of acting as a spy upon the conduct of the Princess, and picking up such information as might assist Domitian in his measure of dissolving the marriage. "And my master," continued the stranger, "will most liberally reward every person who has the power to make any discoveries which may contribute to the obtainment of his ends." Esculapius was convinced this was the opportunity for which he had waited: he immediately assured his guest that it was in his power to possess his master of such facts as must render his object sure. He was too wary, however, to communicate what he knew to any intermediate agent; and the latter, finding that Esculapius was indeed acquainted with some circumstances of high importance, took a passage for him on board a vessel, which was about to sail, and shipped him off to the capital of Domitian.'

Notwithstanding the great and various merit of this book, we are so heartily tired of the subject that we were almost tempted to regret the devotion of the author's talents to the delineation of courtly vice and royal licentiousness. We can testify from our own experience, that the influence of the press on the morals and the manners of a palace is extremely trivial; and our readers must not be surprized that having fought a contest of some duration with an enemy whom at last we have found invulnerable, we should rest awhile upon our arms, and wait with fortitude for the slow but certain operation of revolving time.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

DRURY-LANE, *September 30th.*—Mr. Kean gratified a very numerous audience, in the character of Sir Giles Overreach, which he performed with his usual excellence. In the manner of his coming forward to receive his nephew into favour; when he supposed he was to become the husband of Lady Allworth, in the fine expression of his eyes, his gesture, and subdued tone of voice, and in the scenes with his daughter and Lord Lovell, Kean displayed the most consummate skill of the actor. In the last act, when he discovers the blank parchment, and the unexpected failure of all his unprincipled schemes of selfish ambition, he exhibited such a horrible picture of unavailing rage and despair, that was quite electrical; the agitation of his mind seemed to have so completely exhausted his frame, that he appeared to be carried off lifeless from the scene. Mrs. Knight is entitled to the warmest praise for the chaste and interesting manner in which she supported the character of Lady Allworth. Her action is just and graceful—the tone of her voice is extremely pleasing, and she manages it with so much skill, that she does not strain it beyond the pitch of conversation, not a syllable is lost to the audience. Munden played the part of Marall

with great effect, and Harley's performance of Wellborn was creditable to his talents.

In the non-descript piece, called "False and True," which followed, the principal character is O'Rafferty, an Irish chairman from London, who, instead of being carried, as he wished, to the Bay of Dublin, is by a very probable mistake conveyed, when bemused with whiskey, to the Bay of Naples, where he supposes Mount Vesuvius to be no other than the Hill of Howth! This most extravagant Irish gentleman is, of course, personated by Johnstone, who sang or rather whistled two Irish ballads with that rich humour so peculiarly his own. Mr. O'Rafferty, the chairman, is afterwards introduced as a man of fashion to an amorous old wealthy Marchesa, whom he marries, and thus makes his fortune as the Irishman in Italy, which is the second title of this most delectable entertainment.

There are few actresses better calculated for genteel comedy than Mrs. Davison, yet she seems to mistake the character of Lady Teazle, who, though brought up in the country, is supposed to have been at least a polished rustic, easily imbibing the pernicious contagion of fashionable manners. Mrs. Davison was in some parts coarse, and her coaxings of Sir Peter were more meretricious than the scene required. We have before descanted, with a sincere desire to serve a gentleman of real talent and respectable character, on the singular protrusion of chin, and *reterberation* of voice, which distinguish the performances of Mr. Rae. His utterance is that of one of Thelwall's pupils, declaiming in an empty room, equally destitute of pathos and distinctness.

A Miss Keppel has appeared twice in the character of Polly, in the Beggar's Opera. She will soon retire, we suspect, from the London boards.

The management of Drury-lane theatre (we mean the management of the members of the committee) is disgraceful to the age, and insulting to the nation, which has supported the interests of the theatre with so much en-

thusiasm and liberality. The appearance of Mr. Kean alone is regarded as sufficient to atone for every error, defect, or absurdity. On him alone Messrs. Kinnaird and company rely for pardon to all their follies, and their encouragement of impertinence and stupidity. That any individual, possessed of common sense, and common information, should have permitted or promoted the appearance of *Every one for Himself*, is (if *truth* be a libel) a most legal and veritable libel on the abilities and genius of the redoubtable Douglas Kinnaird. This gentleman unites the pomposity of a second *Bombastes Furioso*, so admirably described by Mr. Birch, to the meddling mischief, and superfluous activity of *Mar-all*, in the *Busy Body*. How deep must be the indignation, and acute the feelings of Mr. Rae, at the superintendance and dictation of an individual so unqualified for decision on any dramatic subject, and so confident in himself. This man assumes the functions of the whole committee in violation of the charter; and ascends the bench of criticism as the judge of dramatic excellence, while he is utterly unacquainted with the laws of the court in which he ventures to preside. It is too evident to be denied, that owing to the management of this theatre by a committee, it is gradually sinking into ruin and insolvency. We are certain that the deficit of the present year, comparing the expences with the expenditure, will be at least ten thousand pounds more than the last year. Our private information, on authority which we deem it imprudent to adduce, justifies this statement; and the popular opinion is fully testified by the prices of free admissions, which depend not on the facility of selling them, but on the value in which they are held by the purchasers. The tickets to Covent Garden sell for *eleven guineas*; those to Drury-lane for five guineas. A life-admission to Drury, with the annual dividend upon one hundred pounds, on a life of thirty-five years, sells at *forty pounds*, while the very few shares at the rival theatre of this description, are received in the market with avidity at twenty years' pur-

chase at six per cent! The reason is obvious. It is not sufficient that one or two individual performers, should occasionally attract a crowded house. It is necessary that every successive evening there should be something delightful, novel, and well performed as an adjunct and relief to the principal performance. To read an announcement of the representations of Drury, affects us like an ineffectual dose of opium: it disposes us to sleep, but does not tempt us to repeat the experiment, or complete the dose; a bill of Covent Garden is an exhilarating cordial, which tempts our attendance at the repast, though it may not gratify our palate. We have no invidious or interested partiality to Covent Garden. The writer of this article is afraid that Mr. Harris and he are scarcely on conversible terms, and we have shown the independence of our strictures by our animadversions in the last number. But it would be unjust to deny that in the selection of performers, the repetition of splendid novelties, the engagement of able vocalists, the beauty, and elegance of the scenery, the propriety of costume, and every other requisite except that of instrumental music, Covent Garden far surpasses the rival house. The very idea of attending Drury-lane expresses an irresistible feeling of melancholy, which even the vivacity of Mardyn, the humor of Oxberry, and the elegance of Davison will not overcome: while, strange to say! the very aspect of the *citadel* in Bow-street, exhilarates the mind, and inspires the fancy, notwithstanding the anticipation of the quadrupeds, and the remembrance of certain *debuts*. If any thing were wanting to prove the mental incapacity of the managing committee, *alias* Mr. D. K. of Drury-lane, it would be the appearance (Oct. 24,) of the above-mentioned farce, *Every one for Himself*, containing some stupid jests on the election for Lord Mayor, some execrable puns, such as Alderman *Canister* and Mr. T. (Tea Canister) two abortive attempts at eloquent declamation, and a laboured but soporific catastrophe. It sustained a fate, to which in the spirit of Christian charity, we hope

that the author will never be consigned. We know not his private character, but he is certainly not a *wicked wit*.

On the 19th of October, a new melodrama was performed, under the title of "The Watchword, or the Quito Gate." The scene is laid at Quito, which is the capital of a district of the same name in South America, at present annexed to the government of New Castile. Among those who in the late political convulsions of South America forfeited their allegiance to their sovereign were Velasco, a noble Spaniard, and Gyoneche, a native of Peru, whose ancestors had fallen beneath the Spanish yoke, and who bore all the characteristics of a villain. These heroes are the admirers of Louisa, the daughter of a Spaniard of rank, who remains steady to his king. The devoirs of Velasco to Louisa are not approved of by the father, and by the lady herself, who utterly rejects the advances of Gyoneche. The father of Louisa treats Gyoneche with equal indifference and upbraids him with his native colour (copper). These indignities excite in the breast of Gyoneche, feelings of the most deadly hatred towards the authors of his misery, and he determines to satiate his vengeance to the fullest extent. Upon his efforts to effect this purpose, and upon the adventures he encounters in his diabolical pursuit, the interest of the plot exclusively depends. After a long and complicated series of hair-breadth escapes, and unsuccessful stratagems on the part of Gyoneche, he is shot by the soldiers sent in his pursuit, as he attempts to escape by the passes of the mountains, and falls into a foaming torrent. To those who are delighted by bustle and absurdity, noise, and nonsense, we earnestly recommend this singular production.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Tuesday, Oct. 15, Mr. Macready performed, according to promise, the character of Iago, in Shakespeare's Moor of Venice, to Mr. Young's Othello. We have al-

ready given our opinion of Mr. Macready's Othello, as a masterpiece of fine acting; yet so ably, so naturally, so devoid of all trick, or aiming at originality, does Mr. Young perform the warlike character of Othello, that when we see him enact it, we desire to see no other, for we are convinced, that could the silent tomb permit its inhabitants "to burst their cearments," Shakespeare would look on well pleased at seeing Young support the character of the too susceptible Moor, as he drew it.— We certainly prefer the Iago of Mr. Macready to that of Mr. Young: the latter throws not sufficiently that roughness of the soldier into his manner, on which Iago seems to pride himself. A defect too often met with in the army: the true soldier seldom descends to it; but it is highly requisite to the character of Iago, who is a cowardly ruffian more than a brave soldier: this is not only seen in revenging his wrongs on the innocent Desdemona, but in his wounding Cassio in the leg, when he is pretending to befriend him, and stabbing his wife in the back to escape detection. Mr. Macready performed every part of this character well. The artful manner in which he accused Cassio, in the drunken fray, while he seems to wish to vindicate him, was a fine specimen of his versatile and discriminating powers, and we have little doubt of his becoming a true and valuable ornament to the English stage. Mrs. Egerton is energetic, and interesting in Emilia. Let us not be deemed ill-natured in our critiques on Miss Boyle; what we have to say in her dispraise cannot, we believe, injure her, for she must have powerful interest, indeed, to carry her through the prominent characters she undertakes. We do not scruple to declare, that a worse Desdemona, on the London boards, we never witnessed, though her appearance was of that youthful and interesting nature, which well suited the fair Venetian; but this alone is not sufficient, and though an indulgent British audience encouraged her at her first coming on, true criticism, in justice to itself, could not continue applause as she pro-

ceeded. In the dying scene, where she declares herself "falsely murdered," and where, as she was before thought quite dead, she ought to lie still, and articulate, in faint and expiring accents,

"A guiltless death I die,"

Miss Boyle jumped up in her bed, after having been smothered, and reminded us of the second dying of Tom Thumb or Don Whiskerando.

Miss O'Neill has appeared in Juliet, Mrs. Oakley and Mrs. Haller. She is pre-eminent in the two former characters; but there is a tameness in some parts of her Mrs. Haller, and a declamatory kind of manner in others, especially when narrating her guilt, that seems more studied than heart-felt.

The grand musical romance of Lodoiska has been splendidly got up; and, to aid it, the whole force of equestrian troops has been called in. The splendor of these pieces, the superb scenery, and last, though not least, the performers now engaged at Covent Garden, are, we think, sufficient of themselves (if we may be allowed to quote a line from the English Opera address,)

"To draw—without the aid of horses."

Before we dismiss our theatricals, we must say a word or two on the meretricious mode of dress still observed by many of our actresses:—a modest lady, if she be seated in the stage-box, is absolutely put to the blush by the nudity of their backs and bosoms: while the men turn away in disgust, or view them with the same cold apathy with which they would regard a block of marble. When the grandmother of a blooming offspring visits the theatre, she laments the good old times, when if a lady were caught by a gentleman without her cap, she would clap her hands on her head and run away in confusion. Such preciseness as this, might, perhaps, be an extreme the contrary way: yet those were the times, when a Lady Coventry, a Fanny Murray, and a Kitty Fisher gained such innumerable conquests; when men would compass sea and land after female beauty; but now, though beauty is increased, conquest over men's hearts has decreased: and all, because women have destroyed the brilliant power of imagination by immodest exposure.





THE CEREMONY OF KISSING THE BADGE at the Installation of the Knights of the Bomb.

Printed and sold by Johnston, at Chancery.

THE SCOURGE AND SATIRIST :

OR,

LITERARY, THEATRICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS.

<p>To CORRESPONDENTS, see back</p> <p>A CRITICAL DISSERTATION ON NOSES..... 403</p> <p>Utility of the nose..... 404</p> <p>A bottle-nose..... 405</p> <p>The sharp nose..... 406</p> <p>A bump-nose..... 407</p> <p>A blunt-nose..... 408</p> <p>THE PROGRESS OF FASH- ION.—No. III..... 409</p> <p>Charles I. and Cromwell..... 410</p> <p>Influence of the restoration..... 411</p> <p>Dryden and Rochester..... 412</p> <p>Johnson and Chalmers..... 413</p> <p>A LETTER FROM AMERICA. 414</p> <p>Fallacy of general principles... 415</p> <p>Human ambition..... 416</p> <p>Vanity of titles..... 417</p> <p>Benefactors of mankind..... 418</p> <p>A MONITORY EPISTLE FROM CAPTAIN T——M TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN..... 419</p> <p>Amatory opinions..... 420</p> <p>Virtue a phantom..... 421</p> <p>Aphrodisian geography..... 422</p> <p>Female beauty..... 423</p> <p>Variety of attraction..... 424</p> <p>The ruling passion..... 425</p> <p>CONCLUSION OF THE AC- COUNT OF THOMAS HOL- MAN'S ESCAPE..... 426</p> <p>Humble perplexities..... 427</p> <p>Singular illusion..... 428</p> <p>An unsuccessful search..... 429</p> <p>Providential preservation..... 430</p> <p>Singular escapes..... 431</p> <p>A phantasmagoria..... 432</p> <p>A king..... 433</p> <p>A prince..... 434</p>	<p>A metamorphosis..... 435</p> <p>A noble patrician..... 436</p> <p>A commander-in chief..... 437</p> <p>The DIABOLIAD.—No. the last 438</p> <p>Chance for a wife..... 439</p> <p>Belphegor a dash..... 440</p> <p>Noble scolding..... 441</p> <p>A sudden flight..... 442</p> <p>A strange concealment..... 443</p> <p>The college baffled..... 444</p> <p>LITERARY REVIEW..... 445</p> <p>Parisian hypocrisy..... 446</p> <p>Wafering places..... 447</p> <p>An address to Paris..... 448</p> <p>MEMOIRS OF THE EARLY LIFE OF WILLIAM COW- PER, WRITTEN BY HIM- SELF..... 449</p> <p>Melancholy delusion..... 450</p> <p>Attempt at self-poisoning..... 451</p> <p>Failure of the attempt..... 452</p> <p>Deceitful appearances..... 453</p> <p>A third effort at suicide..... 454</p> <p>A DIARY OF A JOURNEY INTO NORTH WALES, BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L. L. D. 455</p> <p>Maxims and sentiments..... 456</p> <p>THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.. 457</p> <p>A bad bargain..... 458</p> <p>Advantage of hesitation..... 459</p> <p>LUNATIC ASYLUMS..... 460</p> <p>Atrocious scenes..... 461</p> <p>A miserable victim..... 462</p> <p>Cruel confinement..... 463</p> <p>Changes for the better..... 464</p> <p>York Asylum..... 465</p> <p>Rev. Mr. Shorey..... 466</p> <p>Human misery..... 467</p> <p>THEATRICAL CRITICISM 468-480</p>
---	--

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The new publications of Lord Byron: the Prisoner of Chillon, the third canto of Childe Harold, and the Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, will meet with appropriate attention.

We are much obliged to A. X. for his handsome offer, and shall insert his first contribution.

The author of the Hyper-critic, will resume his labours next month in a comparative essay on the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews.

The plagiarisms pointed out by Academicus, in Walter Scott and Campbell have been noticed in former numbers of the Scourge.

A Peep at the Palace is under consideration.

THE
SCOURGE AND SATIRIST.

DECEMBER 1, 1816.

A CRITICAL DISSERTATION ON NOSES.

MAN hath been frequently styled the lesser world, and like his counterpart, the great world, is composed of sundry different parts. If we pursue the comparison, we shall find that as there are forests, gulphs, plains, straits, and mountains in the latter, so there are in the former. What is the mouth but a gulph, which swallows all that is put into it? The throat is one of many straits, which serve only as passages to more spacious and extensive passages: the hair is a forest, thicker or thinner set, as the soil is better or worse adapted to such a produce: and as for mountains and protuberances in the human body, they are almost out of number.

Among the hills and mountains of the little world, none is more eminent in the map of the face, than that curious protuberance *the nose*. It is a promontory which is very remarkable and very conspicuous. Lovers may treat on eyes and lips, but I, as a student in the geography of man, will confine myself to the nose.

The nose being the most prominent part of the face, is generally beheld from afar; that is, if it be of any tolerable size. From the longitude and latitude of that headland, we may give a shrewd guess at the temperature of the climate it belongs to, and the disposition of the wearer.

I hope none will turn up the nose at this dissertation, since the nose is the most exalted part of the face. In ancient days men of rank derived not only part of their eminence, but of their names from the qualities of the handles to their faces. Ovid obtained the surname of Naso from the length of his snout, and Tully was called Cicero from the wart on the tip of his.

The nose is a prominence placed in the middle of the face; except, indeed, in such as have had it knocked on one side by the rude hand of a Belcherian bruiser, and is always very visible when it has not unfortunately been undermined. It is placed a little lower, and between the two eyes, to the intent that what a man cannot see, he may smell out. By it the lawyer smells out a suit; the doctor a patient; the undertaker a carcass; and the justice a feast. It not only supplies the defects of the eyes, but when their sight decays, serves as a support to those necessary aids to dimness and gravity, a pair of spectacles: for I will maintain, that the nose is the proper support for these supplementary optics, and that sticking spectacles on the temple, is a scandalous innovation, and daring affront to the dignity of the human proboscis.

Noses are of great antiquity. Adam and Eve each wore one, and any of their descendants cuts so ridiculous a figure without this ornament, that Tagliacotius, a learned Italian physician, gained immortal honor by finding out a way to supply them where they were wanting: an art which has lately been revived by the ingenious Mr. Carpue.

Almost every human creature has a nose; yet they are not alike in every subject, but vary greatly in their shape, colour, and dimensions. We see the bottle-nose, the Roman-nose, (since called the King William's, and the Kingston's-Bridge-nose), the ruby-nose, the snipe-nose, the cock-up-nose, the hooked-nose, the Wellington-nose, and a long et cetera of noses.

The first is a *bottle nose*, and is the nose of a celebrated engraver, and by the rules of physiognomy denotes an honest, thoughtless, merry, talkative fellow. This nose, in the geography of man, answers to that bluff mountain in the Isle of Wight, called *Dunnose*, from one Mr. Dun who lived near that place, and had such a nose as this. The possessor of this nose is Mr. Humphrey Human. He is the life of every company, and his pleasantry makes him so sought after, that his business is neglected, his expences are ruinous, and his family often go without a supper while he is setting the members of his club in a roar. He loves story-telling, and would rather lose his friend than his jest. Whenever he enters the room he fixes on one of the company for a butt, values himself for being a great roaster, and sometimes gets basted for his wit. But provided the majority laugh at what he says, he is contented, as he really means no harm. In this manner does an individual, of no mean attainments, sacrifice wealth, reputation, and happiness to the ambition of amusing a tavern rabble.

The turn-up-nose denotes envy, spleen, and ill-nature, and was taken from that of a celebrated critic. When he was a boy he turned up the point of his nose by always wiping it on his sleeve. When he grew up to man's estate he fixed it in this form by constantly wrinkling it at the good success of every writer and performer. In his hypercritical opinion, Pope was a mere versifier without any invention, and Johnson a paltry scribbler; Cowper was insipid, and Gray a plagiarist. No living author could in his opinion have the least pretence to literary merit. He read only to find fault, and that work was most agreeable to him in which he could discover deficiencies or deformities. He died of envy at the popularity which rewarded the production of a rival critic.

The ruby-nose, of the true Bardolphian kind, is the Mount Etna of the face. Its rubicund colour cost more expence in the dyeing, than would new point the Man-

sion-house; and as many gallons of wine have been absorbed in this nose, as would stock a tolerable wine-vault. It is the image of the top-light of Sam Soaker of Wine Office Court. This was his trim: "Don't tell me of sobriety: a fig for sobriety—what is it good for but to make a man an ass—a sneaking fellow? Truth is found in wine: All the learning of antiquity was found in wine, and philosophy was found at the bottom of the third bottle. Good wine makes the sense shine forth, and gives us courage.—When I am sober I'm afraid of my wife's tongue, but when I am bobbish or jolly I can face Belzebub: nay more, I can thrash a city constable. Socrates was an honest fellow. He always went to the tavern when his wife, Tippy, what d'ye call her name, began to scold. What then can we do better than that wise philosopher? The doctors are a pack of fools; they say that drinking sends a man to the grave, but that's a lie. Good wine will dye a man the colour of scarlet—witness my nose—No! no doctor for me but Hippocrates, who says, a man should get drunk thirty times a month, at least. Why the world gets drunk sometimes, and reels about, and then people think there's an earthquake. The sun and the moon are the two eyes of the world, and what your fools of astrologers call an eclipse, is nothing but that the world gets drunk, and winks with one or other of its eyes."

The sharp-nose with a red tip, is a sure sign of a scold, and was copied from the snipe-nose of Susan Spitfire. She was not a termagant woman of spirit, but was perpetually peevish and snarling. She did not raise a hurricane in the house, but kept it in a continual breeze. She thus advised her sister who was just married: "Take care, sister, that your husband never gets the mastery over you: in order to which you must continually thwart him: but when you find his passion rise, then let him down again, lest you should raise in him a spirit you cannot so easily lay. Always have your own will, and never be so conquered but that you may renew the

attack: for a true scold if you knock out her teeth will mumble with her gums, and if you pull out her tongue she'll scold with the stump of it, while the least bit is left. Keep up a dark sullenness; a deep rooted obstinacy; and to convince him that you are never in the wrong, never listen to any reason. If you keep yourself virtuous, you may on the strength of that one quality, do what you please, and have all the women on your side."

The nose with a bump in the middle, is called a Roman-nose, an aquiline nose, a King William's nose, or a Kingston-bridge nose. It is the emblem of fortitude, bravery, love of women, and no great attachment to truth. Cæsar had such a nose, and the nose of Wellington partakes of the same character. The sketch was taken from the face of Bob Blunderbuss, a one-legged serjeant in Chelsea hospital. He had been a brave soldier, run his sword in every enemy he came near, and run his nose against every female he saw. He was accustomed to amuse his pot companions with narratives of his exploits. "When I was at Valenciennes," he said, "I faced the French, I routed them, nine of them I killed one morning. I fought in the trenches till the blood ran over the tops of my gaiters; I myself stopt a narrow passage over a foot-bridge, and sustained the force of a hundred men till my own regiment rallied. I was once blown up at the siege of Alkmae: broke open a convent at Namur, and got three nuns and the old lady with child. Ah! there was a whole platoon of blunderbusses, and if I had not unfortunately lost my leg by a cannon ball, I might have been a general by now—for the officers loved me—they could depend upon Bob—he never flinched." Thus would he rattle at the alehouse, and accompany his real exploits by so much rhodomontade, that his hearers thought all his tales were false, and made him lose the real merit of his brave actions.—Too many red-coats do the same.

The long slender nose denotes boldness and inquisitiveness. It is exactly like the proboscis of Tom Tattle,

which was so formed like the index of a sun-dial, that if figures had been made on his face, one had only to set him against the sun to see what it was o'clock. He loved to poke his nose into every body's business, and to know the bottom of every thing. This disposition made him very fond of his employment, which was that of a collector of paragraphs for a newspaper. "Ah, sir, I've picked up a whole budget full of news. There has been a most brilliant fire in the West of England. I have brought you a glorious paragraph of a murder on Saltpetre bank, and an illustrious robbery in St. Giles's. Here are three marriages, and two sumptuous funerals, which I got from Sam Stave the parish clerk, and four deaths which I was told by David Dismal, first mute to Mr. Carrion the undertaker. They cost me three pints of purl this morning. The French King and his parliament are at loggerheads again; I learned it from the porter of a foreign ambassador, who was told it by the valet of his excellency, who overheard his master talk to his secretary about it while his hair was dressing."

The last is a blunt nose, denoting sloth and gluttony. Such a nose as this was worn by that lazy pampered epicure, Sir Gregory Greedy. "Ah (says he) the only pleasure of life consists in eating. Nothing requires a nicer taste than the curious art of cookery, and a good cook is to me a more valuable creature than a parson, a doctor, or a lawyer. The one preaches mortification, but look at his belly and you will see he lies. The other advises abstinence to his patients, and will go home to sit down to his ragouts; and the lawyer so torments you with the law that he takes your stomach away. How many men chew for fifty years and never eat in their lives. How I pity my forefathers. They never eat turtle. I will new-puld my kitchen, and adorn it with the statue of the inventor of the land carriage fish scheme, for without him we should never have eat John Dory in London. What a pity it is that the pleasure of eating should be of such short duration! No man can eat for above two hours, and then it will be near four hours more before his appetite comes again. Oh! the fat of a good haunch,—the delicious taste of a fine turbot, the flavor of a good ragout, or a luscious fricassee! Hard fate! That a man must die, and leave oysters and vermicelli behind him!"

THE PROGRESS OF FASHION.—No. III.

THE region of letters has fared little better than that of drapery; and the modes by which the reason was to be convinced, or the passions were to be raised, have been as various and opposite as the habits of a masquerade. In one every individual had to please himself; in the other he must give up his private judgment to the general taste; and the man that dared to deviate from the custom of his country in the mode of expressing his thoughts, became as ridiculous as one of us should seem, by walking the streets in a Spanish cloak or a Roman toga.

After the revival of letters, the rage of writing pervaded the highest ranks. Henry, Edward, Mary, Elizabeth, James, and Charles, claimed the dignified title of author. The monarchs who would rule by their will were ambitious to captivate by their speculations, or to convince by their arguments. Kingly power was delineated by Charles, religion defended by Henry, and philosophy translated by Elizabeth. Boethius's *Consolation* had the honour of being dressed in an English garb by the greatest princess in Europe. Queen Catherine Parr caught the *cacoethes scribendi* from her husband; Lady Jane Grey inherited it from nature. The contagion spread itself through all the domestics and frequenters of the court, and the employments which in modern times have been held by the professors of dress and mistresses of the robes were then filled by the mistresses of language. Lady Burleigh and Lady Bacon, with their two sisters, took more pride on their erudition than in all their rank, their beauty, or their splendour.

But the revival of learning was not the restoration of taste. The false tinsel which the generality of the Roman classics, during the decline of that empire, spread in their works, caught the eye, and was imitated as a perfection. The restoration of learning was marked all

over Europe by this glitter of false ornament, which it took great observation and reflection as well as a long space of time to remove. The frivolous witticisms of Petrarch and Guarini; the affected ornaments of Balzac and Voiture; the affectations and conceits and fopperies of chivalry which decorated Spenser's allegories, were regarded as the summit of poetical elegance. Learning, on its revival in England, was ushered in in the same unnatural garb which it wore at the time of its decay among the Greeks and Romans. While all true science was little or not at all regarded, false science received the protection and support of government, especially in the reign of Henry VI. Doctor John Fauceby, an enthusiastic alchymist, was the monarch's physician, and other alchymists were treated with the like favour and distinction. An extraordinary commission was granted them, and confirmed by parliament, in which they were authorized to prosecute their endeavours for finding out an universal medicine, and for the transmutation of baser metals into real and fine gold and silver. By this omission they were emancipated from the penalties of an act to which the professors of alchymy had been subjected, in the beginning of the reign of Henry IV. Hence it is evident that our ancestors instead of growing more enlightened, were become still greater slaves of ignorance and credulity.

The first of our monarchs who seems to have studied and patronized the arts and men of science, was Charles I. The encouragement of Vandyke shewed his love of painting; the promotion of Inigo Jones testified his taste in architecture. Under Cromwell, the same wretched fanaticism that subverted the laws, corrupted the taste of the nation. Gaiety and wit were totally proscribed. Human learning was held in contempt; freedom of enquiry in detestation. The gloomy sectary who derived inward light from the divine illumination, scorned to depend on the common means for the acquisition of a species of knowledge which his ignorance disabled him

from valuing, and his fanaticism taught him to despise. The artful dissembler borrowed the mask of sincerity to gain a character, and nothing was to be met on one side but assumed cant and hypocrisy; on the other, nothing but the delirium of religious frenzy.

So deeply did the policy or conviction of men involve them in the love of enthusiastic jargon, that the warmest partizans and advocates of the regicides could not obtain even the public attention for the highest effort of human genius. While the immortal poem of *Paradise Lost*, though not unread, was consigned to neglect, White-locke, whose name is now forgotten, talked with indifference if not contempt of *one* Milton, a blind man that was employed in translating a treaty with Sweden into Latin.

Sic tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

How seriously ought we to remember that proverb, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow: for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth!" How little should we depend upon the vain delusive hope of immortality, because we please the hour in which we live! Believe me, ye who take such pains to display your art in all the accuracy of period and the counterpoise of diction; who labour with more than mechanical patience to balance the antithesis, and crowd the sentence with sonorous epithets, that a day will arrive when the frippery of Sydney Smith, and the precision of Isocrates will be equally forgotten.

After the restoration, the successful party looked through the whole conduct, systems, fashions, and habits of their late triumphant adversaries, with the prepossession which the memory of past wrongs might inspire. The haze which it threw over all the actions of a fanatical sect would be amply sufficient to condemn them. Here, there was a better cause. As human reason never influenced the thoughts or conduct of the fanatics, so it was not endeavoured to gratify the palate, to convince the judgment, or win the heart. The means which they

used were adequate to the end which they pursued—equally incoherent, frantic, and absurd: so that when common sense resumed her seat, and criticism was applied to literature, taste found a meal at which her stomach revolted. New dishes were offered by new cooks to the disgusted palate. But as men after excessive cold, or accustomed to use extreme heat to revive them, the public ran into a like excess, and the reign of overstrained piety was succeeded by the accession of irreligion and immorality. The women became less chaste and more frivolous; the men more witty and less delicate. Dryden's plays and Rochester's poems, bear testimony to the vitiated taste which received ribaldry for wit, and obscenity for satire. Yet there were some illustrious exceptions to the general depravity, and it may present a useful lesson to those of the present day who assume a name, of the real import of which they are essentially ignorant, that the *real* philosophers who were distinguished as members of the Royal Society, were *Christians*. Their learning was united with its natural concomitant modesty. They did not apologize for vice and impiety, because they loved to practice them; they did not cavil at the scriptures, while ignorant of the very language in which these scriptures were composed, or deny the God of nature, while they were totally unacquainted with all nature's operations. Their philosophy was not rhapsody and wild conjecture: it was like that of Sir Humphrey Davy and Dugald Stewart, that of fact and experiment. Their labours were directed to the welfare of society, and not to its undoing: they were the friends of religion, of order, and good government, because they were the friends of virtue and of truth.

From this period to the reign of Queen Anne, there was little decided excellence to be found in the walks of literature. But a constellation of men of genius then appeared which has continued to the present day to shine with almost its original splendour. Pope, after forty years, still was followed as a patron, and the Essay

on Man found an imitator, but not a rival, in Hayley; and Addison continued till the close of the eighteenth century to meet the same admiration and applause as in 1716.

But the various and fluctuating nature of popular taste called for something original; the critics wanted food, and the virtuosi a feast. Chatterton and Macpherson, Grey and Mason, gratified them both. Ossian's poems were thrown out like a tub in a storm to amuse the crowd, and, like that, drew a crowd after it which tossed it to and fro with all imaginable rage, until their fury spent, they suffered it quietly to run down the current. The breath of popular applause wafted it along, until it brought its author a reasonable freight of solid pudding, more profitable at least than the empty fame which his modesty declined.

Thus has it fared in every branch of polite literature. If Shakespeare held his station two hundred years, the public ear has, with equal avidity, heard Congreve, Cumberland, and Tobin. Though Homer has been for three thousand years the prince of poetry, yet the tide of popular applause has deviated in succession to Thomson, Goldsmith, Scott, Byron, Southey, and innumerable others. The sublime, the tender, the descriptive, the satirical, the pompous, have by turns possessed the variable empire of public approbation. From the impulse of the moment, and the rage after novelty, Churchill's spleen assumed that place, which was filled by the amiable simplicity of Goldsmith. The flowing elegance of Bolingbroke, the formal sententiousness of Shaftesbury, the lofty morality of Johnson, the captivating, but affected allurements of Gibbon, and the insipidity of Chalmers, have been with equal ardor admired and imitated.

Nor has the influence of fashion been confined to modes of writing. The very common effort of nature by which we communicate our thoughts, has been modified to the taste of a prevailing circle. In open defiance of taste and common sense, we have heard dictators from the

time of Heron Penkerton to the present day, who teach us to violate every rule of standard pronunciation, and instead of any improvement in our elocution, we are likely to create a confusion almost as bad as that of Babel: and not content with Anglicising the Latin, Gothicise the English.

A LETTER FROM AMERICA.

WE insert the following letter, without coinciding in the sentiments of its author, or admiring the language in which they were conveyed. The production, however, of a member of the American congress, and one of their most popular journalists, it may be regarded as a curious specimen of their progress in political knowledge, and literary composition. The author is not destitute of talent, and is free from the intermixture of that vulgar ribaldry which distinguishes the periodical writings of his countrymen. "Too many of our Gazettes," says the gentleman, who favoured us with this letter, "are in the hands of persons, destitute at once of the urbanity of gentlemen, the information of scholars, and the principles of virtue."

To the EDITOR of the SCOURGE.

SIR,

When the claims of my profession allow me, I glance occasionally at your political remarks, and though we differ, I am afraid, in our respective estimates of late events, I am not, I trust, insensible to the beneficial consequences that would result from the universal adoption of your principles.

I see along with you the dangerous tenor by which an European monarch holds his throne, and in the present fearful pause, recognize but too distinctly that awful calm which precedes the storm: while I lament the

temerity with which his bigoted family repose, while the revolutionary elements are kindling around them—

Unmindful of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hushed in grim repose expects its evening prey.

Nor do I see any reason for believing in the permanence of that selfish peace effected by monarchs pleading their right divine, and coupling in their diplomatic instruments the sacred names of God and humanity with clauses that transfer or surrender portions of their subjects in barter of flesh and blood; requisite for adjusting the demands of their grovelling temporalities. Yet I am inclined, Sir, to believe from some remarks in the fiftieth number of your work, that you assign to these personages a larger portion of beneficial influence over the human race than their merits can lawfully claim, and I will not disguise my regret at witnessing the best efforts of your mind wasted on what are but subordinate instruments, in accelerating the tranquillity and happiness of mankind. Nor shall I hesitate to affirm, though at the expence of incurring the reproach of enthusiasm, that the propagation of pure and undefiled religion is the only powerful and paramount organ for advancing the interests of the human race.

The total inefficacy of the most elevated and liberal political views, to reduce into subordination the thousand wayward passions that lacerate the breast of man, receives a splendid but melancholy demonstration from the unabated rigor with which war has been conducted since the first abdication of Napoleon, an event which enabled the confederate monarchs to secure, if they had thought fit, their own security, and the happiness of Europe. It is religion alone that can implant the peaceable charity of the scriptures, as the best and kindest inmate of the bosom. Very different is the influence of royalty unaided by the enthusiasm and sincerity of the Christian faith. Our constitution has wisely dispensed with all titles of nobility. Never can we repay our debt of gratitude to its framers for this salutary prohibition. The ex-

perince of ages shews that titles are not only unsafe, but dangerous in their tendency.

The human mind, from the earliest period of time, has grasped after titles and distinctions, and from this circumstance modern nations have found a justification. Esau gave kings to Edom long before any king reigned in Israel; but can this fact be brought forward as an example in an age when religion and science have dispersed the gloom of ignorance which enveloped those nations in darkness? Can any reasonable being remain blind to the light which the revolutions of time, and the industry of genius have shed upon the intellect of man? When we reflect upon the dependant state of human nature in this world, it is really extraordinary with what warmth and avidity we seek after trifles. Life, honour, fortune: all are risked on your side the Atlantic in pursuit of a title; a phantom unsubstantial and more fleeting than the rainbow, or the gossamers.

A glance over ancient and modern history will exhibit how far distinctions have been the reward of merit. There was Alexander of Macedon. His ambition and warlike spirit led him to over-run all countries within his reach, and thousands of their inhabitants were sacrificed to his wild ambition. His journey with his troops through the burning deserts of Lybia, in order to have himself acknowledged the son of Jupiter Ammon, was the consummation of vanity. He died a drunken maniac, yet history has handed him down to posterity as *Alexander the Great*. The thrones of Nero and Caligula floated in the blood of their victims.

The present state of Europe under all their kings exhibits a scene of corruption scarcely ever paralleled. The king of England retains the title Defender of the Faith, yet what faith has he defended! Let the survivors of Copenhagen, of Hampton, of Havre de Grace, of Dartmoor Prison, and of Waterloo, answer, *what faith?*

His Serene Highness his Catholic Majesty, God's Vicegerent on earth, and numerous other titles equally

immoral, profane, and iniquitous, are assumed by different kings and monarchs of the civilized world, in contradiction to truth, for vice sits high at court.

The Orientals are still more absurd and ridiculous in their subservience, but have an apology in their ignorance. The emperor of China calls himself the son of God, and the governor of Schiras adds to his list of titles, "Nutmeg of consolation," and "Rose of delight." Reason views these vanities with disdain, and religion averts her face, and sheds a tear at the credulity and ignorance of mankind.

Not many years since the friends of liberty throughout the world, thought that reason and the voice of nature, were about to regain their rightful inheritance in Europe. France in all her might, abolished tyranny, nobility, and all its necessary concomitants, pride, avarice, and guilt. It was supposed that simplicity would there reign, and stars and garters be banished for ever. Time has shewn us our credulity. Successive changes and revolutions have taken place in that country, but pride has led the van, crowned and glittering in jewels. Titles beget pride and ostentation. The starred and gartered chief in all his imaginary consequence, looks down with contempt on the merchant and mechanic. He may be wealthy, sober, and industrious, but he has no title. He is degraded and sunk to a level with the brute creation. They forget that God created man on an equality. The beams of the sun glittering on their stars, dims their vision, and they are only clear-sighted, in perpetual splendour.

Not contented with their own personal influence and appearance, they talk of their best families, of the best blood of the country, of the mob and the refuse of society, of common people, and many other vague, absurd, vain and ignorant distinctions, equally abhorrent to religion and philosophy. They do not remember that stars and spangles and garters, are mere baubles bestowed by the king, whose blood is of the same quality and com-

position, as that of the meanest beggar; and that beggar, if he have virtue on his side, is superior to the king who has not.

Ambition is an essential quality of every noble mind, but it must be a laudable ambition. Without it genius would wither in the bud, and science would never have emerged from the chaos of darkness and confusion in which she originally existed. It is a stimulus to the mind, and a spur to industry. The condition of nature is ameliorated, and art expands all her resources for the benefit of mankind.

Every individual deserves applause and remuneration, whose writings and actions are to promote the benefit of his country, or of mankind. Such men as Tell and George Washington, Shakespeare and Rush, deserve every distinction a nation can bestow, consistent with reason and morality. They are the benefactors of mankind, their example and their precepts stimulate the hearts, and enlighten the minds of the patriotic and wise. Their fame should be recorded in the brightest page of history, their names immortal, and the hearts of all good men their monuments.

Our nation is yet young. It is wisdom to learn from the follies of others, and the picture which Europe presents to our view, shews how many luxuries, and how much corruption are connected with vain titles. Experience has fully evinced that men in all climates and situations, have similar desires and inclinations. Many there are among us who long for titles, without any recommendation but wealth. If merit, founded exclusively on talents and virtue, were the only passports to distinction, then, indeed, there would be some apology for them. Even a supposition of this kind cannot be admitted. The monarchical page of history exhibits very little else than vice and corruption.

J. G.

A MONITORY EPISTLE FROM CAPTAIN
T—M TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

PART I.

CAN I, howe'er unequal to the task,
 Refuse to grant what Edward deigns to ask ?
 No! my young friend ; thy youthful claims demand
 The guiding influence of my feeble hand,
 Thee nature loves ! for thee indulgent fate,
 A soul adapted to thy vast estate.
 In thee the gods with generous care have joined,
 The warmest feelings with the noblest mind,
 Learned tho' no pedant, thoughtful tho' not grave,
 Gay without folly, without rashness brave.

You ask, my friend, a clue to trace the maze,
 And walk secure, in pleasure's slippery ways.
 Arm then thine heart, be every cause explored,
 To combat prejudice with reason's sword :
 Pierce the thick gloom, where truth enchained is hid,
 And nature weeps indulgences forbid.
 Know first that virtue, grown an hackneyed phrase,
 Means only *chastity* in modern days ;
 Whose current value in the human mind
 Is ruled by fashion, and to states confined.
 Thus what is virtue in this frozen clime,
 At Madagascar would be deemed a crime ;
 And what e'en Wapping's self might think obscene,
 At Otaheite may divert a queen.
 In Indian realms, by laws relentless sway'd,
 Death must await the uncomplying maid ;
 And Siam's rules of government inspire
 Half naked virgins to inflame desire.
 Wisely they argue that the powers above
 Are good, and, therefore, must be pleased with love,
 And view with rapture from their mansions bright,
 Terrestrial scenes of pleasure and delight.

Unerring nature gave us naught in vain,
 Nor fixed desires for custom to enchain.
 The powers bestowed mankind were meant to use,
 She loudly bids, and fools alone refuse.

Mark next, my friend, whence vulgar errors rise,
 And view opinions with undazzled eyes.
 Ask, why the blame of infamy's confined
 To those who hire the body, not the mind?
 Why e'en that body may in parts be sold?
 Why senators may pawn their tongues for gold,
 The player his features, and the soldier's arms,
 Yet beauties only may not sell their charms?
 Or why prefer we who their limbs employ
 In scenes of labour more than scenes of joy?
 Thou know'st my mind, uncramped by musty rules,
 Ne'er delved for learned lumber in the schools,
 My spirits gay, no rigid maxims feel,
 Of stoic virtue, or religious zeal:
 Bred on the town in earliest youth I viewed,
 The goddess *pleasure*, our sublimest good:
 And whilst her path with feet untired I sought,
 Marked how her joys might be refined by thought.
 Saw too, through life, in all the scenes she gave,
 The wise her votary, but the fool her slave.
 This made me think: I edified by this,
 And courted science as an aid to bliss.
 The rounds I knew, and every nymph could trace,
 From vulgar Drury to superb King's Place.
 The matrons too, their characters and modes,
 From mother Griffiths to the Cracherodes,
 Hedge-lane, and every porter-house would tell,
 And bagnios all from Fleet-street to Pall Mall.
 In causes and effects inured to pry,
 The whole I viewed with philosophic eye,
 Hence general notions drew, and hence was shown,
 A commonwealth with manners all their own.

With impulse warm to nature strictly true,
Her laws they follow, and her paths pursue:
Free from restraint, of prejudice devoid,
View human life as meant to be enjoyed.
For gen'ral use they think their beauty given,
And piously obey the will of heaven.
Scorned by the world, its scorn devoid of pain,
With more than equal sense, retorts again;
One general principle directs their plan,
Through life to be as happy as they can.
But oft the means their glorious end defeat,
What human system ever was complete!
Seeking their pleasure with unguided eyes,
Even through their hands the slippery goddess flies:
Who strive to force her, if they grasp destroy,
And few, alas! have skill to manage joy!
Yet, though deceived in error's mists they stray,
Still generous virtues gild their devious way.
Here tender Pity's briny sorrows flow,
In streams of sympathy for others' woe,
Whilst warm benevolence with glowing heart,
Heals up the wounds, and draws affliction's dart.
Favours received, their gratitude recites,
Studies the means, and, when it can, requites.
These virtues, 'midst their faults, they daily show,
And to their master-sex their vices owe.
For one ideal fault consigned to shame,
The powerful spring is lost of virtuous fame,
Then plunged in ill, a few weak minds conceive,
That added crimes no added stigma leave.
These realms, my friend, which thus the muse has shown,
By many travelled, yet to few are known.
Most come directed but by partial views,
A moment only labouring to amuse.
But thou with taste, with sentiment explore,
And borrow raptures from the fertile store;
For well I know thy generous thoughts disclaim,
The pride of tarnishing a virgin's fame,

To steal from injured innocence a sigh,
 Or fill with plaintive tears the melting eye.
 In cruel sport, to break the husband's rest,
 Or plant the dagger in the parent's breast.
 Range then, my friend, those scenes of open loves,
 Where Venus' self unyokes her willing doves,
 Where beauty dwells in soft allurements deck'd,
 And each warm thought springs from the heart uncheck'd.
 But here methinks, thy guardian's form I view,
 In reverend garments clad of sable hue;
 For Hebrew roots behold him deeply dig,
 With tenets even stiffer than his wig;
 Or doomed to hear him from the pulpit's round,
 Gravely perplex, and learnedly confound;
 Some thread-bare text, till out of sight pursued,
 Explain, divide, and best of all, conclude.
 Or paint to thee insipid joys above,
 Then stoop to earth, and preach of *virtuous love*.
 What's virtuous love? A phantom of the mind,
 Unknown to sense, by reason undefined;
 A thing by starch hypocrisy begot,
 On the frail flesh of Presbyterian Scot:
 By pigeons nursed, and lulled to sweet repose,
 On the nice down a bat's soft wing bestows;
 With mildest care, and kind attention fed,
 On lukewarm water, and on sugar'd bread.
 Its placid form was never made to feel,
 A warmer impulse than of holy zeal;
 Bred far from strife, amidst serene delights,
 Of dreams all day, and peaceful slumbering nights.
 Its chaste desires enchant the whining cull,
 Serenely simple, and divinely dull.
 Enough of canting, the digressive muse,
 The paths of pleasure once again pursues,
 Points out the rocks, and marks to shun the shore,
 Where tempests rage, or fatal billows roar.
 First then, my friend, avoid the dang'rous Strand
 Where but the dregs of the republic stand,

Expect no safety with a faithless crew,
 To honor lost, and lost to goodness too.
 Shun the Old Fountain, haunt the George's Head,
 With more than usual care now L——n's dead,
 Range through the *Garden*, with a watchful eye,
 And all its wenches more than bailiffs fly.
 Quit all these scenes, forewarned by prudence go,
 To Suffolk-street, and Griffiths's *depot*,
 Or taste where gay magnificence unites
 With fairest forms and most refined delights.
 The admiring muse, with grateful homage, gives
 This tribute due to elegance and Reeves.
 Then roam King's Place, nor pass a single door ;
 There every house affords a splendid store.
 Wherever Jove erects a house of prayer,
 The devil's sure to build a chapel there ;
 And where a palace rises to the view,
 You're sure to find a well conducted stew ;
 Dame W——r's first, whose roof alone contains,
 Beauties unmatched in all Circassia's plains.
 And M——ws, last, whose salutary care
 Is famed for dealing in undamaged ware.
 Here may the generous youth with scorn forego,
 An armed combat with a naked foe.
 Long may the brave, the unmanly thought despise,
 And view the danger with undaunted eyes,
 Nor weigh on reasoning principles the ills
 Of half-felt joys against eventual pills.
 Venus, when naked, is completely drest,
 Then boldly venture to be amply blest.

Ill fare the man who first this torment spread,
 All Tom Moore's curses light upon his head,
 Through whom those baneful ills on rapture wait,
 And spite of Cooper ravage half the state.
 These now, oh senators! your care demand !
 Direct the law, and arm its iron hand.

Punish the man whom cruelty inspires,
 To spread the direful health-destroying fires;
 But the poor girl who, shivering in the street,
 Must earn her supper, or who must not eat;
 Whose heart relenting disavows the ill,
 Obeying poverty and not her will;
 She claims our pity, and her crimes produce,
 At once their punishment and their excuse.
 Here let its rigor every law forego,
 And flinty justice sacrifice to woe.
 Fair fancy more than judgment guides the choice,
 She warms the wishes, she directs the voice.
 Hence various beauties strike—I love the fair
 With circling ringlets, and with auburn hair,
 The soft blue eye, where trance extatic swims,
 The slender form and elegance of limbs;
 The satin shine resplendent on the neck,
 Like new fallen snow, without a single speck;
 The swelling bosom grateful to the sense,
 Soft, though elastic, plump though not immense;
 The cheeks with pleasure kindling to a glow,
 Where dimples languish, and where roses blow;
 Sweet as the zephyr's breath in morning hours,
 With dews refreshed, and cooled by vernal showers.
 Graced with a native tenderness of mind,
 And lewd as maids in eastern courts confined.
 Some love the jetty locks and sparkling eye,
 Whose glances armed with harmless lightnings fly;
 Some delicacies seek, and others rove
 For latitude and longitude in love.
 Some doat on figures elegantly graced,
 With falling shoulders and a taper waist.
 This asks fine features, and a female decked
 In awful beauty that commands respect;
 Slighted by those who look with wishful eyes,
 On fubby cheeks and dwarfishness of size.
 Thus fortunately varied in their views,
 Some little playthings, others armfulls chuse,

Feeble K—sin in contrast to his wife
Loves tiny virgins scarcely warmed to life;
To stately beauty P—sh—m is cold,
And sighs for blushing girls not twelve years old,
H——t's content a humbler bliss to share,
And finds delight in combing Delia's hair.
Hence different beauties, different ways beguile,
Clarke can look modest, Carey force a smile.
Grace and a shape the lovely Sinclair deck,
Wright has a face, and Mildmay has a neck.
Spenser enchants us with her leering eyes,
And Sugden's beauties centre in her size.
Ward's native charms, so void of art can please,
And Rennel's artful irresistless squeeze.
The beauteous nose-gay damsel in the Strand,
Has charms not frozen sixty can withstand,
Yet few divine what strange unfathomed views
Tempt her repeated offers to refuse.
This doubt, the ruling passion may decide,
This clears the whole and calls her conduct pride.
Flora in keeping, with a coach her own,
Might live retired, unnoticed, and unknown,
Better in apron blue, and linen gown,
Remain admired, the idol of the town,
And satisfied while crowds in transport gaze,
Despise all settlements, and Madame Blaize.
Thus Indian Faquirs, mortified and proud,
Feast on the homage of the adoring crowd,
Whom fame bestowing penitence can please,
More than true bliss, or undistinguished ease,
And rather than be counted 'mong the many,
Hunt, in the city, acts the part of Zany.

CONCLUSION OF THE ACCOUNT OF THOMAS HOLMAN'S ESCAPE.

IN addition to the statement of the particulars of Thomas Holman's wonderful escape from death, it may not be uninteresting to say a few words respecting the conduct of his friends, during the painful period of suspense that took place between the evening of Sunday, when he was lost, and the morning of Wednesday, when he was so happily restored to them. He resided prior to his accident, as he does still, with his parents, from whom, principally, I have collected the following particulars; namely, that, on the unfortunate Sunday evening, they went, at their ordinary hour of nine o'clock, with the rest of their family, consisting of two sons and a daughter, to bed; it being not unusual for Thomas, their eldest son, to return home at a later hour, although both his parents agree in representing him as neither irregular nor incorrect in his habits, but, in general, quite the reverse. At such times, on entering the house, his custom has been to hail the family in some homely way, expressive of good will and safety, and then, after fastening the door, to go immediately to bed. On the night in question, his father, awaking between twelve and one o'clock, and not recollecting to have heard his son's voice, on entering, inquired whether he were at home or not, and continued restless, and uneasy, through the remainder of the night, at his not arriving; in so much that, at four o'clock in the morning, he arose, made a fire, and to use his own words, "sat down thinking;" but he does not appear to have lost much time in thinking, for, ere the break of day, he went to a neighbouring public house kept by a relation of his, with whom his son was intimate, and where upon a former occasion, and never but once, he had continued the whole night. But getting no tidings of him there, he sent to the house of Edward Evans, the man with whom his son had gone to the meeting; the preceding evening, and in whose company

he had left it, to inquire whether he could give any information about him. On his return, the messenger brought back a story with him, which led the parents to suppose that their lost sheep had strayed to Newquay, a village, on the coast, about seven miles off, where a young woman lived to whom he was said to be attached; this made them perfectly easy for the present; the father went about his daily labour, and the absent son was thought no more of for the day. It may seem somewhat singular that Edward Evans should not have been more anxious to ascertain what was become of his comrade, for he called at Holman's house, in the course of the forenoon of Monday, to ask whether he were returned or not: but, instead of expressing any surprise at the circumstance of his absence, he told his mother not to be uneasy, for that Thomas, he would answer for it, would be back again by and by; after which he likewise went to work as usual. He knew, it is true, nothing more about Holman, than that he had left the meeting with him the preceding evening, and had separated from him to accompany a woman, of the name of Mary Harris, to her house, where he was in expectation of seeing a Newquay person; and he thought, it seems, that he might either have continued all night at this house, as the weather became so bad, or that love might even have led him, notwithstanding the weather, as far as Newquay, particularly as there was a chance of his having had a companion. At all events, no inquiries appear to have been made, at the house where Mary Harris lived, on Monday, nor was there any search made after Holman, beyond the steps taken by his father in the morning, through the whole of that day. Even on the Monday evening, his father, on his return from work, took his supper and went composedly to bed; it was not until he had laid his head upon his pillow that his thoughts began to be busy and prevented his sleeping; it then occurred to him that even if his son had gone to Newquay, still he would have been back, unless some accident had befallen him,

and, as he would have to cross an inlet of the sea, called the Canal, passable only at particular states of the tide, he might have been drowned in attempting to cross it imprudently. In this manner he spent a sleepless and wretched night, and rose at break of day on Tuesday resolved to set on foot the most active inquiries to discover his son. The first step he took was to send a man to Mary Harris, to ascertain whether his son had really left her house, on Sunday evening, with an intention of going to Newquay, or not; for this was hitherto merely a supposition, in consequence of what had fallen from Edward Evans; and, in the mean while, he purposed going a short distance to give directions to some boys who were employed under him in washing tin; but his mind at this time must have been extremely agitated; his son might either be drowned, or perhaps the most horrible apprehension of his lying maimed and suffering, at the bottom of some shaft into which he had fallen in the dark, occurred at times to his hurried imagination; so intensely, in fact, were his thoughts occupied about his son, that, in his way to the boys, at a particular instant, and spot which he well remembers, his son's voice was heard distinctly by him; thrice, he says, the word "Father" was repeated as plainly as possible, and such was the effect of this impression upon his mind that he fell panic struck to the ground, and, on recovering from his trance, he abandoned his purpose of going to the boys and ran back to his wife, to whom he related what he had heard, and expressed his consequent conviction that it was all over with their son. Shortly after, the messenger, who had been dispatched to Mary Harris, likewise returned; he stated that Thomas Holman had left her house, intending to go home, after ten o'clock on Sunday evening, by himself, in very bad weather, and that she knew nothing of him further. This intelligence, which was calculated to excite the utmost alarm, was soon diffused over the neighbourhood; Edward Evans, in particular, feeling that he had been the cause of great delay, by the

levity with which he had treated the matter the day before, exerted himself to the utmost, in procuring every one's advice and assistance; a messenger was dispatched to Newquay, forlorn as the hope was now become of Holman's being there, and the distracted parents both set off for the house of Marry Harris, that they might hear, from her own mouth, all that she had to say. But she could only repeat to them that their son had left her house after ten o'clock at night, alone, and in such bad weather that she, as well as the other inmates of the house, had pressed him to remain with them for the night, but that having borrowed an umbrella, he persisted in departing, assuring them that they need be under no fear of his losing his way, for that he had never yet been any where without being able to find his way back again. It must be owned that Thomas Holman's courage was greater than his prudence upon this occasion; for in addition to the darkness of the night, he was a stranger to the first part of the road he had to take, which was an intricate one even by day; but it is fair to presume, on the other hand, that his anxiety to return was great, on account of his parents, to whom I must not forget that my narrative now principally relates. After receiving the above account from Mary Harris herself, they could no longer entertain the slightest hope of their son's having gone to Newquay, nor did their neighbour wait for the return of the messenger, but, from Tuesday morning until night, were incessantly occupied in searching every pit and shaft into which it appeared possible for him to have fallen. At length it was the general opinion that he must have fallen into a large, open shaft, containing a great deal of water, that was nearly in the direction in which he ought to have gone; it was supposed that his footsteps could be traced to the edge of it, which was likewise broken as if by his scrambling to save himself from falling in; and the conclusion was that he lay drowned at the bottom. This was further confirmed on their examining the water with grappling irons, by

something being felt which was conceived to be the body, and although all their efforts to take hold of it were unavailing on the Tuesday, yet it was determined to renew them on the following morning; and accordingly, as soon as it was light on Wednesday, a crowd again assembled around the same shaft, and again they in vain attempted to seize on what was supposed to be the body; at length, about nine o'clock, it was proposed to procure ladders, and to take measures to get so much of the water out as would enable them to attain their purpose; for Captain Trelaise, who had the command of Two Bals,* had declared that not a man that worked under him should return to his labour until Holman's body was got up. But whilst these preparations were making for lessening the water, it occurred to some of the party assembled, that as their services were not required where they were, it might not be amiss to extend their search farther round than they had yet done; it was possible that he might have died suddenly, and be lying by a hedge, or on some part of the adjoining common; or that having lost his way, he might have fallen into a shaft at a distance from the direct road. They accordingly set off, in compliance with this suggestion, and thus was Holman's life most providentially saved; for although the shaft in which he was found was well known, † yet it lay a mile and half out of the right direction, and almost in a contrary one, and in addition to this, the persuasion was as strong as it well could be that the lifeless body had actually been discovered elsewhere. The party that found him consisted of five only, and I have already related when and in what situation he was discovered by them. But I should in vain attempt to describe the heartfelt congratulations which he received either from his five friends who drew him up out of the shaft, or, shortly afterwards,

* The mines of St. George and Budnick.

† Wheal Mexico Water Shaft.

from the multitude who were still arduously engaged in recovering the corpse, as they supposed, of him who appeared alive before them. His parents, in the agony of their grief, had been constrained to remove from the scene of search to their own home, so that they were the last of his friends to greet him; but never surely was purer joy than theirs. And I trust that this short narrative may serve to record an event which is not only, in itself, perhaps unparalleled, and, as such, generally interesting, but which, in relation to Thomas Holman, his friends and neighbours, will reflect, from its spirit of truly Christian brotherhood, as long as the recollection of it shall continue, very great credit on them all.

It has been stated that Thomas Holman's escape, considered in all its circumstances, is perhaps unparalleled, for although there are not wanting numerous instances, in mining countries, of deliverances from somewhat similar dangers, yet the fact of his continuing the whole of the first night in an abyss of water eighteen feet deep, and afterwards remaining without a particle of food, in his wet clothes, two days and two nights, and of his ultimately being taken out of the shaft uninjured, gives to this event a pre-eminence over all others of the kind.

About twenty years since there appeared an account in the newspapers of the escape of a man of the name of Samuel Gribble, from the bottom of a tin-shaft in the parish of St. Blazey, into which he fell when in pursuit of woodcocks. The man who is still, I believe, living, was himself known to me, and I have no doubt of the accuracy of the following particulars.

The shaft into which he fell was eighty-four feet deep, and he remained in it about twenty-four hours. His fall was supposed to have been broken by means of the gun which he held in his hand, but he was most severely bruised and disfigured, and for some time his recovery was doubtful. At the bottom of the shaft there was a small quantity of muddy water, and the skeleton of a horse, not the most cheering accompaniment to such a

catastrophe; but the circumstance of the accident which induces me to take this opportunity to speak of it, is that which led to Gribble's discovery, and which cannot be too often repeated, to the credit of an animal to which man is under many obligations.

The shaft was a very old one, and so overgrown with brambles that it would probably have escaped the notice of the persons who were in search of him, but for a faithful spaniel, his companion in the chace, which never forsook the edge of it, until by his barking he, at length, drew the attention of some one who approached the spot, to the object of his noise and vigilance. The dog, I need not add, was much caressed in consequence, and it lived several years afterwards to enjoy the reward of its sagacity and fidelity.

THE FANTOCCINI.

EPISTLE I.

DEAR cousin, Ap Griffith, last Saturday night,
 I went with Joe Jenkins to see a great sight;
 'Twas a fine raree-show, all of puppets so gay,
 You'd have thought they were fairies performing a play.
 The man beat his drum, and said, Gem'men walk in,
 The famed Fantoccini will shortly begin.
 So in we both squeezed, where the folks in a row,
 Sat patiently waiting to see the new show.
 Before us was hung up a curtain of green,
 And the conjuror stood on the side of the scene;
 On the opposite side the musicians were sitting,
 With their books and their candles before them befitting,
 Where two fiddles squeaked, and a grunting bassoon,
 By way of an overture scraped an old tune.
 Then the curtain drew up, and the man with a bow,
 Said " ladies and gemmen, attend to me now ;

I'm the famed Necromancer from Egypt that came,
And Signor Tintara-boloso's my name.
My facts are all foreign, good gemmen and ladies,
And in times long elapsed the scenery laid is.
We are now then, good folks, on a sudden, at Rome.
See yonder the forum and capital's dome;
And first by the wave of my wand I will bring
Before you Augustus, the great Roman king.

He waved his wand, then stalked along
A richly splendid thing;
While all around a prostrate throng
Loud bellowed, "save the king."

He spake, I claim supplies from each,
For we are deep in debt.
Some called it a most gracious speech,
And some a grievous threat.

"My head was made to wear a crown,
And you to guard it sent;
Bow at my feet, ye vassals down,"
And down the vassals bent.

"Go and be slain," he said to some,
And they in battle fought;
"Here let your ceaseless tribute come,"
And all their tribute brought.

"Be you a prelate, you a lord,"
To some he kindly said,
And they the mighty man adored,
And gratefully obeyed.

About him flattering minions stood,
To silence all alarm,
They swore his government was good,
Because he did no harm.

Again the Conjuror waved his hand,
 And all at once I saw,
 This lump of royalty so grand
 Become a man of straw.

His servants now by secret springs,
 His every movement chose,
 Some led him on by leading strings,
 And others by the nose.

His state and honour to uphold
 They made a clamorous din,
 But from his pocket took the gold,
 His people put therein.

By this device was clearly shown,
 And we the fact believed,
 That his first faults were not his own,
 But theirs, who him deceived.

Thus meekly led from off the stage,
 There followed close behind,
 A hungry crowd in rags and rage,
 Of maimed, and lame, and blind,

“Now next,” said the showman, “my skill to evince,
 Good people, I give you the sight of a Prince.”
 Then he stretched out his hand and said, “gemmen and ladies
 Attend to the figure of Alcibi—ádes.
 The man was a Grecian, I therefore invite you,
 To Athens, a city once wealthy and mighty.”

Then came adorned in fine array,
 A youth of noble mien :
 And smiling, with good humor gay,
 He graceful crossed the scene.

Close following, and on every side
 A gathering crowd drew nigh ;
 And every winning method tried,
 To catch his gracious eye.

The women ogled, danced and sung,
And worshipped him alone ;
The men declared with flattering tongue,
He soon should fill a throne.

With Pleasure leaning on his arm,
He heedless tript along ;
For she had said with fatal charm
A prince can do no wrong.

Some grieved that kindness misapplied,
Should thus be blindly led ;
Some said he was the nation's pride,
And some, the nation's dread.

The conjuror with his wand again
Made alteration strange ;
It gave to each spectator pain,
To see so sad a change.

The florid youth was now a man,
Of pale and sickly cast,
And seemed as if old age began,
To bow him down too fast.

The men that fed on his applause,
An equal change assailed ;
They seemed like harpies armed with claws,
Or monkeys trimly tailed.

The ladies, changed from nymphs of grace,
Like furies stalked away ;
Each Lais with a brazen face
To seek some other prey.

Then sobbing deep with loud alarms,
There came a rabble rout,
With bundled bills beneath their arms,
And pockets inside out.

Some said that years would folly sate,
And time the passions prune;
Some feared reform might come too late,
Yet wished it might be soon.

Vain hope, for gout had twinged his toes,
His portly belly swells;
Alarming symptoms seize his nose,
And appetite rebels.

In gouty chair he prostrate sits,
With brandy by his side,
And bibbles off between the fits,
The Curaçoon tide.

“He’s drunk,” said the showman, “and by your permission
I’ll give you a sight of a noble patrician,
Who proud of his ancestors, boasts of his birth,
And calls on plebeians to worship his worth.”

He stretched his wand and in a trice
Came strutting o’er the board,
Bedizened over spruce and nice,
A thing, they called a lord.

Gay feathers waved upon his head,
A star adorned his breast,
And like gilt cakes of gingerbread,
This grand-cross knight was drest.

He looked with dignified disdain,
On those who round him stood,
For he had got in every vein
A deal of noble blood.

Behind him twenty footmen came,
Attendant to his call;
For it would be a mighty shame,
To help himself at all.

He could not move from any place,
Without a carriage fleet;
For it would be a sad disgrace
For lords to use their feet.

So many seem'd his words to prize,
And deem'd his actions rules,
You might have thought him good and wise,
Or they but knaves and fools.

But now his wand the man applied,
And straight this lord became,
A mass of selfishness and pride,
With nothing but a name.

Yet he could boast of frantic feats,
And dreadful oaths could swear,
Could whirl a chariot through the streets,
And fleece a gambling heir.

Still he would honor nice pretend,
With all his debts unpaid,
And fire his pistol at his friend,
To gratify a jade.

He stalked away with haughty stride,
And scowl of scorn severe;
A pugilist upon each side,
And jockeys in the rear.

“But now,” said the showman, “I turn over leaf,
To picture a mighty commander in chief.
But you need not to dread this smooth son of Mars,
For his rubicund face is not covered with scars.
Though he soars not with heroes, with dupes he descends,
Though he scares not his foes, yet he frightens his friends.
But lest you mistake me, his name must be told,
'Tis the Roman Mark Antony, famous of old.
With Egypt's soft queen he extinguished war's flame,
And sunk a base slave to a dissolute dame:

By the vile Cleopatra fast held in a snare,
 He lived in disgrace till he died in despair."
 Then Joey turned round, and he whispered to me,
 Good lack! What a mighty great fool we shall see.

THE DIABOLIAD.—No. *the last.*

It is not to be expected that we should describe the reception of Belphegor, on his return to the infernal regions, or his report of the individuals most worthy of selection. We are not disposed to "kick against the pricks," and shall conclude these essays by the insertion of a poem, which first suggested to our correspondent the idea of the Diaboliad; which has been limited, we believe, to a very confined and select circulation, and which was written by a gentleman of eminence in the political world, a familiar friend of the Prince Regent, and whose residence, though not in the Grafton family, is not far from Grafton-house. We have left out a few lines of less merit than the rest.

BELPHEGOR. *A Tale.*

In modern time, as authors tell,
 Strict order is observed in hell;
 A court of justice is erected,
 And orphans' rights like ours protected.
 Due aids the sovereign's cares retrench;
 A chancery, king, and commons' bench.
 But once when from the sitting court
 My Lord Chief Justice made report,
 That all men who came to his bar,
 And few went upwards he could hear,
 Loudly on woman-kind exclaimed;
 And wives for all their miseries blamed;
 Nay, called the sex man's greatest curse
 When ta'en for better or for worse:

Satan astonished, heard the tale,
 And thought the rogues were leagued to rail;
 Swore he had found them much more pleasant,
 When caught in Eden damage feasant,
 Declared he thought the mortals lied,
 And vowed the question should be tried.

But who to take the inquisition,
 What fiend of daring disposition,
 Would leave the sweets of hell's domain,
 For pleasures of an earthly strain;
 He knew the magic mint of hell,
 Was safer than a gambler's spell,
 And feared no demon might be found,
 To quit his flames for upper ground.
 Or even but for some years to dare
 The horrors of connubial war.

The black rod flew, the peers assembled:
 Hell's concave with their coaches trembled.
 When met at length in full divan,
 Satan announced his desperate plan,
 But his most anxious wish exprest,
 Terror seized each infernal breast,
 Nor would one fiend in all his legions,
 Change for a wife those dusky regions.
 In expectation of reply,
 Satan heaved many an anxious sigh.
 At length, "since all my friends," he cried,
 "At such a juncture are tongue-tied,
 The mystic lots must end the strife,
 And settle which shall take a wife."
 The lots were cast; the luckless devil
 Doomed to this utmost verge of evil,
 Was Belphegor, *prime fiend* in hell,
 Tho' called archangel ere he fell.

Demons take very little dressing,
 Adieu, shake hands, and Satan's blessing.

With just one hundred thousand sterling
 Was all, when straight his hands unfurling,
 He left the gloomy doom of Dis,
 And crossed the splashy dark abyss.
 Passed by the "chaos and old night,"
 And bolted out an airy sprite.
 Within the precincts of the court,
 Where nightly men of sense resort,
 All for the good of circulation,
 And greater welfare of the nation,
 Where stock is sold in box of leather,
 And dice and timber shake together.

For coach and servants first in town,
 Sir Belphegor Mac Fiend was known.
 The dames to ill by nature prone,
 Declare Sir Bel is quite the ton.
 His frame, my Lady Mayoress eyes,
 His nose, his calves, his back, his thighs.
 While westward, green young ladies dote,
 On the nice hanging of his coat.
 His air o'ercomes the titled dame,
 And all the town is in a flame,
 But still the men with envious lour,
 Behold the encroachments of his power :
 He shakes his elbow, in a trice,
 The magic movement thaws the ice.
 Strait the beau monde attends his levy,
 Knights, lords, and dukes, and couns'llors privy.
 With rapture this his run of luck sees,
 And introduces him to Brookes's.
 This makes a fete to entertain him,
 That pimps, the easier to drain him.
 Till fixt secure, and high in fame,
 He thinks it time to play his game.
 Who could withstand? each daily print,
 Some buckish prank of his had in't.

Lord E——n had arraigned his morals,
And Bow-street runners salved his quarrels.
And this is all that's wanting now,
Besides a cropt head and good bow,
To make a dashing fellow free
Of all select society.
He smiles, he woos, the nymph gives ear,
The daughter of a northern peer,
Who, tho' but small, her fortune told,
Sir Belphegor had mines of gold.
Besides, i'the castle you might see.
Beyond Macbeth her pedigree.
The day was fix'd the bride possessed ;
Sure never fiend was half so blest.
He thought the sun got up too soon,
For more than half the honey-moon,
Was always kissing, always toying,
Nor thought a wife could e'er be cloying.
But Lady Mary, though but young,
Knew for what heaven had given her tongue,
Well could she that keen weapon wield,
But in the stops, alas ! unskilled.
Unwearied still, with might and main,
She rung the 'larum o'er again,
My Lady Mary's high nobility
Was sadly tintured with scurrility,
And soon her dear she held in scorn,
And wondered where the wretch was born.
" Whence," she exclaims, " my knight descends !
Who ever heard of the Mac Fiends ?"
In short her ancestry so great,
Had puffed her pride to such a height,
That 'twas a doubt with Belphegor
If Lucifer himself had more.
Till half a year's close observation
Removed all future hesitation,
And he maturely could decide
She far outdid his prince in pride.

But still he kept a jocund heart,
 For nineteen years and then we part ;
 For when the lot was cast in hell
 'Twas fixt for him on whom it fell,
 That when twice ten short years had passed,
 His mission should no longer last,
 But welcome death untie the noose,
 And snatch the devil from his spouse.
 How shall I tell each added evil,
 That vexed this miserable devil?
 Coach, horses, liveries, furniture,
 His purse was not a day secure ;
 Plays, debts, and dress, profuse expence,
 Poor Belphegor produced the pence,
 But well foresaw the consequence. }
 " My sister has but little fortune,
 Sir Bel, you're rich enough to sport one."
 One mischief follows close another,
 Near Grosvenor-gate, my Lord, her brother,
 Fell by his friend's unlucky shot,
 There twenty thousand went to pot ;
 And all the captain's borrowed stock
 Split with him on a treacherous rock.

Soon as the fiend these tidings heard,
 He said not to his love one word ;
 Stood not a moment shalli shilli,
 But whipt into an evening dilly,
 And long ere to his duns 'twas known }
 In London that the bird was flown,
 Some hundred miles was out of town.
 Now spreads the news, my lady storms,
 A crowd of duns around her swarms,
 No friend assists but with good wishes,
 Writ after writ the sheriff issues.
 Old England rose from end to end,
 To catch Sir Belphegor Mac Fiend,

The tipstaffs hunt him helter-skelter,
Now here, now there, he lurks for shelter.
Till tired he manages to pop,
Into a lean empiric's shop,
And thus begins, in accents civil,
" Be not alarmed, I am the devil.
Kindly assist a suppliant fiend,
And Satan's self shall be thy friend ;
Infernal power shall wealth impart,
Though weak my purse, yet strong my art.
Oh ! let me but my duns evade,
And be the envy of thy trade.
This day let all proceedings stop,
Bar up thy window, shut thy shop.
Let me but here in petto lie,
Till the damn'd catchpoles are gone by."

The quack complied, the league was made,
A plot between the two was laid,
That soon as Bel could safely stir,
To his old game he should recur,
Make on some wealthy dame impression,
And stubbornly maintain possession,
Spite of perfumes, and drugs, and prayer,
Until this doctor should appear.
But when the settled cash was ready,
A whisper should relieve my lady.
Long time, lest some officious eye
The absconding demon might descry,
Contemplative of future ills,
Behind a magazine of pills,
Snug lay Sir Bel, defied the search,
And left his bailiffs in the lurch.

Now freed among the higher ranks
The grateful fiend began his pranks,
And first a wealthy countess entered ;
No friend, not e'en her husband ventured.

With such a rival to contend,
 Or share possession with a fiend.
 Quickly they to the college hied,
 The power of med'cine must be tried.
 Then was the patient blistered sore,
 Veins breathed that never breathed before,
 And copious draughts of hellebore
 Were given in vain for this disease ;
 The doctors bowed and took their fees.
 Charms and dark spells were next applied,
 And exorcising rites were tried ;
 No jot the stedfast devil stirred,
 Observant of his plighted word.

Fame seized her trump and loudly blew,
 All Europe soon the story knew.
 How Satan had quite posed the college,
 And baffled every conjuror's knowledge.
 The doctor, grinding pale Mercurius,
 Heard of this madness strange and furious.
 He seized his cane, laid by his mortar,
 Whence it arose he guessed the quarter :
 Took coach, arrived, and made his proffers,
 The earl accepting op'd his coffers ;
 Fixt on the fee, and left the demon
 And quack to fight it out between 'em.
 Sore feared the doctor lest the fiend
 Should now forget his former friend ;
 But along side my lady he crept,
 " Good sir, you recollect our secret."
 At once the punctual fiend obeyed,
 The dame was cured, the doctor paid.
 Now safely to his shop returned,
 Greedy for more such lots he burned,
 On drugs he placed no more reliance,
 Puff'd with the thoughts of this alliance ;
 But deemed each hour an age before
 He heard again of Belphegor.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY REVIEW.

Emigration; or England and Paris—a Poem.

THE eagerness of the multitude of English travellers to visit the metropolis of France, is only surpassed by the rapidity with which they resort on their return to the printer and the bookseller. The greater number of the individuals who have favoured the public with their observations on the manners and the morals of the French, have appeared to imagine that the mere circumstances of a trip to France, and a sight of Paris, are sufficient to justify the most decided opinion on every subject connected with the national character. Mr. Shepherd, we believe, was a whole fortnight abroad, and came back to instruct us in the philosophy of the individuals to whom he was introduced for a few minutes, and then made his bow. One reverend gentleman, after a pleasant and economical trip of five days, came back with a perfect knowledge of fashionable society, of every culinary process, and the iniquities of the Palais Royal. It is but an act of justice to the writer before us to declare, that his merits are more than equal to his pretensions, that he has thought as much as he has seen, and with the aid of Mr. Scott's original and important observations, has justified his poetical arguments, in a series of interesting notes.

The attachment of the genuine Englishman to his native country, previous to the late distresses; his in-born loyalty, and exultation in boasting the name of Briton, are forcibly described.

Oh! I have mark'd

When at some rural feast a travelled wight
 Has spoke of other lands, or dared to tell
 Of customs not his own, how blackening clouds
 Of proud contempt would gather round the brow
 Of native swains. Or if, perchance, unawed
 By first potent, he venturous pledged the glass

To foreign chief, or look'd a traitorous wish
 For change domestic, then would flash the eye,
 The tongue would roll its thunders, and the storm
 Of wrathful pride, a nation's jealousy,
 Break o'er his fenceless head. Then would each youth
 Heedless of fragrant tube, or mantling streams
 Untasted, doff full soon his wake-day vest,
 To fight his country's battle:—then would rise
 The deafening shouts of unbought loyalty
 And patriot fervour, while the evening sun,
 Sinking, might see the bonfire's flame ascend,
 Emblem of fealty, to cheer the hours
 Till midnight, when, oppress'd with leaden hand,
 Hoarse in his country's cause, the weary swain
 Would sink to rest, forgetting and forgot.

The licentiousness and hypocrisy of the Parisian circles are delineated with considerable talent, and we are afraid with too much justice.

Vivacious daughters of Parisian clime,
 Sages of fashion, priestesses of love,
 Assume the task to bend our pliant fair
 To southern arts. Teach them, like you, to smile
 At Christian rites, and consecrated fanes,
 And tales of an hereafter. Bid them dance
 With giddy foot down life's mysterious course
 Sparkling and gay, and thoughtless and amused.
 —Then sink to nothing ! Bid them live, like you,
 Victims to passion, heedless of repose
 Or joys domestic, anxious but to lure
 The roving eye of worthless lawless man,
 At once his slave and tempter. Teach yon bride,
 Reckless of him whose heart was once her home,
 To taint the breath of heaven with new-born vows,
 And shameless, 'midst the glance of thousand eyes,
 To wanton with the spoiler.

After several spirited allusions to the folly, the forgetfulness of duty, and the impolicy of those legislators, landed gentlemen, priests, and idlers, who abandon their avocations, and their enjoyments at home, for the splen-

did mockeries of the Parisian capital, the author proceeds to the following description of the probable consequences resulting from this intercourse.

Paris, foul spoiler of unnumbered realms,
The curse of nations.—I'll forgive thee all,—
I'll banish from my heart the record vile
Of freaks and follies, levities and crimes,
Of empires plunder'd, violated faith,
And murder'd heroes;—I'll forget the tales
That blacken history's page, such ruthless deeds
As startle oldest warriors in their dream,
And make a saint a villain,—all shall rest
For aye in cold oblivion's blackest tomb,
So thou wilt spare the cheek of innocence,
Nor poison England with such vile embrace
As Asia lent to Rome; when, crouching low,
Like grovelling France, beneath the victor's sword,
She spoil'd her conqueror by the wanton touch
Of arts luxurious, and unnerved such souls
As steel had tried, and death assailed, in vain.

We are next presented with several animated and well-written animadversions on watering places, on the follies of the court, its sanction of the Waltz, and the appearance at Buckingham House of "feathered wantons glorying in their shame." He contrasts the patronage of licentious morals at the present moment, with the piety, regularity, and virtue of our suffering monarch, the mention of whose afflictions leads to the following spirited attack on the character of Junius.

JUNIUS! What demons waken at the sound!
Record in brass indelible the name,
That ages yet unborn may learn a word
To designate each new and darkest shade
Of infamy and guilt. Ah no, concealed
In blackest night he lies; black as the deed
That made him infamous. Guilt's dastard hand
Midst unknown caverns seized the trembling pen,
And quaked at every breeze. The midnight torch,

Enkind ed by the breath of laughing fiends,
 The growing work beheld. In silence wrapt,
 While man, and beast, and nature, sought repose,
 The fell assassin shudder'd to review
 His murderous lines. Great Brutus, see thy name
 Usurp'd to shield a wretch whose traiterous hand
 Would scatter discord round our peaceful shores,
 And tear a guiltless monarch from his throne!

The poem concludes with a prayer, which demonstrates that the influence of the author on the sympathetic feelings of his reader is not less decided than his power of exciting indignation against the arts of licentiousness and the atrocities of crime.

The charity of the author breathes so fervently in the concluding lines, that we cannot refrain from quoting them and joining heartily in the poet's prayer.

Paris!—I may not curse thee! Tears alone
 And sighs to heaven upraised shall tell the plaint
 Of injured nations. Well thou know'st their force,
 For deeply hast thou quaff'd the vengeful cup
 Of scorn and infamy.—Yet ah! how slight
 Thy keenest woes to those which Europe's sons
 Have tasted at thy hands? how slight to those
 Which heaven may still reserve, if heedless still
 And unrepentant, mercy sue in vain
 To bring thee back to virtue and to God?

But brighter be thy lot, ill-fated land!
 Weep and be happy—mourn thy darling crimes,
 Yet smile to hope those crimes may be forgiven.
 Bid holier altars blaze, and holier vows
 To heaven ascend;—bid feuds intestine cease;
 And Christian faith, and white-robed morals claim
 Their antique sway, refined from wonted dross
 Of fond credulity and monkish rites,
 And superstition's fancies; bid thy sons,
 Who late a world despoil'd, repair the wrong,
 By deeds of penitence.—Thus France shall shine
 England's twin rival, and a smiling world
 Learn from each sister land such deeds sublime
 As men may emulate and heaven approve.

We recommend the production to all who are delighted by virtuous and energetic sentiments expressed in language energetic, harmonious, and perspicuous. In England, at former periods, the virtuous formed the majority of readers. How far our taste has been corrupted by our recent intercourse with foreign countries, remains to be determined, but we shall regard the circulation of the poem before us as no equivocal criterion.

Memoirs of the Early Life of William Cowper, written by himself.

OF the authenticity of this production no doubt can be entertained, but we cannot sufficiently reprobate the indelicate cupidity with which it has been committed to the world. Mr. Hayley, with a due regard to the reputation of his pious and eccentric friend, suppressed those humiliating details which, in exemplifying the infirmities of poor human nature, would have exposed the author of the *Task* to the scoff of the profane, and the contempt of the unthinking. We are convinced that no possible good can arise from the publication of a narrative, from which neither the insane, nor the devout, can receive the slightest benefit or edification. It does not appear that methodism cured the malady of Cowper, but that his malady was the cause of his fanaticism. The combination of religious zeal, with mental infirmity, prolonged the original evil, and his insanity, after a lapse of years, settled into a hypochondriac depression, less dangerous, but scarcely less distressing.

“One evening, (says Mr. Cowper in this extraordinary narrative;) One evening as soon as it was dark, affecting as cheerful and unconcerned an air as possible, I went into an apothecary’s shop, and asked for a half-ounce phial of laudanum. The man seemed to observe me narrowly; but if he did, I managed my voice and countenance so as to deceive him. The day that required my attendance at the bar of the house, being not yet come, and about a week distant, I kept my bottle close in my side-pocket, resolving to use it when I should be convinced

there was no other way of escaping. This, indeed, seemed evident already; but I was willing to allow myself every possible chance of that sort, and to protract the horrid execution of my purpose till the last moment: but Satan was impatient of delay.

“The day before the period above mentioned arrived, being at Richards’s coffee-house at breakfast, I read the newspaper, and in it a letter, which the further I perused it, the more closely engaged my attention. I cannot now recollect the purport of it; but before I had finished it, it appeared demonstratively true to me, that it was a libel, or satire upon me. The author appeared to be acquainted with my purpose of self-destruction, and to have written that letter on purpose to secure and hasten the execution of it. My mind, probably, at this time began to be disordered; however it was, I was certainly given up to a strong delusion. I said within myself, ‘your cruelty shall be gratified; you shall have your revenge;’ and flinging down the paper, in a fit of strong passion, I rushed hastily out of the room; directing my way towards the fields, where I intended to find some house to die in; or if not, determined to poison myself in a ditch, when I should meet with one sufficiently retired.

“Before I had walked a mile in the fields, a thought struck me that I might yet spare my life; that I had nothing to do but to sell what I had in the funds, (which might be done in an hour,) go on board a ship, and transport myself to France. There, when every other way of maintenance should fail, I promised myself a comfortable asylum in some monastery, an acquisition easily made by changing my religion. Not a little pleased with this expedient, I returned to my chambers, to pack up all that I could at so short a notice; but while I was looking over my portmanteau, my mind changed again; and self-murder was recommended to me once more, in all its advantages.

“Not knowing where to poison myself, for I was liable to continual interruption in my chambers, from my laundress and her husband, I laid aside that intention, and resolved upon drowning. For that purpose, I immediately took a coach, and ordered the man to drive to Tower Wharf; intending to throw myself into the river from Custom-house Quay. It would be strange, should I omit to observe here, how I was continually

hurried away, from such places as were most favourable to my design, to others, where it must be almost impossible to execute it:—from the fields, where it was improbable that any thing should happen to prevent me, to the Custom-house Quay, where every thing of that kind was to be expected; and this by a sudden impulse, which lasted just long enough to call me back again to my chambers, and was immediately withdrawn. Nothing ever appeared more feasible than the project of going to France, till it had served its purpose, and then, in an instant, it appeared impracticable and absurd, even to a degree of ridicule.

“ My life, which I had called my own, and claimed a right to dispose of, was kept from me by Him whose property indeed it was, and who alone had a right to dispose of it. This is not the only occasion on which it is proper to make this remark: others will offer themselves in the course of this narrative, so fairly, that the reader cannot overlook them.

“ I left the coach upon the Tower Wharf, intending never to return to it; but upon coming to the Quay, I found the water low, and a porter seated upon some goods there, as if on purpose to prevent me. This passage to the bottomless pit being mercifully shut against me, I returned back to the coach, and ordered it to return to the Temple. I drew up the shutters, once more had recourse to the laudanum, and determined to drink it off directly, but God had otherwise ordained. A conflict that shook me to pieces suddenly took place; not properly a trembling, but a convulsive agitation, which deprived me in a manner of the use of my limbs: and my mind was as much shaken as my body.

“ Distracted between the desire of death and the dread of it, twenty times I had the phial to my mouth, and as often received an irresistible check; and even at the time it seemed to me, that an invisible hand swayed the bottle downwards, as often as I set it against my lips. I well remember, that I took notice of this circumstance with some surprise, though it effected no change in my purpose. Panting for breath, and in an horrible agony, I flung myself back into the corner of the coach. A few drops of laudanum, which had touched my lips, besides the fumes of it, began to have a stupifying effect upon me. Regretting the loss of so fair an opportunity, yet utterly unable to avail myself of it, I determined not to live; and already

half dead with anguish, I once more returned to the Temple. Instantly I repaired to my room, and having shut both the outer and inner door, prepared myself for the last scene of the tragedy. I poured the laudanum into a small basin, set it on a chair by the bed-side, half undressed myself, and laid down between the blankets, shuddering with horror at what I was about to perpetrate. I reproached myself bitterly with folly and rank cowardice, for having suffered the fear of death to influence me as it had done, and was filled with disdain at my own pitiful timidity : but still something seemed to overrule me, and to say, ‘ *Think what you are doing ! Consider, and live !* ’

“ At length, however, with the most confirmed resolution, I reached forth my hand towards the basin, when the fingers of both hands were as closely contracted as if bound with a cord, and became entirely useless. Still, indeed, I could have made shift with both hands, dead and lifeless as they were, to have raised the basin to my mouth, for my arms were not at all affected ; but this new difficulty struck me with wonder ; it had the air of a divine interposition. I lay down in bed again to muse upon it, and while thus employed, heard the key turn in the outer door, and my laundress’s husband came in. By this time the use of my fingers was restored to me : I started up hastily, dressed myself, hid the basin, and affecting as composed an air as I could, walked out into the dining-room. In a few minutes I was left alone ; and now, unless God had evidently interposed for my preservation, I should certainly have done execution upon myself, having a whole afternoon before me.

“ Both the man and his wife being gone, outward obstructions were no sooner removed, than new ones arose within. The man had just shut the door behind him, when the convincing Spirit came upon me, and a total alteration in my sentiment took place. The horror of the crime was immediately exhibited to me in so strong a light, that being seized with a kind of furious indignation, I snatched up the basin, poured away the laudanum into a phial of fowl water, and, not content with that, flung the phial out of the window. This impulse, having served the present purpose, was withdrawn.

“ I spent the rest of the day in a kind of stupid insensibility ; undetermined as to the manner of dying, but still bent on self-murder, as the only possible deliverance. That sense of

the enormity of the crime, which I had just experienced, had entirely left me ; and, unless my Eternal Father in Christ Jesus had interposed to disannul my covenant with death, and my agreement with hell, that I might hereafter be admitted to the covenant of mercy, I had, by this time, been a companion of devils, and the just object of his boundless vengeance !

“ In the evening, a most intimate friend called upon me, and felicitated me on a happy resolution, which he had heard I had taken, to stand the brunt and keep the office. I knew not whence this intelligence arose, but did not contradict it. We conversed a-while, with a real cheerfulness on his part, and an affected one on mine ; and when he left me, I said in my heart, I shall see thee no more !

“ Behold, into what extremities a *good sort of man* may fall ; such was I in the estimation of those who knew me best ; a decent outside is all a good-natured world requires. Thus equipped, though all within be rank atheism, rottenness of heart, and rebellion against the blessed God, we are said to be good enough ; and if we are damned, alas ! who shall be saved ? Reverse this charitable reflection, and say, if a *good sort of man* be saved, who then shall perish ; and it comes much nearer the truth ; but this is a hard saying, and the world cannot bear it.

“ I went to bed, as I thought, to take my last sleep in this world. The next morning was to place me at the bar of the house, and I determined not to see it. I slept as usual, and awoke about three o'clock. Immediately I arose, and by the help of a rushlight found my penknife, took it into bed with me, and lay with it for some hours directly pointed against my heart. Twice or thrice, I placed it upright under my left breast, leaning all my weight upon it ; but the point was broken off, and would not penetrate.

“ In this manner the time passed till the day began to break. I heard the clock strike seven, and instantly it occurred to me, there was no time to be lost : the chambers would soon be opened, and my friend would call upon me to take me with him to Westminster. ‘ Now is the time,’ thought I, ‘ this is the crisis ; no more dallying with the love of life.’ I arose, and, as I thought, bolted the inner door of my chambers, but was mistaken ; my touch deceived me, and I left it as I found it. My preservation, indeed, as it will appear, did not depend upon that incident ; but I mention it to shew that the good

providence of God watched over me, to keep open every way of deliverance, that nothing might be left to hazard.

“Not one hesitating thought now remained; but I fell greedily to the execution of my purpose. My garter was made of a broad scarlet binding, with a sliding buckle, being sewn together at the ends: by the help of the buckle, I made a noose, and fixed it about my neck, straining it so tight, that I hardly left a passage for my breath, or for the blood to circulate; the tongue of the buckle held it fast. At each corner of the bed was placed a wreath of carved work, fastened by an iron pin, which passed up through the midst of it. The other part of the garter, which made a loop, I slipped over one of these, and hung by it some seconds, drawing up my feet under me, that they might not touch the floor; but the iron bent, the carved work slipped off, and the garter with it. I then fastened it to the frame of the tester, winding it round, and tying it in a strong knot. The frame broke short, and let me down again.

“The third effort was more likely to succeed. I set the door open, which reached within a foot of the ceiling; by the help of a chair, I could command the top of it, and the loop being large enough to admit a large angle of the door, was easily fixed, so as not to slip off again. I pushed away the chair with my feet, and hung at my whole length. While I hung there, I distinctly heard a voice say three times, “*'Tis over!*” Though I am sure of the fact, and was so at the time, yet it did not at all alarm me or affect my resolution. I hung so long, that I lost all sense, all consciousness of existence.

“When I came to myself again, I thought myself in hell; the sound of my own dreadful groans was all that I heard, and a feeling like that of flashes was just beginning to seize upon my whole body. In a few seconds, I found myself fallen with my face to the floor. In about half a minute, I recovered my feet; and reeling and staggering, I stumbled into bed again.

“By the blessed providence of God, the garter which had held me till the bitterness of temporal death was past, broke just before eternal death had taken place upon me. The stagnation of the blood under one eye, in a broad crimson spot, and a red circle about my neck, showed plainly that I had been on the brink of eternity. The latter, indeed, might have been occasioned by the pressure of the garter; but the former was

certainly the effect of strangulation; for it was not attended with the sensation of a bruise, as it must have been, had I, in my fall, received one in so tender a part. And I rather think the circle round my neck was owing to the same cause; for the part was not excoriated, nor at all in pain.

“Soon after I got into bed, I was surprised to hear a noise in the dining-room, where the laundress was lighting a fire; she had found the door unbolted, notwithstanding my design to fasten it, and must have passed the bed-chamber door while I was hanging on it, and yet never perceived me. She heard me fall, and presently came to ask if I was well; adding, she feared I had been in a fit.

“I sent her to a friend, to whom I related the whole affair, and despatched him to my kinsman, at the coffee-house. As soon as the latter arrived, I pointed to the broken garter, which lay in the middle of the room, and apprised him also of the attempt I had been making. His words were, ‘My dear Mr. Cowper, you terrify me; to be sure, you cannot hold the office at this rate; where is the deputation?’ I gave him the key of the drawers where it was deposited; and his business requiring his immediate attendance, he took it away with him; and thus ended all my connection with the Parliament House.”

A Diary of a Journey into North Wales, by Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. published from the original manuscript; by C. Dupper, Esq.

THIS paltry attempt on the public purse presents another example of that merciless rapacity which violates the sacred recesses of the dead, insults the memory of departed genius, and for the acquisition of a paltry gain descends to the lowest stratagems of meanness and cunning. The indiscretion of Dr. Johnson's humble legatee, in preserving many of his papers from destruction might arise from an affectionate desire to preserve some relic of his beloved master and generous benefactor; but no reprehension can be too severe for the paltry arts by which he has been made the instrument of debasement to Johnson, and imposition on the public. It would be difficult

to determine, whether the pamphlet of Sir Richard Phillips, recording the history of Johnson's *boils*, or the work before us, be the most exquisite specimen of book-making. We have never perused a work more destitute of entertainment. It was not intended for the public eye, and we believe, that the following abstract contains nearly all that is valuable in this six shilling example of the art of vamping.

1. LIFE, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression; we must always purpose to do more and better than in time past.

2. Of real evils the number is great; of possible evils there is no end.

3. The desire of fame, not regulated, is as dangerous to virtue as that of money.

4. Flashy, light, and loud conversation, is often a cloke for cunning; as a shewy life, and a gay outside, spread now and then a thin covering over avarice and poverty.

5. There are few minds to which tyranny is not delightful; power is nothing but as it is felt; and the delight of superiority is proportionate to the resistance overcome.

6. Old times have bequeathed us a precept, to *be merry and wise*; but who has been able to observe it; Prudence soon comes to spoil our mirth.

7. The advice that is wanted is commonly unwelcome, and that which is not wanted is evidently impertinent.

8. It is very rarely that an author is hurt by his critics. The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out, but it often dies in the socket; a very few names may be considered as perpetual lamps that shine unconsumed.

9. There is no *wisdom* in useless and hopeless sorrow; but there is something in it so like *virtue*, that he who is wholly without it cannot be loved, nor will, by me at least, be thought worthy of esteem.

10. In the world there is much tenderness where there is no misfortune, and much courage where there is no danger.

11. He that has less than enough for himself, has nothing to spare; and as every man feels only his own necessities, he is apt to think those of others less pressing, and to accuse them of withholding what in truth they cannot give. He that has his

foot firm upon dry ground may pluck another out of the water ; but of those that are all afloat, none has any care but for himself.

12. Attention and respect give pleasure, however late or however useless. But they are not useless when they are late ; it is reasonable to rejoice, as the day declines, to find that it has been spent with the approbation of mankind.

13. Cool reciprocations of esteem are the great comforts of life ; hyperbolical praise only corrupts the tongue of the one, and the ear of the other.

14. The fortuitous friendships of inclination or vanity are at the mercy of a thousand accidents.

15. A sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished. Esteem of great powers or amiable qualities newly discovered may embroider a day or a week ; but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost ; but an *old friend* never can be *found*, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be *lost*.

16. Incommunicative taciturnity neither imparts nor invites friendship, but reposes on a stubborn sufficiency self-centered, and neglects the interchange of that social officiousness by which we are habitually endeared to one another. To be without friendship, is to be without one of the first comforts of our present state. To have no assistance from other minds in resolving doubts, in appeasing scruples, in balancing deliberations, is a very wretched destitution.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The Turbot.

A TALE.

LORD Endless, walking to the hall,

Saw a fine turbot on a stall.

“ How much d’ye ask, friend, for this fish !”

“ Two guineas, sir,”—“ Two guineas ! pish !”

He paused, he thought, “ Two guineas, zounds !”

“ Few fish to-day sir,”—“ Come, take pounds.”

A bad bargain.

“ Send it up quick to Bedford-square,
 “ Here’s a pound note;—now mind, when there,
 “ Ask for one pound, and say that’s all—
 “ My lady’s economical.”

The fish was sent, my lady thought it
 Superfluous, but—my lord had bought it.
 She paid one pound, and cried, “ O drat it !”
 Yet could not think the fish dear at it.
 A knock announces Lady Tatter,
 Come for an hour to sit and chatter;
 At length—“ My darling Lady E.
 “ I’m so distress’d—you know Lord T.
 “ Can’t dine without fish, and ’tis funny,
 “ There’s none to-day for love or money.”

“ Bless us,” cried Lady E. “ two hours
 “ Ago, a turbot came, ’tis yours,
 “ I paid but thirty shillings for it,
 “ You’d say ’twas dirt cheap if you saw it.”

The bargain struck—cash paid—fish gone,—
 My Lord, and diinner came anon,
 He stared to see my lady smile,
 ’Twas what he had not seen some while,
 There was hash’d beef and leeks a boat full,
 But turbot none—my lord look’d doubtful—
 “ My dear !—I think—is no fish come ?”
 “ There is, love,—leave the room, John,—mum !—
 “ I sold the fish, you silly man,
 “ I make a bargain when I can ;
 “ The fish which cost us shillings twenty,
 “ I sold for thirty, to content ye—
 “ For one pound ten, to Lady Tatter—
 “ Lord ! how you stare ! why what’s the matter ?”
 My Lord stared wide with both his eyes,
 Down knife and fork dropt with surprise,
 “ For one pound ten to Lady Tatter !!
 “ If she was flat, ma’am, you were flatter,
 “ *Two* pounds the turbot cost—’tis true—
 “ One pound *I* paid, and one pound you.”

“ Two pounds ! Good heaven ! Why then say
“ It cost but one pound ? ” — “ Nay, ma’am nay,
“ I said not so — said nought about it ;
“ So, madam, you were free to doubt it. ”
“ Two pounds ! Good heavens ! Why who could doubt
“ That the fish cost what I laid out ?
“ ’Twould have been madness (you may rate)
“ In such a case to hesitate. ” —
“ ’Tis never madness, ” he replies,
“ To doubt. I doubt my very eyes.
“ Had you but doubted the prime cost,
“ Ten shillings would not have been lost —
“ Tho’ you and all the world may rate,
“ You see ’tis best to hesitate. ”

Mr. Sheridan.

THE following stanzas are said to be an extemporaneous production of Mr. Sheridan. They are addressed to the Ladies Eliza and Mary Buckingham, daughters of the Earl of Louth. The element is supposed to be

FIRE.

In poets all my marks you’ll see,
Since flash and smoke reveal me ;
Suspect me always near Nat. Lee ;
Even Blackmore can’t conceal me.

In Milton’s page I glow my art,
One flame intense and even ;
In Shakspeare’s blaze, a sudden start,
Like lightnings flash’d from heaven !

In many more as well as they,
Thro’ various forms I shift ;
I’m gentle lambent while I’m Gay,
But brightest when I’m Swift.

From smoke, sure tidings you may get ;
It can’t subsist without me ;
Or find me like some fond coquet,
With fifty sparks about me.

In other forms I oft am 'seen,
 In breasts of young and fair;
 And as the *virtues* dwell within,
 You'll always find me there.

I, with pure, piercing, brilliant gleams,
 Can arm Eliza's eye;
 With modest, soft, ethereal beams,
 Sweet Mary's I supply!

LUNATIC ASYLUMS.

THE Report on Madhouses, recently published, presents a scene of misery so horrible, and cruelty so diabolical, that our pity for the unfortunate victims of torture, and ingenious inhumanity, is only equalled in our abhorrence of the detested wretches by whom these atrocities have been committed. We regret that our limits will not allow a full and copious detail of the circumstances disclosed in the interesting report of the Committee, but the following abstract will convey to our readers some idea of the disgraceful facts, so amply and honorably detected.

On Monday, the 2d of May, Mr. Edward Wakefield, Robert Calvert, Esq., a governor, and Charles Callis Western, Esq., member of parliament for Essex, and four other gentlemen, visited Bethlem. Attended by the steward of the hospital, and by a female keeper, they first proceeded to visit the women's galleries. One of the side rooms contained about ten patients, each chained by one arm, or leg, to the wall; the chain allowing them merely to stand up, by the form, or bench, fixed to the wall, or to sit down on it. The nakedness of each patient, was covered by a blanket-gown, only; it is formed something like a dressing-gown, with nothing to fast-

en it in front. It constituted the whole of their covering, and the feet were naked. One female, in this side room, was an object remarkably striking: she mentioned her maiden and married names, and stated, that she had been a teacher of languages: the keepers described her as a very accomplished lady, and the mistress of many languages: confirming her account of herself. It is hardly possible to imagine a human being in a more degraded and brutalizing situation, than that in which Mr. Wakefield found this female, who held a coherent conversation with the visitors, and was, of course, fully sensible of the mental and bodily condition of those wretched beings, who, equally without clothing, were closely chained to the same wall with herself. Unaware of the necessities of nature, some of them, though they retained life, appeared totally inanimate, and unconscious of existence. The lady just mentioned, entreated to be allowed pencil and paper, for the purpose of amusing herself with drawing, which were given to her by one of the party. Many of the unfortunate women were locked up in their cells, naked, and chained on straw, with only a blanket for a covering. In the men's wing, in the side room, six patients were chained close to the wall, five handcuffed, and one locked to the wall by the right arm, as well as by the right leg. He was very noisy. All were naked except as to the blanket-gown, or a small rug on the shoulders, and without shoes. One complained much of the coldness of his feet, and the fact was verified by one of the party. The patients in this room, except the noisy one, and the poor lad with cold feet, who was lucid when the party saw him, were dreadful ideots; their nakedness, and their mode of confinement, gave the room the complete appearance of a dog-kennel. From the patients not being classed, some appeared to be the objects of resentment to others. They saw a quiet, civil man, a soldier, a native of Poland, brutally attacked by another soldier, who always singled out the Pole as an object of resentment. There were no means of sepa-

rating these men except by locking one of them up in solitary confinement. While looking at some of the bed-lying patients, a man rose naked from his bed, and had deliberately and quietly walked a few paces from his cell's door, along the gallery; he was instantly seized by the keepers, thrown into his bed, and leg-locked, without enquiry or observation. Chains are universally substituted for the strait waistcoat. In the men's wing were about seventy-five or seventy-six patients, with two keepers, and an assistant, and about the same number in the women's side. The patients were in no way distinguished from each other, as to disease. The end window towards Fore-street, was the chief source of their entertainment. This dreadful recital is rendered still more horrible, by the account of the treatment and sufferings of William Norris. He stated himself to be fifty-five years of age, and that he had been confined about fourteen years: that in consequence of attempting to defend himself from what he conceived to be the improper treatment of his keeper, he was fastened by a long chain, which passing through a partition, enabled the keeper by going into the next cell, to draw him close to the wall at pleasure. To prevent this, Norris muffled the chain with straw, so as to hinder its passing through the wall. He was afterwards confined in the following manner. A stout iron ring was rivetted round his neck, from which a stout chain passed through a ring made to slide upwards or downwards on an upright massive iron bar more than six feet high, fastened into the wall. Round his body a strong iron bar, about two inches wide was rivetted, and on each side the bar was a circular projection, which, being fastened to, and enclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his sides. This waist bar was secured by two similar bars passing over the shoulders, which were rivetted to the waist-bar both before and behind. The iron ring round his neck was connected with the bars on his shoulders, by a double link. From each of these bars another short

chain passed to the ring on the upright iron bar. The individual who could conceive, or *apply to practice so horrible an invention, should be himself subjected to linger during the remainder of his life, in the machine contrived by his own diabolical ingenuity.* Norris was able to raise himself so as to stand against the wall on the pillow of his bed, in the trough bed in which he lay, but it was impossible for him to advance from the wall in which the iron bar is soldered, on account of the shortness of his chain which was only twelve inches long. It was equally out of his power to repose in any other position than on his back, the projections which, on each side, enclosed his arms, rendering it impossible for him to lie on his side, even if the length of the chains from the neck and shoulders, would permit it. His right leg was chained to the trough, in which he had remained thus enchained and engaged more than twelve years. To prove the unnecessary restraint on this unfortunate man, he informed his visitors that for some years he had been able to draw his arms from the manacles that encompassed them. He then withdrew one of them, and observing an expression of surprize, he said that when his arms were withdrawn, he was compelled to rest them on the edge of the circular projection, which was more painful than keeping them within. His position was mostly lying down, (the rings sliding down the iron bar) and as it was inconvenient to raise himself and stand upright, he very seldom did so. He read a great many books of all kinds, and the newspapers, and conversed with coherence on the passing topics and events of the war, in which he appeared to feel particular interest. The statement of such facts is disgraceful to human nature, and attaches more than common obloquy to the individuals entrusted with official authority. It is shocking to remember that similar atrocities to those just mentioned have probably continued for more than fifty years, unknown or unregarded by the responsible officers and magistrates of the city of London. How many individu-

als might have been relieved from the endurance of unjust and wanton torture, by the devotion of that time which has been wasted in the orgies of bacchanalian festivity, and the pleasures of the table. To a virtuous and well constituted mind, the liberation of a single individual from the cruelty of brutal keepers, and from the infamous machinations of mercenary and unprincipled relatives, would be more honourable to the individual than a turtle feast, a Walcheren yacht, or any sensual enjoyment. The culpability of the individuals in whom the power of enquiry and correction was vested, is the more inexcusable as on the subsequent visit of the party we have mentioned, in company with many other respectable persons, the change which had taken place in the appearance of the patients of the hospital was so striking as to prove that the former system was unnecessary and might have been easily corrected. On the men's side no man was chained to the wall; only one was in bed and he was ill; the patients were mostly walking about in the gallery, and the whole hospital was clean and sweet. On the women's side two only were chained by the hand. Miss Stone, who had been confined for several years, three of which she had been chained during the day-time to the wall, wrapped up in a flannel gown, was sitting by the fire dressed like a woman employed in needle-work, and tolerably rational. She appeared cheerful and contented, and most grateful to the matron (one lately appointed) who accompanied the party during their visit, for the change that had taken place in her situation. The woman who was confined at the end of the gallery a year before in the violent state of irritation above mentioned was now released, and was walking about the gallery apparently tranquil. She repeatedly thanked the matron for her kindness, and said it was owing to that kindness that she was in the composed and comfortable state in which they found her.

The iron apparatus in which Norris was confined, had been removed; but the chain which fastened the neck of

the patient to the iron stanchion, as well as the leg-block, are still used. Norris stated that he was fully aware he was a dangerous person; that he should be sorry to be permitted to walk unmanacled in the gallery; but that if he could be prevented from doing others any mischief, which if he was not provoked he should not attempt to do, he would consider the permission of taking that exercise great indulgence. He added also, that he had made repeated complaints against the mode of confinement in which he had been for so many years, but that he was now treated like a Christian, and that he felt himself quite comfortable. He particularly alluded to the pleasure he felt in being able to sit down on the edge of his bed.

The cruelties exercised under the former management of Bethlem, atrocious as they were, were almost surpassed by the scenes which were witnessed in the York Lunatic Asylum. "Having suspicions (says Mr. Higgins, one of the governors, and a magistrate of the West Riding) that there were some parts of that asylum neglected, I went early in the morning, determined to examine every place. After ordering a great number of doors to be opened, I came to one which was in a retired situation, and which was almost hid by the opening of a door in the passage. I ordered this door to be opened; the keepers hesitated, and said the apartments belonged to the women, and they had not the key. I ordered them to get the key, but they said it was mislaid, and not to be found at the moment. Upon this I grew angry, and told them I insisted upon its being found, and if they would not find it I would find a key at the kitchen fire-side, namely, the poker. Upon that the key was immediately brought." When the door was opened he went into the passage, and found four cells of about eight feet square in a very horrid and filthy situation. The straw appeared to be almost saturated with urine and excrement. There was some bedding laid upon the straw in one cell, in the others only loose straw. The walls were

daubed with excrement, and the air-holes, of which there was one in each cell, were partly filled with it. In one cell there were two pewter chamber-pots, loose. Mr. Higgins asked the keeper if all these cells were inhabited by the patients, and was told that they were at night. He then desired the keeper to take him up stairs, and shew him the place of the women, who came out of the cells that morning. He obeyed, and shewed him into a room twelve feet long by seven feet ten inches, and in which there were the *thirteen* women who had left the cells in the morning. Mr. Higgins became very sick, and could not remain longer than a minute or two in the room. He vomited. In the course of an hour and a half after this he procured Colonel Cooke, and John Cooke, Esq. to examine these cells. While he was standing at the door of the cells waiting for the key, a decently dressed young woman ran past him among the men servants. He asked who she was, and was told that she was a patient of respectable connections. These cells were till this discovery entirely unknown to the governors. Several of the committee, which consisted of fifteen, had never seen them: they had gone round the house with his grace the Archbishop of York, and these cells had not been shewn to them. On re-entering the cells, which had been cleaned as much as possible in so short a time, Mr. Higgins turned up the straw with his umbrella, and pointed out in one of them a chain and handcuff which were concealed beneath the straw, and which had been fixed to a board newly put down in the floor. When Colonel Cooke was in one of the cells he made marks or letters on the excrement remaining upon the floor after it had been cleaned and fresh straw put upon it.

The Rev. Mr. Shorey was a clergyman reduced to indigence in consequence of his mental infirmities. He had at times and for considerable periods intervals of reason. In these intervals when he was perfectly capable of understanding every thing, that was done to him, he

was exposed to personal indignity, and on one occasion he was inhumanly kicked down stairs by the keepers in the presence of his wife. He was looked upon as no better than a dog: his person swarmed with vermin; and to complete this poor man's misery the keepers insulted his wife with indecent ribaldry in order to deter her from visiting him in his unfortunate situation. She occasionally visited him to bring him such little comforts as she could procure by the labour of her hands, for she worked to support him during the time that he was in the asylum. He had a gold watch, which was lost there, and which his wife could never recover. Equally miserable with this unfortunate individual was another patient, who when discovered was standing on a wet stone floor, apparently in the last stage of a decay. He was a mere skeleton, his thighs were nearly covered with excrement in a dry state, and those parts which were not so, and some parts of his waist appeared excoriated. The keeper said that the patient was not accustomed to leave his bed; that he was a perfect child, and could do nothing for himself; that his attendant was killing pigs, and could not therefore attend to him, that his bed was in a most filthy state, and corresponded with that of his body, and that he was a dying man. The further history of this poor creature proved, however, the fallacy of appearances. He was removed to another part of the asylum, where he was better attended to, and in a few months was so much recovered as to be removed to his parish in an inoffensive though imbecile state of mind.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

DRURY-LANE.

November 6th.—A new comedy, entitled the Guardians, and written by the late Mr. Tobin, was presented for the first time. It displays the same description of talent which marks the former productions of that lamented gentleman, and is less remarkable for originality of plot and dialogue than for the skilful adaptation and arrangement of the materials supplied by others. The School for Scandal, All in the Wrong, the Jealous Wife, and even Folly as it flies are laid under requisition, but the task is performed with a delicacy of taste, and an animation of manner, that reconcile the most fastidious critic to so delightful a plagiarism. The plot, though continually reminding us of favourite plays, is lively, and skilfully developed; the dialogue is elegant, sprightly, and impressive, and the characters entertaining. The acting of Oxberry, Downton and Harley, was of itself sufficient to ensure the favourable reception of the piece, and the prologue was delivered by Mrs. Davison with her usual grace, and naïvète. We wish that we could pay a similar compliment to Mr. Wallack.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. Barton.....	Mr. Downton.
Waverley.....	Mr. Rae.
Sedgemore.....	Mr. Wallack.
Hint.....	Mr. Harley.
Lord Fillagree.....	Mr. S. Penley.
Jeremy.....	Mr. Oxberry.
Lady Wellgrove.....	Mrs. Davison.
Juliana Sedgemore.....	Mrs. Horn.
Lady Nightshade.....	Mrs. Harlowe.

Act I.—Mr. Barton, an old and very honest attorney, a sort of *rara avis* in the law, who had acted as steward to the father of Julia and Frederic Sedgemore, on the death of their parent is nominated their joint guardian

with Lady Nightshade. Barton's nephew, Charles Waverley, an idle Templar, and a very extravagant, though well-meaning, young man, whom his uncle has vainly endeavoured to attach to any profession, entertains a violent passion for Julia, who encourages his addresses. Lady Nightshade, however, thwarts his views. Her Ladyship is a ruined woman of quality—and, anxious to keep up the *eclat* of her *faro table*, she agrees to assist Lord Fillagree, who is desperately in love with Julia's fortune, on condition that his lordship, in the event of succeeding in carrying off the young lady, shall make her a present of 5,000*l.* In pursuance of her favourite scheme, she leaves Lord Fillagree and Julia together. His lordship, who is an affected fribble, becomes rudely gallant—but the young lady is rescued from his gripe by Waverley—who, having heard from one of Lady Nightshade's servants, that she had overheard her Ladyship and Lord Fillagree devising a scheme, in order to entrap Julia, conceals himself in an anti-chamber, from which he suddenly rushes to her assistance. Having driven his Lordship from the house, he prevails on Julia to leave a mansion, in which she could not hope for safety, and to seek refuge beneath the roof of Lady Wellgrove.

Act II.—Lady Wellgrove's house.—Miss Sedgemore enters with Lady Wellgrove, hints her fears that her brother Frederic, who is of a violent temper, will act in some rash way if he knows the place of her concealment; Lady Wellgrove says she will go to Charles Waverley's chambers, and conjure him to keep it a secret; she then locks Miss Sedgemore up in her own room and departs.—Scene changes to Lady Nightshade's house.—Old Barton enters, to Lady Nightshade, informs her ladyship he has come to deliver up Miss Sedgemore's fortune to her the day she becomes of age, which is just at hand; Lady Nightshade doubts the propriety of trusting a young girl with so large a sum as £40,000, her fortune, hints that she may become the prey of some ruined spendthrift or worn-out person of quality; Barton replies

he has the utmost confidence in Miss Sedgemore's good sense and excellent character; as a rebut to this, Lady Nightshade informs him of Miss Sedgemore's elopement, and concludes with proposing that three or four thousand pounds should be lent to her, 'had'nt you better have £10,000;' replies Barton, 'you may as well have ten as one,' and concludes with exposing her ladyship's private views in the most severe terms; her ladyship departs, very much chagrined. Fred. Sedgemore enters: an impressive scene takes place between him and his guardian, he wishes to cut down the timber on his estate, the latter opposes his intentions, warns him against his fatal vice of gaming, and says he shall shortly know him as his true friend. Barton departs. The news of the elopement is communicated to Sedgemore by Mr. Hint, a talkative gentleman, whose inventive faculty is always ready to fill up any *hiatus*, occasioned by an ignorance of facts. In consequence of his observations, Sedgemore determines to proceed to Waverley's lodgings, telling Hint if he asperses Miss Sedgemore in the slightest degree, it will be at the hazard of his life. Hint disregards his threats; from his agitation concludes he is a jilted lover, and after fruitlessly endeavouring to gain information from the servants of the house, departs, to draw on his imagination.

Act III.—Sedgemore proceeds to Waverley's lodgings, at which, but a few moments before Lady Wellgrove had arrived, for the purpose of requesting Waverley not to inform Sedgemore where his sister was secreted. Just as Sedgmore enters the room, he observes a lady making her retreat into a closet. Believing the female to be his sister, he endeavours to force his way into the closet, but is resisted by Waverley. They are on the point of fighting, when Lady Wellgrove, who is beloved by Sedgemore, rushes between them. Sedgemore, convinced that Waverley has robbed him of his mistress, determines to call him out. He immediately sends a challenge to Waverley, who, in the hurry of answering it, directs to Hint

the note he intended for Sedgemore, and addresses to the latter the billet which should have been placed in the hands of Hint. Barton, under the habit of Moses Levi, a Jew money-lender, now visits Sedgemore, and accommodates him with a large sum of money at £50 per cent. Lady Nightshade, hearing of him, gives him Miss Sedgemore's jewels, to get counterfeited, telling him they are her own, which she wishes to dispose of; and having heard he is a very honest man, she thinks she cannot do better than intrust them to him. He tells her she shall shortly find he is a much honester man than she thinks of. The benevolent old man now explains, in a soliloquy, his real intentions. Under the character of the Jew, he has lent large sums, on exorbitant interest, to Sedgemore; and has, by mortgage, got possession of the whole estate, which he means to restore him, when he becomes sensible of the evil consequences of play.

Act IV.—Waverley, in the letter meant for Hint, whom he wishes to act as his friend, states, that the challenge has entirely originated in mistake—in that meant for Sedgemore, he consents to meet his opponent in Hyde Park.

The parties assemble at the appointed spot, when Sedgemore is convinced of the innocence of Waverley, and a renewal of their friendship takes place;—which Hint, who has no stomach for fighting, and who was much alarmed at the extraordinary communication he had received, witnesses with great pleasure. Whilst Sedgemore and Waverley are discoursing, a bailiff makes his appearance, and arrests them both at the suit of their guardian, who had lent them several large sums of money.

Act V.—Barton habited as a Jew, visits Sedgemore and Waverley in the lock-up-house; under pretence of lodging detainers against them for the amount of his last loans. They insist on his becoming bail for them, and enforce their demand by producing the pistols with which they were about to combat in the park,—but are almost petrified with astonishment, when Barton throws off his disguise, and stands forward as the uncle of the one, and

the guardian of the other ; declaring himself their true friend and only creditor. Conceiving them sufficiently punished, he now forgives them. They proceed to Lady Wellgrove's house, where Lady Nightshade, accompanied by Lord Fillagree, had previously arrived, in search of her ward. She is prevented, in the first instance, from removing her, by the interposition of Jeremy, a booby, who had been sent up from the country, by his father, to pay his addresses to Lady Wellgrove, who is his cousin. In a fit of drunkenness, he resists Lady Nightshade's attempt to remove Julia from the house of her protector. While they are disputing on this subject, Sedgemore, Waverley, and Barton, who has resumed his Jewish disguise, make their appearance. Barton exposes the villainy of Lady Nightshade, who retires in disgrace. Waverley is made happy with the hand of Julia,—and the reclaimed gamester, Sedgemore, is blessed with that of Lady Wellgrove.

Epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Davison.

[*Speaking at the Stage Door.*]

I will go forth, and speak it—let me through, man,

[*Entering.*]

The Epilogue's among the rights of woman.

Though through your *Timon* not a female's heard,

The Play once done—no man shall say a word,

Ladies, my wrongs are yours ! shall actors flout us—

Shall Managers pretend to do without us ?

And persevere, for they have dared begin it.—

To act a play without a woman in it !

They cry, “ 'Tis Shakspeare's,” then, I must confess,

It much destroys my reverence for Queen Bess ;

She who the French could tame, the Spaniard fetter,

Might sure have taught her saucy poet better.

Thus fierce with rage, no prompter's mandate checks,

Ladies, I stand the champion of the sex ;

And for one bard claim *your* applause by right,

For women guide our moral plot by night.

And hard, and bold, and high in praise should be,

The task our closing drama leaves to me.

A gamester thus by wedlock to reclaim,
 How many think I play a desperate game—
 Yet can good wives, if wise, in every station,
 On man work miracles of reformation.
 And were such wives more common, I'd ensure it,
 However great the malady—they'd cure it.
 And much their aid is wanted in a nation,
 That plays so deep the game of speculation.
 Some to pursue it in St. Giles's meet,
 Some, more genteelly, in St. James's Street ;
 To hazard thousands at a single throw,
 Or sink a penny on a Little-Go.
 Here rises briskly from his morning slumber,
 One who's been dreaming of a lucky number :
 His fortune's made—he seeks the shop where prizes
 In golden rhymes, are promised of all sizes,
 With head brim-full of wealth, and empty purse,
 The letter comes—alas, 'tis all blank verse,
 In vain the lover hangs o'er Chloe's charms—
 What's love to her, while Pam is in her arms ?
 What on her cheek can raise the glowing blush ?
 A lover's tender vows ? Oh, no—a flush.
 An author, too, stakes deep who dares engage
 His all in that uncertain game—the Stage.
 When ye who here in solemn judgment sit,
 Approve his satire, or applaud his wit,
 He thanks his stars for such a lucky hit ;
 Saves his winnings—leaves the table gay,
 And stakes again upon another play.

Saturday, Nov. 9.—A new ballet was produced entitled the Bridal of Flora. It is one of the most exquisite little pieces that we have seen for many years ; the allegory is ingeniously contrived and well sustained ; the scenery and the sylph-like performance of the female dancers almost persuade us of the reality of Fairy Land. The agility and grace of Miss Smith were perfectly aerial ; she appeared to have cast off this mortal coil, and to sport with the laws of gravity and locomotion. The agility of Mr. Oscar Byrne is more remarkable than his ease of attitude, or elegance of gesture. There is

something coarse in all that he does, and his mode of dress is not calculated to remedy the evil.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The melodrama of the *Broken Sword* has been received with a degree of approbation equally honorable to the audience and the managers. It is supposed to be a translation from the French, by Mr. Diamond, and is skilfully adapted to the English stage. The plot, which comprizes a great variety of incident and action, is briefly as follows.

Six years previous to the commencement of the drama, Captain Zavier, a naval officer in the service of the king of Spain, travelling towards the castle of his brother, enters the forest of Colares. His attention is here suddenly arrested by the appearance of a boy, who, with earnest gesture and piteous looks, entreats the Captain to follow him. Impelled by motives of humanity, he obeys the summons—and the youth conducts him to a spot, where he discovers the lifeless body of an officer, pierced with wounds, lying in a chariot, the traces of which had been cut. The youth, by signals, declares that he is dumb, but that he can write. And the means being afforded to him, he states that his name is Myrtillo, and that the lifeless officer was his father; who, having returned with immense wealth from Mexico, was murdered in the wood and despoiled of his property. The horror of the scene had so dreadful an effect on him, as to deprive him of the power of utterance. Were he again to see the assassin, he was certain, so indelibly were the villain's features impressed on his mind, that he should know him. The Captain takes Myrtillo under his protection, and places him in safety, in the castle of his brother the Baron. The business of the Melo drama commences with grand preparations for a rural fete, which Rosara, the daughter of the Baron, has planned, in order to celebrate the return of her brother Claudio, from the wars. This event is ex-

pected on the 13th of August, on which day, six years before, Myrtillo's father, Colonel Lerida, had been murdered. Rosara, who loves the orphan with the affection of a sister, has also determined to surprise him: and, for this purpose, she causes a bust of his father, which had been transmitted from Mexico, to be placed privately in the garden where the fete was to be given. At length Claudio, accompanied by Colonel Rigolio, who had saved his life at the siege of Tortona arrives. Some conversation, relative to the murder of Lerida, takes place, which greatly disturbs Rigolio, who, as he is about to enter the castle, perceives the bust of Lerida, and immediately betrays the most violent emotions. His friends endeavour to soothe him; but, when he is told that the son of the murdered Lerida lives, and has signified, that should he see his father's murderer he should know him, Rigolio's horrors increase. Just then it is announced that Myrtillo is approaching, and Rigolio, regardless of the entreaties of his friends, takes to flight. He endeavours to reach the French frontier, but is bewildered in the mountains, where he encounters Estevan, who had formerly been servant to Lerida; and who, though perfectly innocent of his master's murder, had been condemned to the galleys for the offence, through the secret machinations of Rigolio. A few days before this rencontre, Estevan effected his escape from slavery; and he now beseeches Rigolio to protect and assist him. The latter seemingly complies with the request; and, under pretence of giving him a letter of friendly introduction to the Baron and Claudio, he calls on them to secure the bearer of his note, as the convicted murderer of Lerida. He himself promising to call on the following day and explain the mystery of his retreat. Estevan is, of course, secured; but, on being confronted with Myrtillo, the latter is rejoiced to see, and tenderly embraces him. Prior to this interview, however, Claudio has left the castle to summon the officers of justice. Suddenly a storm arises, and the Baron, accompanied by his brother,

and a body of domestics, fearful lest Claudio should perish in a neighbouring torrent, proceed in search of him. They are followed by Myrtillo and Estevan. Near the torrent, Rigolio, in the darkness of the night, is bewildered, when he hears voices, and perceives a body of men advancing with lights. He supposes they are searching for him, and he escapes across the torrent bridge. Myrtillo, in order to afford every assistance to Claudio, should any danger threaten him, now ascends the bridge, waving his torch. He is suddenly assailed by Rigolio, who strikes the torch from his hand, and plunges him into the torrent, from which he is saved by the intrepidity of Estevan. Rigolio, believing that he has destroyed the only living evidence of his guilt, returns to the castle. In his scuffle on the bridge, he had, however, broken a piece off his sword, which Estevan picked up. The trusty servant is confronted with him; and Rigolio, incensed at the boldness of his accusations, draws his sword to punish him, when lo! the weapon appears to have been broken, and the fragment in the possession of Estevan is evidently that which had been shivered from it. Claudio, whose life had been saved by Rigolio, entreats him to make his escape; but ere he can effect his purpose, Myrtillo, accompanied by the officers of justice, enters, and having cast a glance at Rigolio, immediately seizes him, exclaiming, after a convulsive struggle, "this is my father's murderer!"

Such are the leading features of this interesting melodrama. The circumstance of Myrtillo recovering his speech by the influence of powerful passion, was, perhaps suggested to the author by the story which is related of the son of Cræsus, king of Lydia, who, though dumb from his infancy, suddenly acquired the faculty of speech, when he beheld his father borne down in battle by a party of soldiers, to whom he exclaimed, "Spare the king!" The incidents in this piece are very numerous, and they are in general extremely affecting. Some of them, that, for instance, in which Myrtillo recognises

the old servant of his father, are uncommonly pathetic, and command the feelings in a very high degree. Miss Luppino, as Myrtillo, the dumb orphan, spoke, by her action and countenance, a very intelligible language. The music is tasteful and expressive. The scenery is eminently beautiful. The view of the garden, with an extended landscape in the back-ground, and the torrent scene, are painted with peculiar ability. The architectural scenes are also finely designed and executed.

Tuesday, Nov. 12.—A new musical drama, called the *Slave*, was produced at this theatre. The story is long and complex; the following, however, is a brief outline of it:—Captain Clifton (Duruset) having been in garrison at Surinam, has become enamoured of a female slave, Zelinda (Miss Stephens), who having consented to his wishes, has become a mother, when Clifton is sent to Europe with dispatches. At the time the piece opens he is just returned with a new governor, sent out to quell an insurrection of the slaves. His passion remaining still unabated, he is determined to obtain the freedom of Zelinda, and to marry her. During the time he was absent, Zelinda having wandered into the woods with her infant, an enormous serpent sprung at the child and seized it. The screams of the terrified mother calls to her aid the slaves at work in an adjoining plantation, all of whom, however, on seeing the venomous reptile, fled, with the exception of one named Gambia, (Macready) who crushed the serpent and preserved the child unhurt. Affection for the mother succeeds the deliverance of her infant; and the prolonged absence of Captain Clifton giving occasion to suspect he will never return, Gambia is encouraged to urge his suit, and when on the point of succeeding, as he hopes at least, Clifton returns and claims his bride. Gambia enraged and frantic at his disappointment, vows revenge against Clifton, but is diverted from his purpose by the tears of Zelinda. Clifton, however, enraged at what he styles the presumption of the slave, urges the governor to place him in confine-

ment. This the governor refuses to do; and on the contrary, struck with the many traits of honour observable in Gambia, puts a sword into his hand, and entrusts him with a principal command in the expedition against the revolted negroes. The first use he makes of the confidence thus placed in him is to save the life of his rival and commander, Clifton, and by his subsequent bravery, he does much towards the reduction of the rebellious slaves. Clifton returns victorious, and receives the thanks of the governor for his services, and according to the custom of the island, a privilege of giving freedom to any slave he thinks fit. The governor expected he would bestow this blessing on his intended bride, Zelinda. Clifton, however, guided by his gratitude, declares he gives freedom to Gambia, who conquering his passion, joins the hands of Clifton and Zelinda, and declares his gratitude to Clifton for restoring him to freedom shall end only with his life. Soon after this, whilst preparations are making at the plantation of Mrs. Lindenberg (Mrs. Egerton) for the marriage of Clifton and Zelinda, young Lindenberg, whose property Zelinda is, returns from Europe, where he has been living a life of dissipation, and where he has met Captain Clifton, and plundered him at the gaming table at Paris, under an assumed name; the result is a duel, in which Lindenberg is vanquished, and conceives, in consequence, an inveterate hatred for his opponent; and on his arrival at Surinam to take possession of his property, determines to gratify his revenge. He refuses to give liberty to his slave, Zelinda, or her child, but sends them to a distant plantation. He also contrives to get Clifton arrested for a debt of five hundred dollars, that, by having him in confinement, he may be the better enabled to effect his purposes with Zelinda. Gambia, in the mean time, hearing of Clifton's imprisonment for debt, determines to free him, and, to effect that purpose, sells himself to the agent of Lindenberg, and with the price he receives, pays Clifton's debt, who is thus liberated. Lindenberg, in the

mean time, having got Zelinda safe at his plantation, attempts to effect his brutal purpose, when Gambia opportunely comes to her rescue—a scuffle ensues between the slave and his master, in which Lindenberg is severely wounded in the breast. Zelinda escapes to the woods, where Gambia follows her, and preserves her child, but is himself taken, and about to be executed by order of his cruel master, to whom, however, he intimates that he is possessed of a secret, which, if revealed, would cover his oppressor with infamy and disgrace: namely, that Lindenberg, during his irregularities, has been branded on the breast with the character “Thief.” Lindenberg aware that he carries this mark of infamy about him, had previously refused to suffer any one to dress the wound on his breast, fearful of discovery; and now closely questions Gambia whether he has discovered the secret to any one; he is told that no one knows it, and is assured, that even torture should not force the secret of which he had become possessed, from his lips; and further, Gambia undertakes to cure the wound, which, in defence of an unprotected female, he had been forced to inflict. Lindenberg, overcome by the virtue of his slave, repents his errors, restores him to liberty, and as a further proof of his repentance, sends, also, the gift of freedom by his hands to Zelinda.

This is the story of the Slave. There is an underplot, which concerns the love of Miss Van Trump, an ancient Dutch maiden, and the attachment of Matthew Sharpset, a needy planter, to her fortune; but neither this, nor the adventures of Trogrum, a booby Cockney, (Liston) and Sam Sharpset, a keen Yorkshireman, (Emery) have any thing to do with the piece, except as far as they go to enliven a story otherwise tragical. The Slave is, we understand, the production of Mr. Morton’s pen. The story is highly interesting, and the sentiments given to the slaves, Zelinda and Gambia, are such as would do honour to the polished European. On the contrary, some of the jokes and witticisms put into the mouths of Sam Sharpset, and

Trogrum, though they make the fool laugh, cannot but make the judicious weep, especially those which assume the shape of national reflections.

The personation of Gambia by Mr. Macready was a tissue of injudicious rant and unmeaning violence. In the tender scenes he addresses Zelinda with the voice of a Stentor, and his heroics are less remarkable for energy than extravagance. The awkwardness of Sinclair, and the absurdity of his Scottish dialect, could only be surpassed, by the shuffling imbecillity of Duruset, whose voice alone has any claim to the epithet of masculine. We have never seen Miss Stephens to less advantage as an actress, though her singing was delightful. The piece was received with unbounded applause.

END OF VOL. I.

